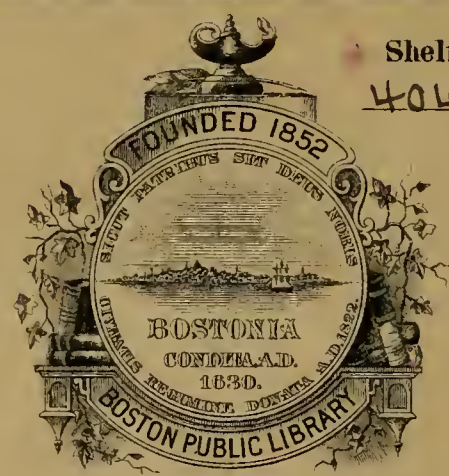
Shelf No.
4041.47



FROM THE
Pierce Fund.

Hellotype Printing Co.

10/22/14

8/1/23

KYLE'S

SCOTTISH LYRIC GEMS

A COLLECTION OF THE

Songs of Scotland

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

WITH

*Hou. 14

NEW AND APPROPRIATE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS
FOR THE PIANOFORTE

BY

T. S. GLEADHILL

PUBLIC LIBRARY

GLASGOW:
JOSEPH FERRIE, MUSIC PUBLISHER.
LONDON: HOULSTON & SONS, PATERNOSTER SQUARE;
CHAPPELL & CO., 50 NEW BOND STREET, AND 15 POULTRY.

4233

Pièces
285,170
Nov. 2, 1888

INTRODUCTION.

SO numerous are the compilations of the Songs of Scotland, that it may be egotism on my part to offer a new collection in the hope of creating a demand sufficient to repay the outlay; but to me this "gathering of the flowers of melody" has been a labour of love. I have watched its progress to completion with parental care, and although, in comparison to some of "richer girt," my offering may not appear "a thing of beauty," yet to some I trust it may prove "a joy for ever;" for the music of our *leal* land is not the luxury of the few, but one of the daily wants of the many.

I have much faith in the vitality of the muse of Scotland, and the love such as Scotland has for its minstrelsy is a great gift; there is vigour in it, and that vigour reveals the power of the mission of national songs, for such a gift is not given without a purpose. It is a recorded fact that five thousand copies of Cunningham's edition of Burns were sold as fast as they could be issued from the press; and, therefore, who can fathom the high results to Scotland of the existence of Burns?—for the pen of the hand that knows how to use it is the most powerful weapon known. "'Tis the weapon of the soul."

Commentators have worn out every meed of praise that could be bestowed on the poet ploughman of Scotland; pilgrims, in years gone by, have wandered to the "thatched hut" in which he was born, to prove that the banks of Avon, where Shakspeare saw light, are not holier ground than the banks of Ayr or Doon. "What has Burns written!" What has he not written? He, who could melt with love or fire with rage, has depicted every emotion in the human breast. He waves his wand, and lo! before us are the "snaw" white locks of "John Anderson, my jo;" he waves his wand again for "Auld Langsyne," and next we see "Twa Dogs," who are thankful they are not of our race; then the wizard with his magic stroke proves "A man's a man for a' that;" he philosophises on a daisy and a mouse; he sings to Mary in Heaven, and delivers an address to the very Deil himself. There is no occasion to lift the veil, behind which the dead are out of sight; but, "ill starr'd" as he was, Robert Burns has "built himself a living monument, and kings, for such a tomb, might wish to die."

From the plough and the loom, what bright gems of thought have illumined our undying strains, for second only in popularity to the lyrics of Burns are the songs of Robert Tannahill, the Paisley poet, a delicate and sensitive bard, who passed prematurely behind the "cloud of oblivion." Then from the Shepherd's fold came the name of James Hogg; but he, unlike many of our song-writers, spent a long and happy life. It would require space beyond my purpose to notice in

detail all the successful songsters that pass before my mind's eye, but "till all time" generations will remember such names as Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Campbell, Allan Cunningham, Henry Scott Riddell, John Stuart-Blackie, William Thom, Joanna Baillie, Lady Nairne, and others of the brilliant rank of Scotia's sons and daughters of song.

Of the antiquity of the music of Scotland we have every proof—and there is no question but we owe many of our best old melodies to wandering minstrels who, long before "the iron age," were wont to roam from hill to vale, and from the laird and the cottar met with a *lowin' welcome.*

I believe with Eliza Cook, the Queen poetess of England, that "music is born with us, and forms one of the links of divinity." It is strange how the same melody will affect a dozen different persons in a dozen distinct ways; the Highlander, whose fresh mountain nature is incorporated with the pibroch and reel, moves very differently to the strains of Tullochgorum, compared to the ball-room "Dundreary" who listens to the measure as he would to the guessing of "a widdle." Then who does not know the softening power of the music of the human voice? It is like the angel whisperings of kind words in the hour of trouble. "Sing on." Sing to the wicked man, sing to the sufferer, sing to the old, sing to the young, for music will inspire them all.

Of Scottish music it has well been said—"Through the force of novelty, or the peculiar powers of some favourite singer, one new song after another becomes the rage of the day, which in a short time is laid aside to be remembered no more. It bloomed but to wither, was born but to die; but our old national airs are imperishable plants, unfading evergreens, which have no more to dread from the capricious innovations of fashion than the oak has to fear from the storm which, instead of overturning, serves but to fix it more deeply in its native earth." And such marked praise is well deserved, for, take our songs "all in all," where can we find such happy humour, pure pathos, true tenderness, and soul-stirring spirit, as in the lays of our northern enchanters, wedded as they are to music as healthful as the breath of spring, as plaintive as the sighing of the wind, and as cheery "as sunshine to the flowers in May"?

In this collection I have endeavoured to select the best of our well-known songs, and into such good company have introduced my own copyrights, many of which have met with favourable notice, and are not to be found in any other edition. I have also adopted the plan of having every song complete in one or two pages, thus preventing the necessity of turning over the leaves while singing. The accompaniments have been arranged by Mr. T. S. Gleadhill, a masterly musician, well known for his harmony and heart in the cause; and I therefore venture to remark that I have at least made an effort to obtain for my volume a kindly recognition, in the hope it may raise a few modern lyrics to fame, and add more admirers to the myriads who delight in our "Auld Scotch Sangs."

THE PUBLISHER.

GLASGOW, 1880.

CONTENTS.

Where the first line differs from the title, both are given, in order to facilitate reference.

The Songs marked (a) are Publishers' Copyrights, and here first published; (b), Copyright Songs inserted in this work by permission of the publishers.

		PAGE
a	Afton Water	368
a	A guid New Year to ane and a'	134
	A Highland lad	66
	A man's a man for a' that	274
c	Ance mair hae we met, then happy let us be	376
	And are ye sure the news is true	8
	And ye shall walk in silk attire	124
	Annie Lawrie	80
	Are ye doin' aught weel, are ye thriyin', my man	398
	At Willie's Wedding on the Green	14
	Auld Joe Nicholson's bonnie Nannie	108
	Auld Langsyne	114
	Auld Robin Gray	4
a	Auld Robin the laird	304
	Away ye gay landscapes	280
	A wee bird cam' to our ha' door	6
	Behave yoursel' before folk	400
	Behind yon hill where Lugar flows	16
	Bide ye yet	272
	Blue bonnets over the border	320
	Blythe, blythe, and merry was she	198
a	Bonnie Auld Scotland	292
a	Bonnie Bessie Lee	24
	Bonnie brier bush	70
	Bonnie Dundee	74
	Bonnie Jeanie Gray	146
	Bonnie Mary of Argyle	154
	Bonnie Mary Hay	77
	Bonnie Prince Charlie	82
	Bonnie wee thing	76
	Bonnie wood of Craigielea	244
a	Bothwell Castle	86
	Braw, braw lads	18
	Ca' the ewes to the knowes	340
	Caller Herrin'	94
	Callum o' Glen	226
	Cam' ye by Athol	82
	Can ye loe me weel, lassie	230
	Cauld blaws the wind frae north to south	106
	Cauld kail in Aberdeen	166
	Come all ye jolly shepherds	116
	Come o'er the stream, Charlie	62
b	Come sit thee down	122
	Come under my plaidie	182
	Comin' thro' the rye	36
	Corn rigs	98
	Dainty Davie	334
	Donald	364
	Doun the burn, Davie lad	132
	Duncan Gray	324
a	Farewell to the Land	382
	Farewell to Lochaber	192
	First when Maggie was my care	189
a	Flow gently, sweet Afton	368
b	Gae bring my gude auld harp ance mair	284
	Gae bring to me a pint o' wine	100
	Get up and bar the door	104
	Gin I had a wee house and a canty wee fire	272
	Gloomy winter's noo awa'	268
	Green grow the rashes, O	54
	Hail to the chief	238
	Hame cam' our gudeman at e'en	266
	Haud awa', bide awa'	354
	Heather Jock	194
	He's owre the hills	256
	Hieland Laddie	356
	Highland Mary	96
	Hooly and fairly	338
	How blythely the pipe	232
	Huntingtower	78
	I am a young man	220
	I ance was a wanter as happy's a bee	234
	I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen	328
	I hae laid a herrin' in saut	178
	I have heard the mavis singing his love song to the morn	154
	I loe na a laddie but ane	168
	I'll hae my coat	336
a	I'll loe thee, Annie	112
	I'm owre young to marry yet	37
	I'm wearin' awa', Jean	144
a	In an old thatch'd cottage at the bottom of a hill	296
	In a wee cot house far across the muir	316
	In the garb of old Gaul	172
	It fell about the Martimas time	104
	It fell on a day, a bonnie summer day	228
	I wander'd to-day to the mill, Maggie	402
	It was upon a Lammas night	98
a	I winna be weel	42
a	I winna gang back to my mammy again	378
	Jenny's bawbee	264
	Jeanie's black e'e	138
	Jenny dang the weaver	14
	Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane	84
	Jock o' Hazeldean	88
	John Anderson, my Joe	64
	John Grumlie	110
	Johnnie Cope	136
	Johnnie and Mary	40
	Kate Da'rymple	316
	Kelvin Grove	32
	Kind Robin loes me	240
	Lass gin ye loe me, tell me noo	178
	Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks	288
	Last May a braw wooer	160
	Leezie Lindsay	19
	Lochnagarr	280
a	Lock the door, Lariston	366
	Logan Water	148
	Logie o' Buchan	34
	Loudon's bonnie woods and braes	142
	Lucy's flittin'	322
	Maggie Lauder	164
	Mary's dream	28
	Mary Morison	224
	Mary of Castlecary	158
	Maxwelton braes are bonnie	80
a	Meet me on the gowan lea	372
	Mirk and rainy is the night	231
	Muirland Willie	246
	My ain fireside	60
	My ain kind dearie, O	65

PAGE

a My bonnie dark-eyed dearie 390
My boy Tammy 120
My heart is sair 119
a My Highland cot 294
My love is like a red, red rose 10
My love she's but a lassie yet 196
My mither's aye glowrin' owre me 242
My Mither ment my auld breeks 218
My Nannie, O 16
My Nannie's awa'... 93
My spouse Nancy 145
My tocher's the jewel 306
My wife has ta'en the gee 289
a My Willie and me... 50

Naebody kens ye 398
Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays ... 93

O are ye sleepin', Maggie 231
O Charlie is my darling 259
O dinna think, bonnie lassie 184
O ! hush thee, my baby 312
O Kenmure's on and awa', Willie 206
O Nanny wilt thou gang wi' me? 252
O this is no my ain lassie... 202
O wat ye wha's in yon town 38
O wha's for Scotland and Charlie 186
O wha's at the window, wha, wha? 314
Oh Allister Macallister 248
Oh rowan tree, oh rowan tree, thou'lt aye be dear to me 370
Oh whaur was ye sae late yestreen 146
Oh where, tell me where is your Highland laddie gane? 92
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad... 102
O Willie brewed a peck o' maut... 162
O Willie was a wanton wag 208
a O ye needna be courtin' at me, auld man 310
O'er the muir amang the heather 277
Of a' the airts the wind can blaw 126
On the seas and far away... 346
Oran an oig, or the song of death 282
a Our ain auld Hame 376
a Our bonnie Scots lads 388
Our Jean's like the mornin' when milkin' the kye ... 387
Owre the water to Charlie 176

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu 290

Rab Roryson's bonnet 396
Robin Adair 326
Robin Tamson's smiddy 218
Roslin Castle 204
Row, weel, my boatie, row weel 308
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch 276

Saw ye Johnnie comin'? 118
b Scotland yet 284
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled 71
She's fair and fause 180
a Sweet heather bell 302

a Tak' back the ring, dear Jamie 362
Tak' your auld cloak about ye 254
Tam Glen 22
a The auld town o' Stirling 300
a The battle of Bannockburn 318
The banks of the Dee 344
The birks of Aberfeldy 55
The blue bells of Scotland 92
The boatie rows 20
The bonnie house o' Airlie 228
a The bonnie blue bells, I dearly love to see 294
a The Bowling Braes 380
The braes aboon Bonaw 216
The braes o' Ballochmyle... 352

PAGE

The braes o' Balquhidder... 286
The brisk young lad 156
The broom o' the Cowdenknowes 332
The bush aboon Traquair 200
The Campbells are comin' 56
a The chieftain to his bride... 262
a The clean hearthstane 48
a The courtin' time 386
The deil's awa' wi' the exciseman 350
a The emblems of nations are sung of with raptures ... 302
The flowers of the forest (old air) 1
The flowers of the forest (modern air) 2
The hundred pipers 68
The jolly beggar 188
The kail brose of auld Scotland 174
The laird o' Cockpen 150
The lament of Flora Macdonald... 222
The land o' the leal 144
The lass o' Ballochmyle 394
The lass o' Gowrie 12
The lass o' Patie's mill 128
The Lawland lads... 342
The Macgregor's gathering 140
The married man's lament 234
The moon's on the lake, the mist's on the brae... ... 141
The piper o' Dundee 212
a The pride of Inverary 296
The rock and the wee pickle tow 214
The rowan tree 370
a The Scotch blue bell 44
a The slogan of freedom 384
The Standard on the braes o' Mar 392
The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond ... 84
a The sun has set and the gloamin' grey 390
a The thorn tree 260
a The trystin' tree 52
The wee, wee German lairdie 58
The woods o' Dunmore 278
The yellow-hair'd laddie 170
There cam' a young man to my daddy's door 156
There was a lad was born in Kyle 72
There's nae luck about the house 8
This lone heart is thine, lassie 278
Thou art gane awa' frae me, Mary 90
To the Lords of Convention, 'twas Claverhouse spoke 74
Tullochgorum 152
Twa bonnie maidens 250
'Twas on a simmer afternoon 12

Up in the morning early 106

Wae's me for Prince Charlie 6
Wandering Willie 236
a Wee Willie Winkie 298
Weel may the keel row 360
Welcome Royal Charlie 348
We're a' noddin' 210
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie! 26
Wha'll be king but Charlie? 190
a When I left our auld glen 384
When the king comes owre the water 46
When the kye comes hame 116
When trees did bud and flowers were green 132
When ye gang awa', Jamie 78
When you and I were young, Maggie 402
a Where the Highland tartans wave 374
Whistle o'er the lave o't 189
Why weep ye by the tide, lady?... 88
a Willie wi' his wig ajee 258
a Will ye gang to the Baugy-burn? 130
Will ye go to the ewe bughts, Marion?... 358
Within a mile o' Edinburgh town 30
Woo'd and married an' a' 330

Ye banks and braes 270
a Ye canna marry me 362

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

Written by Miss JANE ELLIOT.

Old Air.
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Adagio.

p *p*

1. I've heard them lilt - in' at the ewe milk - in';
2. At bughts in the morn - in' nae blythe lads are scorn - in';

Lass - es a lilt - in' be - fore dawn of day; Now there's a moan - in' on il - ka green loan - in', The
Lass - es are lane - ly and dow - ie and wae; Nae daf - fin, nae gab - bin, but sigh-in' and sab - bin'; Ilk

pp

Flow'rs of the Fo - rest are a' wede a - way.
ane lifts her leg - lin and hies her a - way.

p

III.

At e'en in the gloamin', nae swankies are roamin'
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk maid sits drearie, lamenting her dearie,
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

IV.

In har'st at the shearin', nae youths now are jeerin'
Bandsters are runkled, and lyart or grey;
At fair or at preachin', nae wooin', nae fleechin',
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

V.

Dool for the order sent our lads to the Border,
The English for ance by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest that fought aye the foremost,
The prime of our land lie cauld in the clay.

VI.

We'll hae nae mair liltin' at the ewe milkin',
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighin' and moanin' on ilka green loanin',
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

Written by Mrs. COCKBURN.

Modern Air,
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Adagio

p

1. I've seen the smil - ing of for - tune be - guil - ing, I've felt . . all its fa - vours and found its de - cay.
2. I've seen the morn - ing with gold the hills a - dorn - ing, And the dread tem - pest roar - ing be - - fore part - ing day.

Sweet was its bless - ing, kind its ca - ress - ing, But now 'tis . . fled, . . . 'tis fled far a - way;
I've seen Tweed's sil - ver streams, glit-t'ring in the sunny beams, Grow drum - lie . and dark as they roll'd on their way.

I've seen the fo - rest a - dorn - ed the fore - most With
O fic - kle for - tune, why this cru - el sport - ing? O

mf

flow - ers of the fair - est, most plea - - sant and gay; Sae bon-nie was their bloom - ing, Their
why thus per - plex us, poor sons . . of a day? Thy frowns can - not fear me, Thy

scent the air per - fum - ing, But now . . they are wi - ther'd and a' wede a - way. .
smiles can - not cheer me, For the Flowers of the Fo - rest are a' wede a - way. .

pp

ritenuto.

mf a tempo.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Words by LADY ANN LINDSAY. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO FORTE.

Adagio.

p *cres.* *dim.*

1. Young
2. My

Ja - mie lo'ed me weel, And sought me for his bride, But sav - ing a crown he had
fa - ther could - na work, My mi - ther could - na spin, I toil'd day and night but their

p

nae-thing else be - side; To mak the crown a pound, my Ja - mie gaed to sea, And the
bread I could-na win; Auld Rob main-tain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee, said,

crown and the pound were baith for me. He had - na been gane but a
Jen-ny, for their sakes will you no mar-ry me? My heart it said na, for I

year and a day, When my fa - ther brak his arm, and the cow was stown a - way; My
look'd for Ja-mie back, But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack; The

mi - ther she fell sick, And my Ja-mie at the sea, And auld Ro-bin Gray cam a
ship it was a wrack, Why did-na Jen-ny dee? Oh, why do I live to say,

cour - tin' to me.
Oh, wae's me.

mf

III.

My father argued sair, my mither didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
So they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray is guidman to me.
I hadna been a wife, a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, but I couldna think it he,
Till he said, I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee.

IV.

Oh sair did we greet, and mickle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away;
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee,
Oh, why do I live to say, O wae's me!
I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin,
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I will do my best a guid wife aye to be,
For auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.

WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

Words by WILLIAM GLEN. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO FORTE.

Andante.

mf

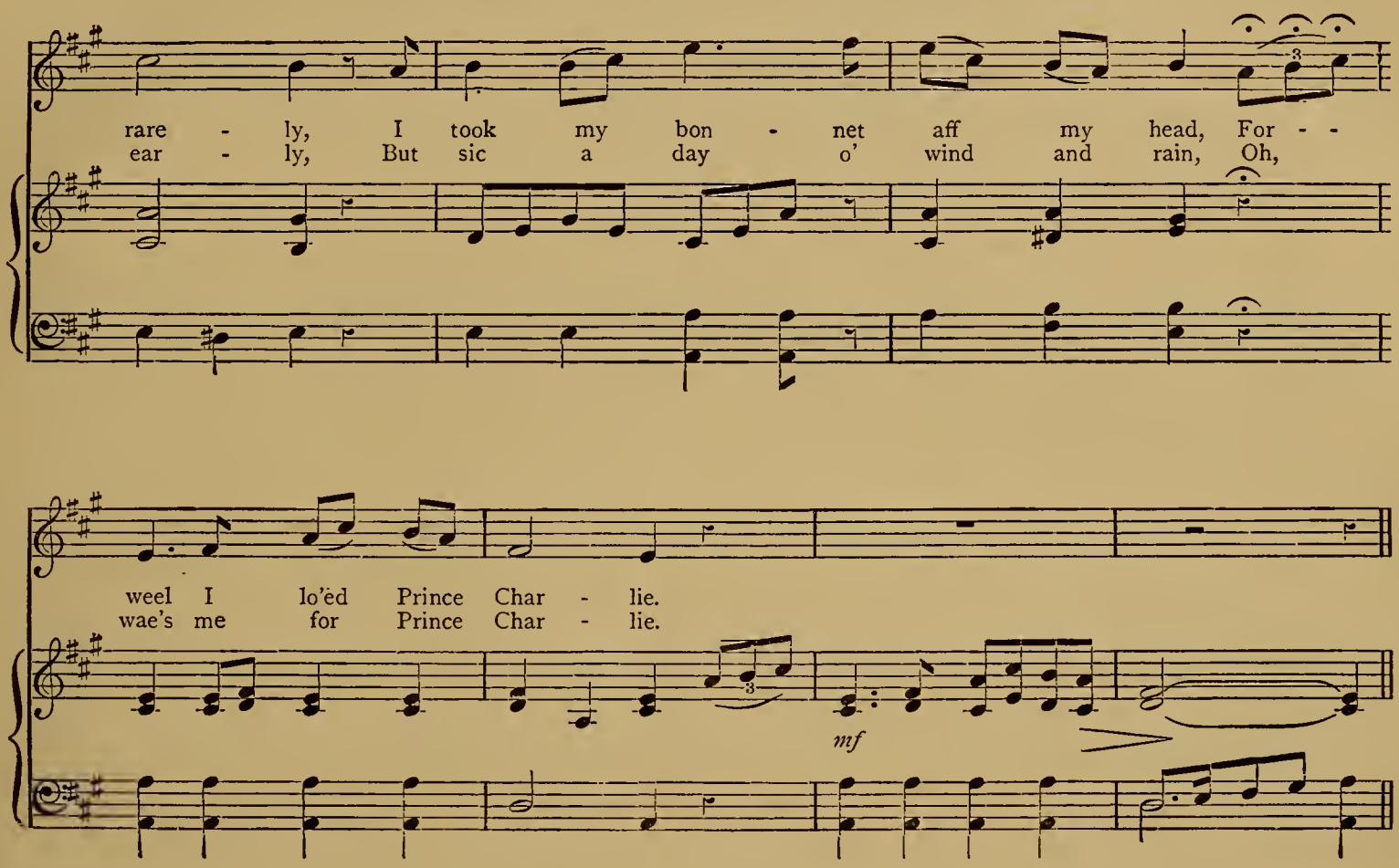
1. A wee bird cam' to our ha' door, He war - bled sweet and clear - ly, An'
2. Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird, Is that a song ye bor - row? Are

p

aye the o'er - come o' his sang, Was Wae's me for Prince Char - lie.
these some words ye've learnt by heart, Or a lilt o' dool and sor - row?"

Oh, when I heard the bon - nie, bon - nie bird, The tears cam' drap - ping
"Oh, no, no, no," the wee bird sang, "I've flown sin' morn - ing

mf



III.

On hills that are by right his ain,
He roves a lanely stranger,
On ev'ry side he's pressed by want,
On ev'ry side is danger;
Yestreen I met him in a glen,
My heart maist burstit fairly,
For sadly changed indeed was he,
Oh, wae's me for Prince Charlie.

IV.

Dark night cam' on, the tempest roar'd
Loud o'er the hills and valleys;
An' where was't that your Prince lay down,
Wha's hame should been a palace?
He rowed him in a Highland plaid,
Which covered him but sparely,
An' slept beneath a bush o' broom,
Oh, wae's me for Prince Charlie.

V.

But now the bird saw some red coats,
An' he shook his wings wi' anger,
Oh, this is no' a land for me,
I'll tarry here nae langer.
He hovered on the wing awhile
Ere he departed fairly,
But weel I mind the fareweel strain,
Was, Wae's me for Prince Charlie.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Author of words unknown. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO FORTE.

Moderato.

f

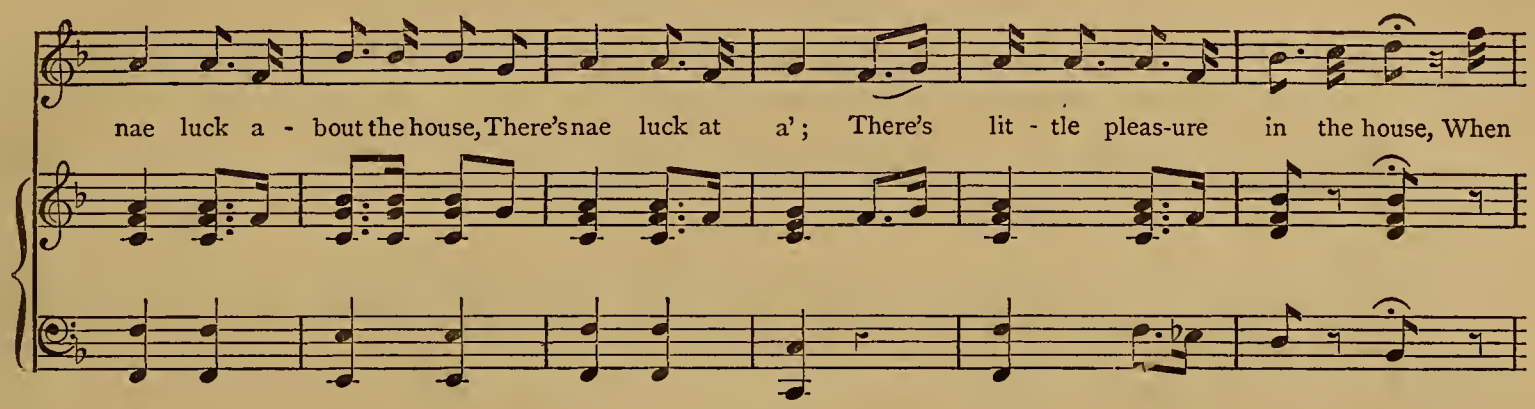
1. And
2. And

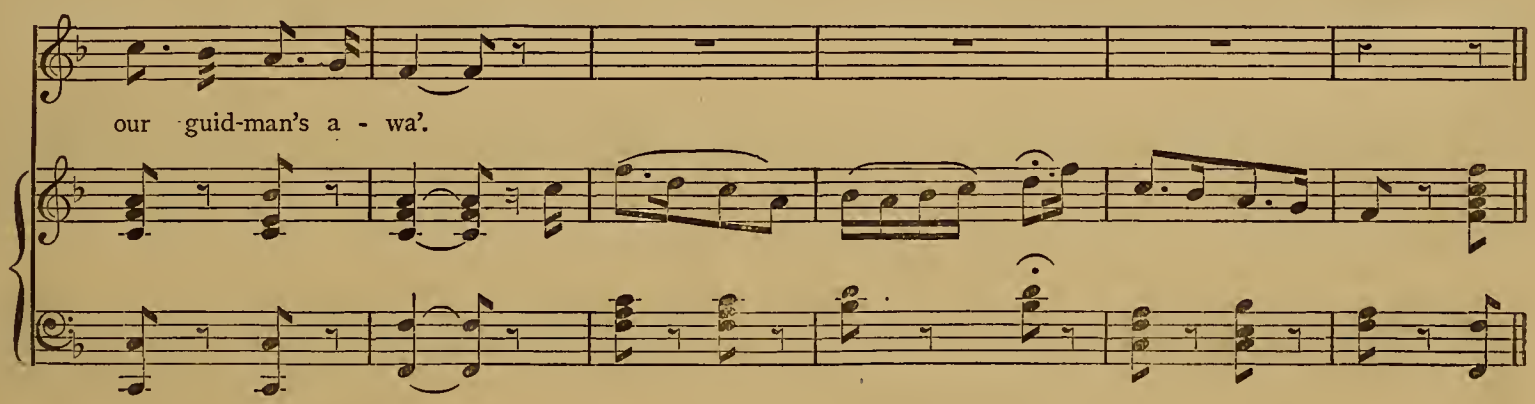
are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's weel? Is this a time to think o' wark, Ye
gie to me my big-o-net, My bish-op's sa-tin gown, For I maun tell the bail-ie's wife That

p

jauds, fling by your wheel. Is this a time to think o' wark, When Co-lin's at the
Co-lin's come to town. My Tur-key slip-pers maun gae on, My hose o' pearl

door; Rax me my stick, I'll to the quay, And see him come a-shore. For there's
blue; 'Tis a' to please my ain guid-man, For he's baith leal and true.





III.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside,
  Put on the muckle pot,
Gie little Kate her button gown,
  And Jock his Sunday coat;
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
  Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain guidman,
  For he's been lang awa'.
    For there's nae luck, &c.

IV.

There's twa fat hens upon the bauk,
  They've fed this month and mair,
Mak' haste and thraw their necks about
  That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
  Gar ilka thing look braw,
For wha can tell how Colin fared
  When he was far awa'.
    For there's nae luck, &c.

V.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
  His breath like caller air,
His very foot has music in't
  As he comes up the stair;
And will I see his face again?
  And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy with the thought—
  In troth I'm like to greet.
    For there's nae luck, &c.

VI.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind
  That thirled thro' my heart,
They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
  Till death we'll never part;
But what puts parting in my head?
  It may be far awa',
The present moment is our ain,
  The neist we never saw.
    For there's nae luck, &c.

VII.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
  I hae nae mair to crave,
Could I but live to mak' him blest,
  I'm blest aboon the lave.
And will I see his face again?
  And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought—
  In troth I'm like to greet.
    For there's nae luck, &c.

MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

mf

1. O my
2. Till

love is like a red, red rose That's new - ly sprung in June, O my
a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And the rocks melt wi' the sun, And

p

love is like a me - lo - dy That's sweet - ly played in tune. As
I will love thee still, my dear, While the sands of life shall run. But

fair art thou, my bon - nie love, So deep in love am I; And
fare thee well, my on - ly love! Oh fare thee well a - while! And

mf

I will love thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry. Till
I will come a - gain, my love, Tho' 'twere ten thousand miles. Tho'

a' the seas gang dry, my love, Till a' the seas gang dry, And I will love thee still, my dear, Till
'twere ten thou-sand miles, my love, Tho' 'twere ten thousand miles, And I will come a - gain, my love, Tho'

p *cres.* *p*

a' the seas gang dry.
'twere ten thou - sand miles.

cres. *mf*

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.*

Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

mf

1. 'Twas on a sim - mer's af - ter- noon, A wee be - fore the sun gaed down, My
2. I praised her beau - ty loud and lang, Then round her waist my arms I flang, And

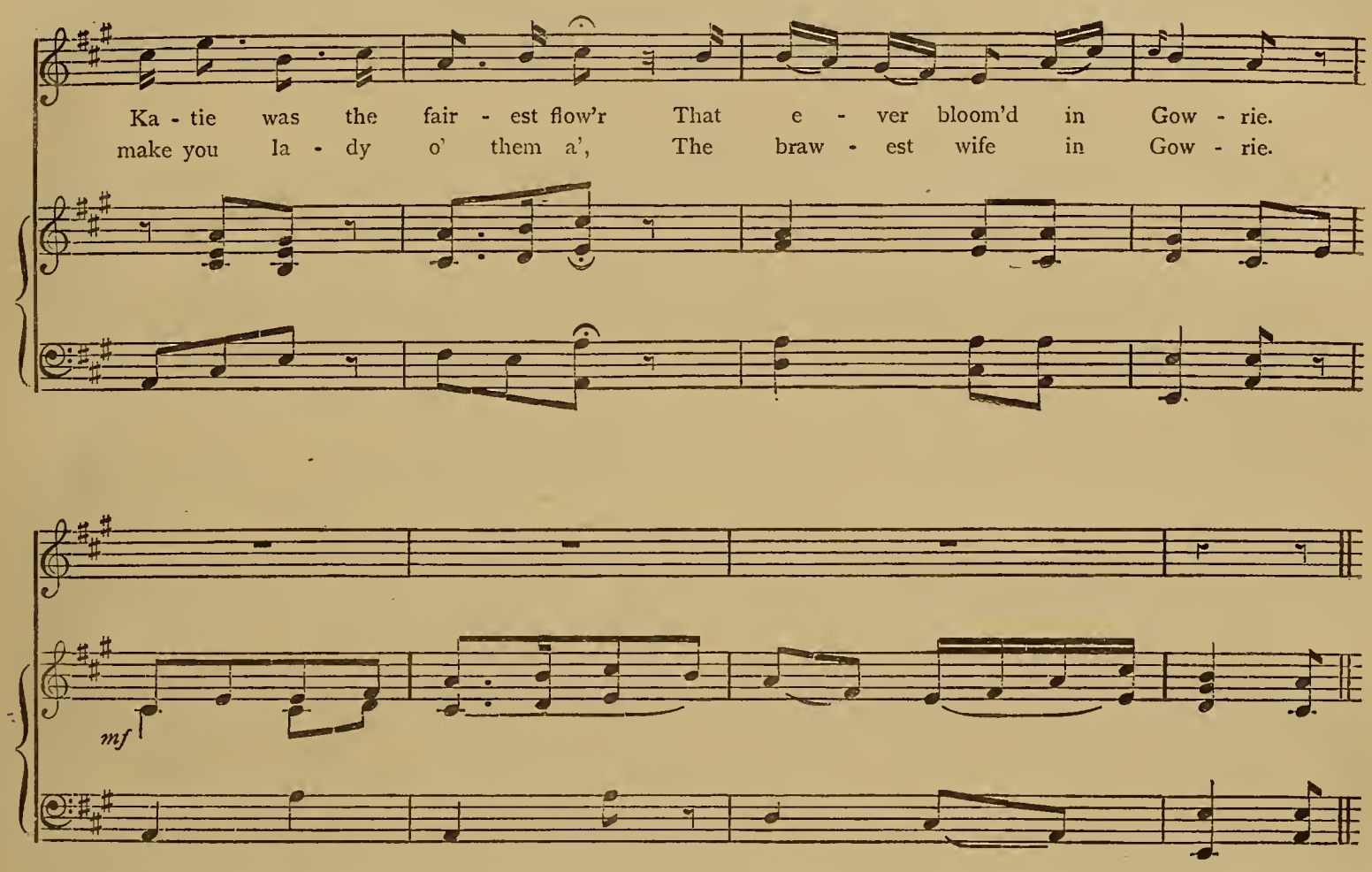
p

las - sie wi' a braw new gown Cam' o'er the hills to Gow - - rie;
said, my dea - rie, will ye gang To see the Carse o' Gow - - rie;

The rose bud ting'd wi' morn - ing show'r Blooms fresh with - in the sun - ny bow'r, But
I'll take ye to my fa - ther's ha', In yon green field be - side the shaw, I'll

mf

* The first stanza of this the modern version is from the pen of Carolina Baroness Nairne, the others appear to be adapted from "*Kate o' Gowrie,*" by William Reid.



III.

Saft kisses on her lips I laid,
The blush upon her cheeks soon spread,
She whispered modestly and said,
'I'll gang wi' ye to Gowrie.'
The auld folks soon gie their consent,
Syne for Mess John they quickly sent,
Wha tied them to their heart's content,
And now she's Lady Gowrie

JENNY DANG THE WEAVER.

Words by Sir A. Boswell. Arranged by T. S. Gleadhill.

Voice.

Piano-Forte.

Allegro.

f *p*

1. At Willie's wed-din' on the green, The
2. At il-ka country dance or reel, Wi'

las - sies, bon - nie witch - es, Were a' dressed out in a - prons clean, And
her he would be bob - bin'; When she sat down he sat down, And

braw white Sun - day mutch - es; Auld Mag - gie bade the lads take tent, But
to her would he gab - bin'; Where - e'er she gaed, baith butt and ben, The

Jock would not be - lieve her, But soon the fool his fol - ly kent, For
coof would ne - ver leave her, Aye keck - lin' like a clock - in' hen, But

Jen - ny dang the wea - ver. And Jen - ny dang, Jen - ny dang,
Jen - ny dang the wea - ver. And Jen - ny dang, Jen - ny dang,

mf

Jen - ny dang the wea - ver, But soon the fool his fol - ly kent, For
Jen - ny dang the wea - ver, Aye keek - lin' like a clock - in' hen, But

Jen - ny dang the wea - ver.
Jen - ny dang the wea - ver.

f

III.

Quoth he, my lass, to speak my mind,
In troth I needna swither;
You've bonnie een and if you're kind
I'll never seek anither;
He humm'd and haw'd; the lass cried Peugh!
And bade the coof no deave her,
Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
And dang the silly weaver.
And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
Jenny dang the weaver,
Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
And dang the silly weaver.

MY NANNIE, O.

Words by Robert Burns. Arranged by T. S. Gleadhill.

Voice.

Piano-Forte.

Andante.

p *mf*

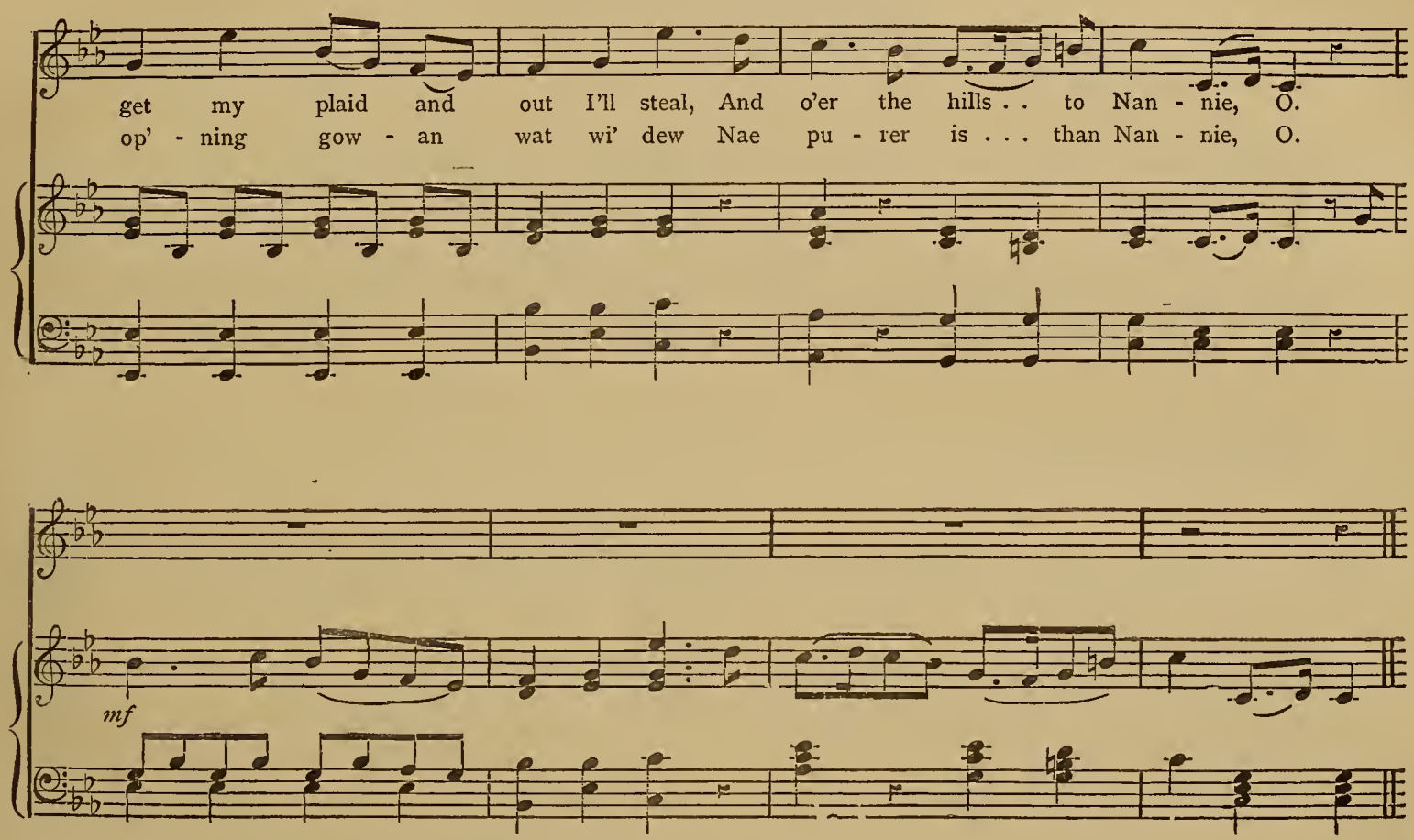
1. Be -
2. My

- - hind yon hills where Lu - gar flows, 'Mang muirs and moss - es mo - ny, O, The
Nan - nie's charm - ing, sweet, and young, Nae art - - - fu' wiles to win ye, O, May

p

win - try sun the day has clos'd, And I'll a - wa' . . . . to Nan - nie, O.
ill be - fa' the flat - t'ring tongue That wad be - guile . . . my Nan - nie, O

The west - lin' wind blaws loud and shrill, The night's baith mirk . . and rai - ny, O, But I'll
Her face is fair, her heart is true, As spot - less as . . . she's bon - nie, O, The



III

A country lad is my degree.
And few there be that ken me, O
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O
My riches a's my penny fee,
And I maun guide it canny, O
But warld's gear ne'er troubles me.
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

IV.

Our auld gudeman delights to view
His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his plough,
And has nae care but Nannie, O.
Come weel, come wae, I carena by,
I'll tak' what heav'n will send me, O:
Nae ither care in life hae I
But live and love my Nannie, O.

BRAW, BRAW LADS.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Adagio. *mf* *f* *p*

1. Braw, braw lads, on Yar - row braes, Ye wan - der thro' the bloom - ing hea - ther, But Yar - row braes, nor Et - trick shaws, Can match the lads o' Ga - la wa - ter. Braw, braw lads.

2. But there is ane, a se - cret ane, A - bune them a' I lo'e him bet - ter; An' I'll be his, an' he'll be mine, The bon - nie lad o' Ga - la wa - ter. Braw, braw lads.

mf *ad lib.* *p* *pp* *ad lib.* *a tempo.* *f*

III.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
An' though I hae na mickle tocher;
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Gala water.
Braw, braw lads.

IV.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the warld's chiefest treasure.
Braw, braw lads.

LEEZIE LINDSAY.

First Verse by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

Moderato.

PIANO-FORTE.

mf *f*

1. Will ye gang . . to the Hie - lands, Lee - zie Lind - say? Will ye gang . . to the
2. To gang . . to the Hie - lands wi' you, sir, I din - na ken

p

Hie - lands wi' me? Will ye gang . . to the Hie - lands, Lee - zie Lind - say, My
how that may be, For I ken . . nae the land that ye live in, Nor

pride and my dar - ling - to be?
ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.

mf

III.

O Leezie, lass, ye maun ken little,
If sae ye dinna ken me,
For my name is lord Ronald Macdonald,
A chieftain o' high degree.

IV.

She has kilted her coats o' green satin,
She has kilted them up to the knee,
An she's aff wi' lord Ronald Macdonald,
His bride and his darling to be.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

Words by JOHN EWEN. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

mf

1. O
2. I

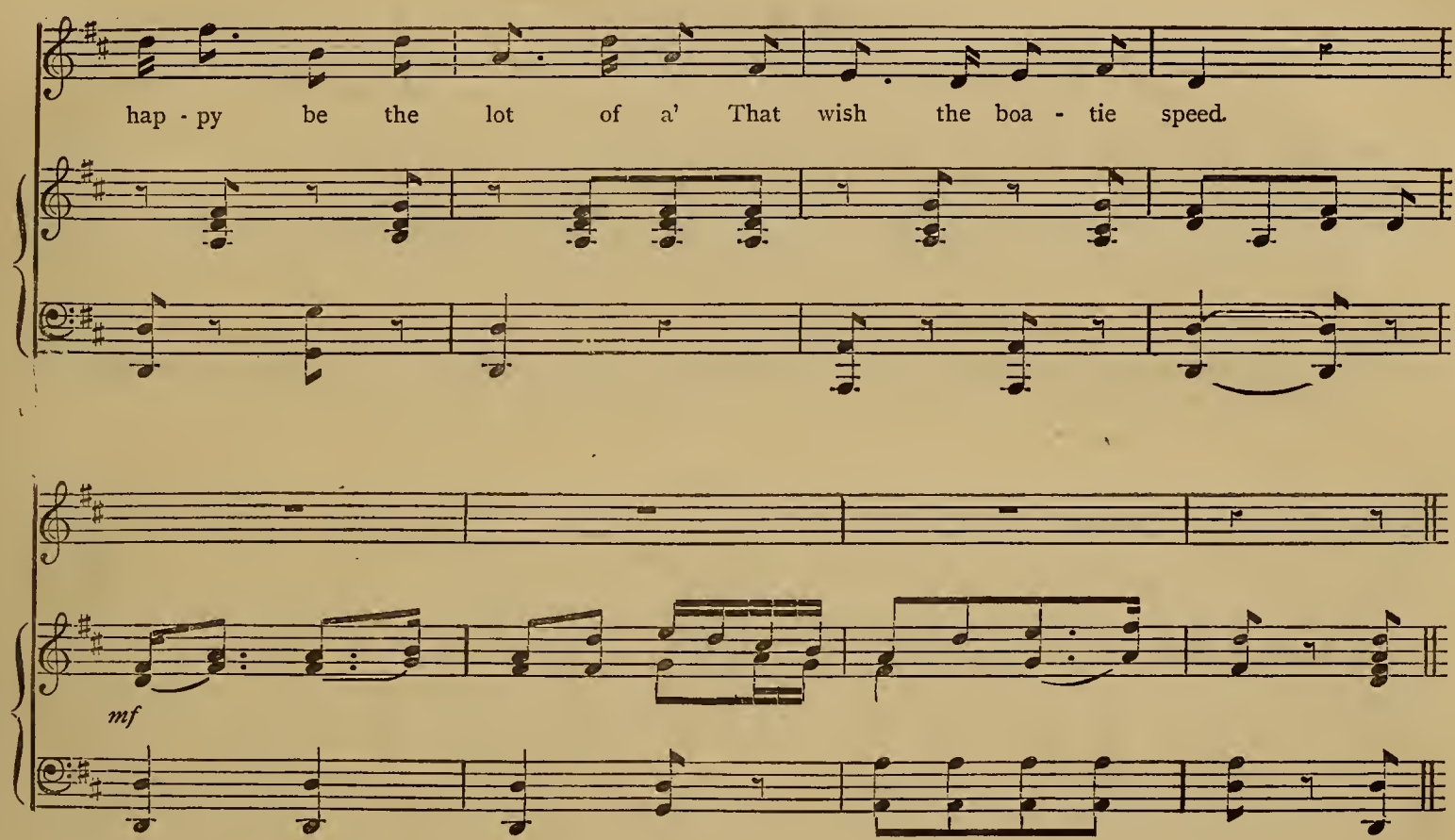
weel may the boa - tie row, And bet - ter may she speed; And
cuist my line in Lar - go bay, And fish - es I caught nine; There's

p

weel may the boa - tie row, That wins the bair - nies bread.
three to boil and three to fry, And three to bait the line.

The boa - tie rows, the boa - tie rows, The boa - tie rows in - deed; And

mf



III.

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie,
Are up and gotten lear,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel,
And lightsome be her heart that bears
The murlain and the creel.

IV.

And when wi' age we are worn down,
And hirplin' at the door,
They'll help to keep us dry and warm,
As we did them before.
Then weel may the boatie row,
That wins the bairnies bread,
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

TAM GLEN.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

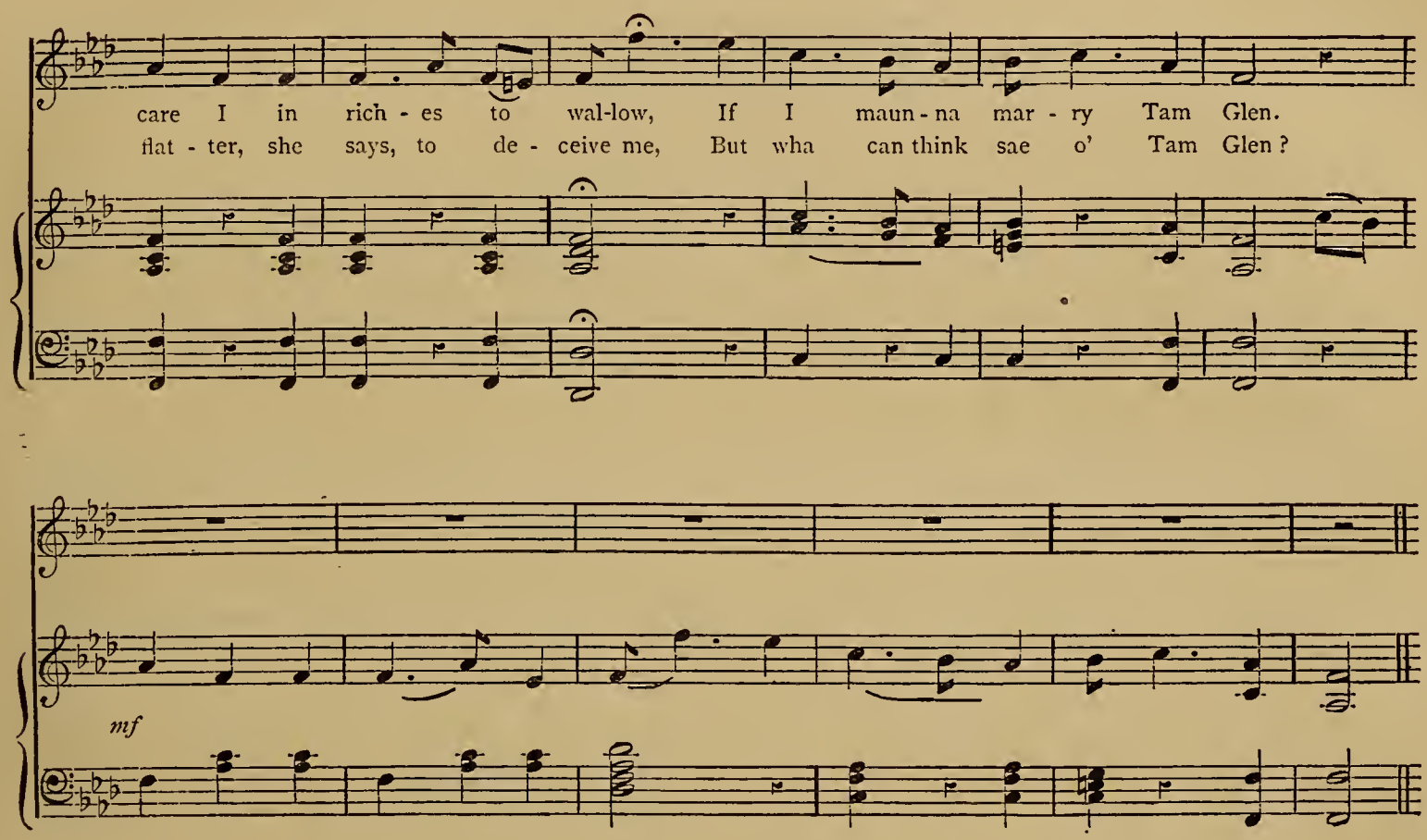
mf

1. My heart is a break - in', dear tit - tie! Some coun - sel un - to me come len'; To
2. There's Low - rie, the laird o' Drum-el - ler, Gude day to you, coot, he comes ben; He

p

an - ger them a' is a pi - ty, But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?
brags and he blaws o' his sil - ler, But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

I'm think - in' wi sic a braw fal - low, In puir - tith I might make a fen; What
My min - nie does con - stant - ly deave me, And bids me be - ware o' young men; They



III.

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me guid hunder merks ten;
But if it's ordained I maun tak' him,
O, wha will I get but Tam Glen?
Yestreen at the Valentine's dealin',
My heart to my mou' gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failin',
And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

IV.

The last Hallowe'en I was waukin'
My drookit sark-sleeve, as ye ken,
His likeness cam' up the house staukin',
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.
Come counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry,
I'll gi'e ye my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

BONNIE BESSIE LEE.

Words by ROBERT NICOLL

Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

mf *f* *p*

2. She

1. Bon-nie Bes-sie Lee had a face fu' o' smiles, And mirth round her ripe lips was aye dan-cing slee, And
grat wi' the wae - fu' and laugh'd wi' the glad, And light as the wind 'mang the dan - cers was she, And a

light was the foot - fa', and win - some the wiles, O' the flow'r o' the par - o-chin, our ain Bes - sie Lee.
tongue that could jeer, too, the little las - sie had, Whilk keep'd aye her ain side for bonnie Bes - sie Lee.

Wi' the bairns she wad rin and the school lad-dies pake, And o'er the broom-y braes like a
And she whiles had a sweet - heart, and whiles she had twa, A glai - kit bit lassie, but a ·

fai - ry would flee, Till auld hearts grew young a - gain wi' love for her sake, There was
· tween you and me, Her warm wee bit hear - tie she ne'er threw a - wa', Though

rall.

life in the blythe blink o' bon - nie Bes-sie Lee, Our ain Bes-sie Lee, Our bonnie Bes - sie Lee, There was
mony a ane had sought it frae bon - nie Bes-sie Lee, Our ain Bes-sie Lee, Our bonnie Bes - sie Lee, Though

rall.

life in the blythe blink o' bon - nie Bes - sie Lee.
mony a ane had sought it frae bon - nie Bes - sie Lee.

a tempo.

mf

III.

But ten years had gane since I gazed on her lait,
For ten years had parted my auld hame and me ;
And I said to my mysel', as her mither's door I pass'd,
'Will I ever get anither kiss frae Bonnie Bessie Lee.'

IV.

But time changes a' things, the ill-natured loon,
Were it ever sae lightly he'll no let it be ;
But I rubbit at my een and I thought I would swoon,
How the carle had come round about our ain Bessie Lee.

V.

The wee laughing lassie was a gudewife growing auld,
Twa weans at her apron and ane on her knee ;
She was douce too, and wiselike, and wisdom's sae cauld,
I would rather had the ither ane than this Bessie Lee.

WHA WADNA FECHT FOR CHARLIE.

From Hogg's Jacobite Relics.

Arranged by T. S. Gleadhill.

Voice.

Piano-Forte.

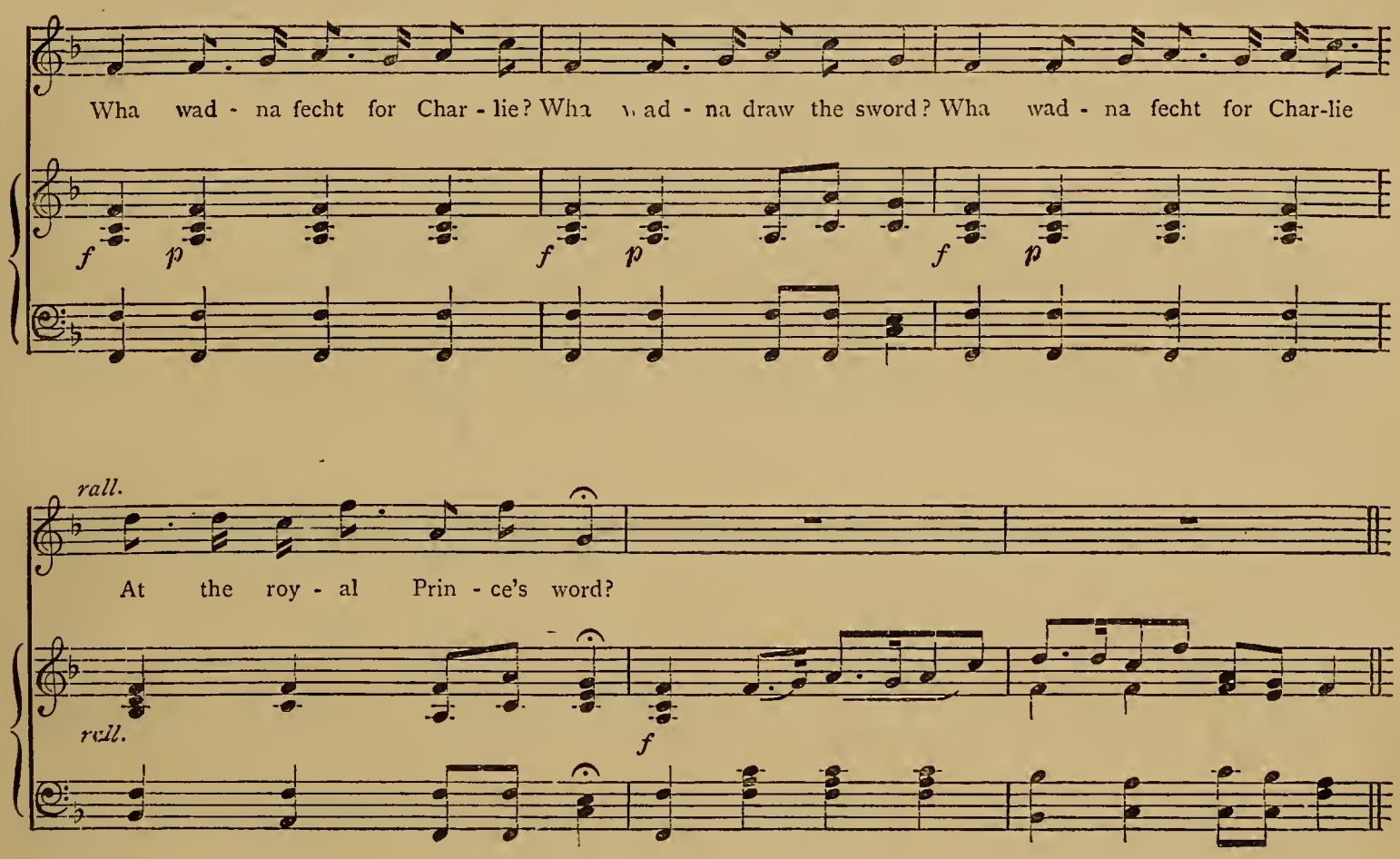
Allegretto.

1. Wha wad - na fecht for Char - lie?
2. Rouse, rouse, ye kilt - ed war - riors,

Wha wad - na draw the sword? Wha wad - na up and ral - ly At the roy - al Prin - ce's word?
Rouse, ye he - roes of the north, Rouse and join your Prin - ce's ban-ners, 'Tis your Prince that leads you forth.

Think on Sco - tia's an - cient he - roes, Think on for - reign foes re - pell'd,
Shall we base - ly crouch to ty - rants? Shall we own a fo - reign sway?

Think on glo - rious Bruce and Wal - lace, Who the proud u - sur - pers quell'd.
Shall a ro - yal Stuart be ban-ished, While a stran - ger rules the day?



III.

See the northern clans advancing!
  See Glengarry and Lochiel!
See the brandish'd broadswords glancing!
  Highland hearts are true as steel.
Now our Prince has raised his banner,
  Now triumphant is our cause,
Now the Scottish lion rallies,
  Let us strike for Prince and laws!
    Wha wadna fecht, &c

MARY'S DREAM.

Written by JOHN LOWE. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andante.

p

1. The moon had climb'd the high - est hill, Which ris - es o'er the source of Dee, And
2. She from her pil - low gen - tly rais'd Her head, to ask who there might be, And

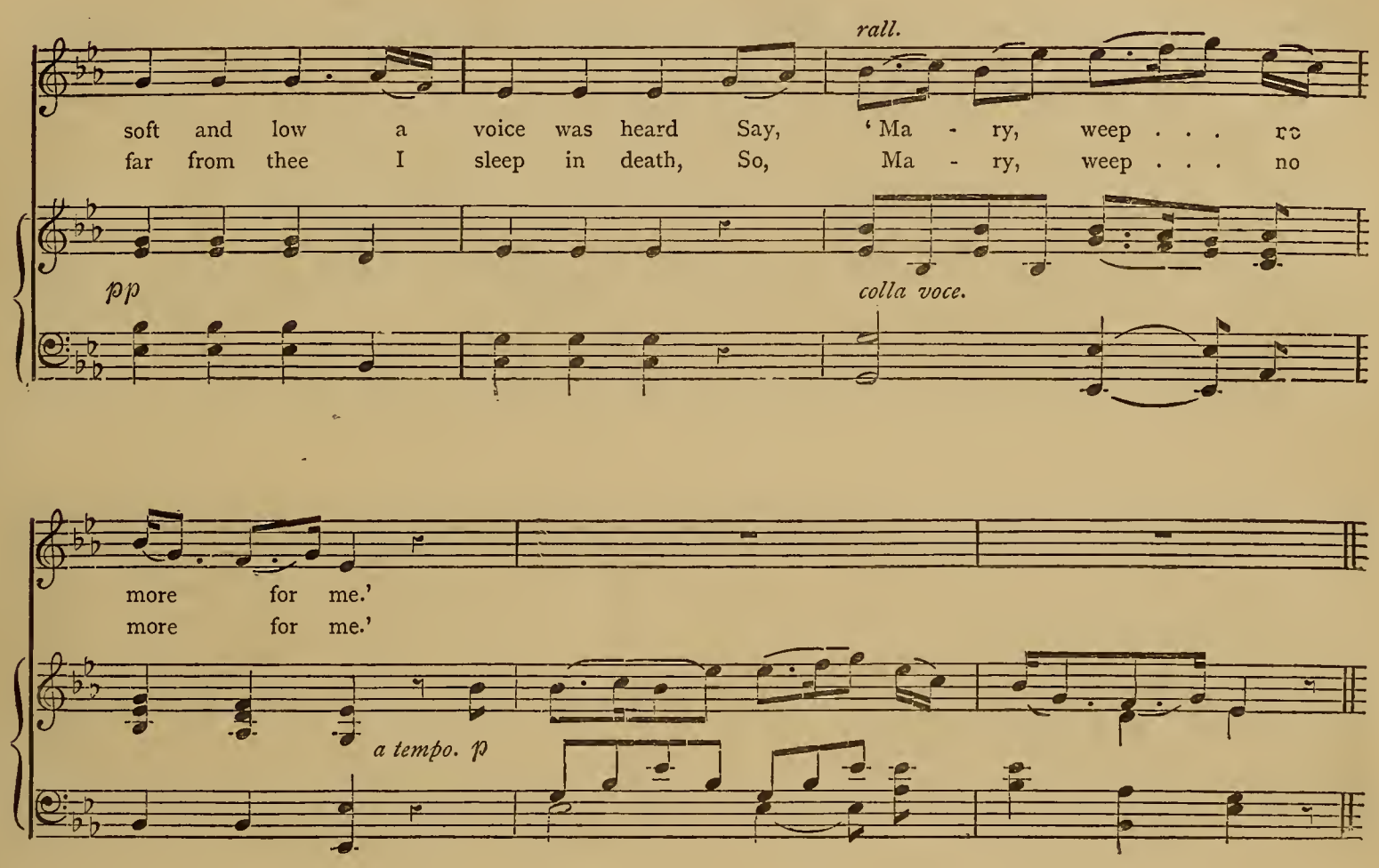
p

from the east - - ern sum - mit shed Her sil - ver light on tow'r and tree.
saw young San - - dy shiv - 'ring stand, With vis - age pale and hol - low e'e.

rall. *a tempo.*

When Ma - ry laid her down to sleep, Her thoughts on San - dy far at sea; When
'O Ma - ry, dear, cold is my clay, It lies be- neath the stor - my sea; Far,

colla voce. *a tempo.*



III.

'Three stormy nights and stormy days,
We toss'd upon the raging main ;
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain ;
Even then when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love for thee :
The storm is past and I at rest,
So, Mary, weep no more for me.'

IV.

'O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
We soon shall meet upon that shore,
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more.'
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see,
But soft the passing spirit said,
'Sweet Mary, weep no more for me'

WITHIN A MILE O' EDINBORO' TOWN.

Air by JAMES HOOK. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

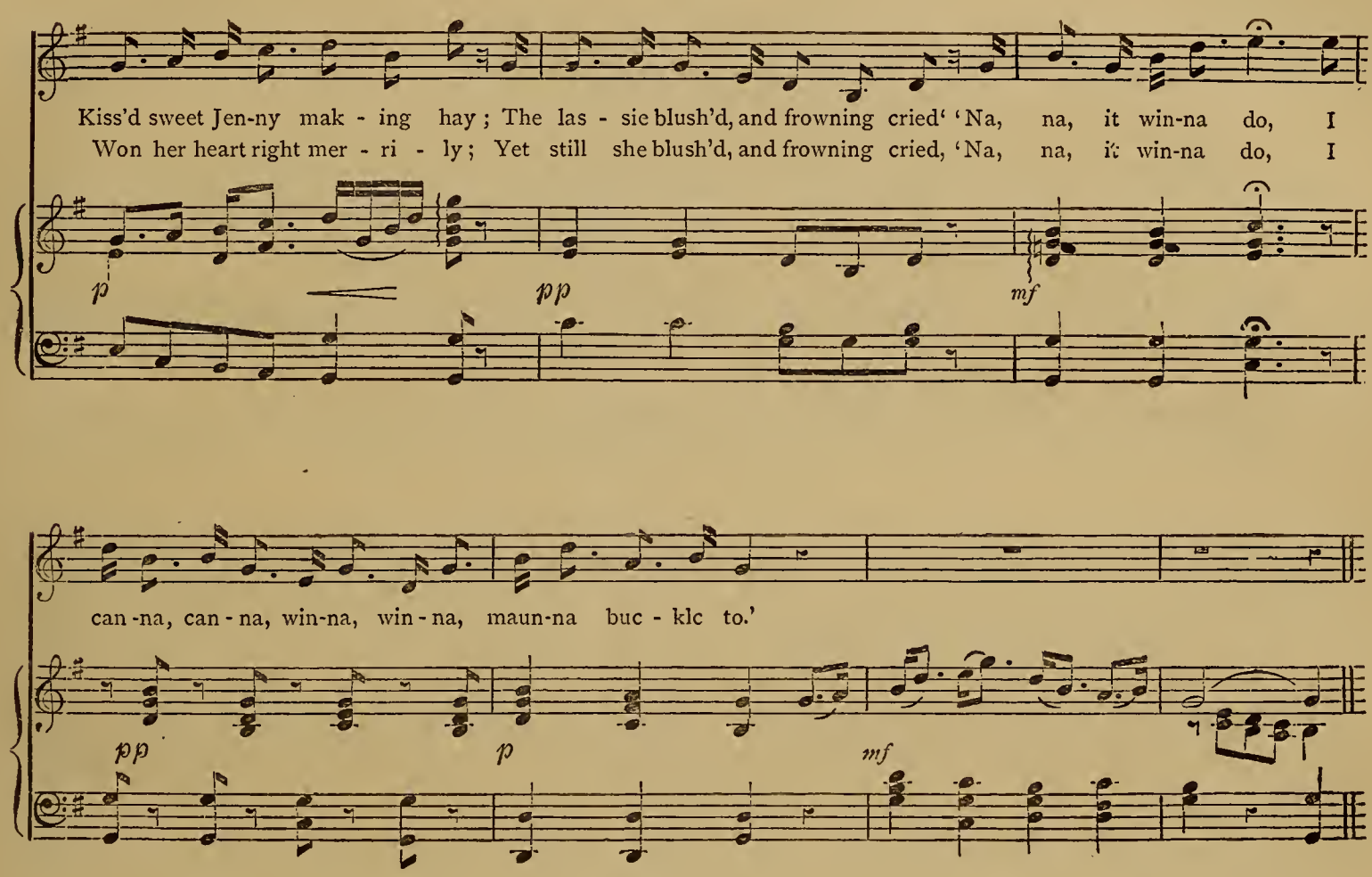
Moderato.

p *mf* *dim.*

1. 'Twas with - in a mile of Ed - in - bo - ro' town, In the ro - sy time of the year, . . Sweet flow - - ers bloom'd, and the grass was down, And each shep - - herd woo'd his dear. Bon - nie Joc - kie, blythe and gay,

2. Young Jock - kie was a wag that ne - ver wad wed, Though lang he had fol - lowed the lass, . . Con - - tent - - ed she earn'd and ate her brown bread, And mer - ri - ly turn'd up the grass. Bon - nie Joc - kie, blythe and free,

p *mf*



III.

But when he vow'd he wad make her his bride,
Though his flocks and herds were not few,
She gied him her hand and a kiss beside,
And vow'd she'd for ever be true.
Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily,
At kirk she no more frowning cried,
'Na, na, it winna,' &c.

KELVIN GROVE.

Words by THOMAS LYLE. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andantino.

mf *rall.* *a tempo.*

1. Let us haste to Kel-vin Grove, bon-nie las - sie, O, Through its ma-zes let us rove, bon-nie las - sie, O, Where the rose in all her pride Paints the hol-low din-gle side, Where the midnight fair-ies glide, bon-nie las - sie, O.

2. Let us wan-der by the mill, bon-nie las - sie, O, To the cove be-side the rill, bon-nie las - sie, O, Where the glens rebound the call Of the roar-ing wa-ter-fall, Thro' the mountain's rock-y hall, bon-nie las - sie, O.

p *mf* *mf*

III.

O Kelvin's banks are fair, bonnie lassie, O,
When in summer we are there, bonnie lassie, O,
There the May-pink's crimson plume
Throws a soft but sweet perfume
Round the yellow banks o' broom, bonnie lassie, O.

IV.

Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, O,
As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie, O,
Yet, with fortune on my side,
I could stay thy father's pride,
And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O.

V.

But the frowns o' fortune lower, bonnie lassie, O,
On thy lover, at this hour, bonnie lassie, O,
Ere yon golden orb of day
Wake the warblers on the spray,
From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.

VI.

Then farewell to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O,
And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O,
To the river winding clear,
To the fragrant scented brier,
E'en to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.

VII.

When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O,
Should I fall 'midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,
Then, Helen, should'st thou hear
Of thy lover on his bier,
To his mem'ry shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O.

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

Words by GEORGE HALKET. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andante.

p

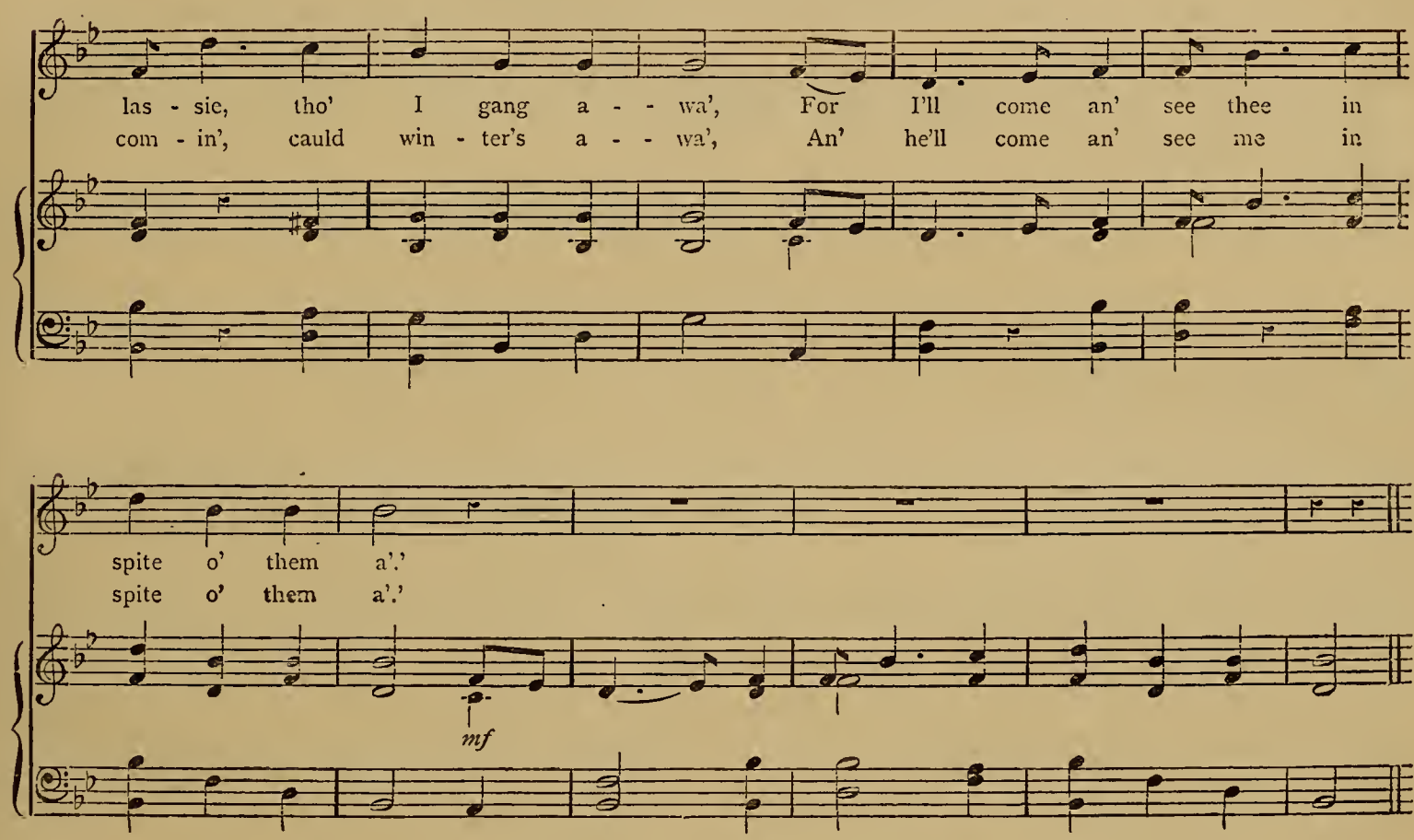
ritard.

1. O Lo - gie o' Buc - han, O Lo - gie the laird, They ha'e taen a - wa'
2. Though San - die has ow - sen, has gear and has kye, A house an' a

p

Ja - mie that delv'd in the yard, Wha play'd on the pipe an' the vi - ol sae
had - den, an' sil - ler for - bye, Yet I'd tak my ain lad, wi' his staff in his

sma'; They hae taen a - wa' Ja - mie, the flow'r o' them a'. He said, 'think na lang,
hand, Be - fore I'd hae him wi' his hou - ses an' land. But sim - mer is



III.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,
They gloom upon Jamie because he is puir ;
Though I loe them as weel as a daughter should do,
They are no half so dear to me, Jamie, as you.
He said, think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa',
For I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.'

IV.

I sit on my creepie an' spin at my wheel,
An' think on the laddie that loes me sae weel;
He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,
An' he gae me the half o't when he gaed awa'.
But the simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa',
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide no awa'.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

PIANO-FORTE.

mf Moderato.

1. Gin a bo-dy meet a bo-dy Co-min' thro' the rye, Gin a bo-dy kiss a bo-dy,
2. Gin a bo-dy meet a bo-dy Co-min' frae the well, Gin a bo-dy kiss a bo-dy,

p

Need a bo-dy cry? Il - ka las-sie has her lad-die, Nane they say hae I! Yet
Need a bo-dy tell? Il - ka las-sie has her lad-die, Ne'er a ane hae I! But

rit. *a tempo.*

a' the lads they smile at me, When comin' thro' the rye.
a' the lads they smile on me, When comin' thro' the rye.

rit. *a tempo.* *mf*

III.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body greet a body,
Need a body frown?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane they say hae I;
But a' the lads they loe me weel,
And what the waur am I?

IV.

Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel;
But whaur his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane they say hae I;
But a' the lads they loe me weel,
And what the waur am I?

I'M OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto. *mf* *rit.* *p*

I'm owre young, I'm owre young, I'm owre young to mar - ry yet, I'm owre young, 'twad be a sin To tak me frae my mam-mie yet.

mf *p*

1. I am my mam-mie's ae bairn, Nor of my hame I'm wea - ry yet; And I will have you learn, lads, That ye for me maun tar - ry yet. For I'm soon to say I wad o - bey, In truth I daur - na ven - tu'e yet.

2. For I have had my ain way, Nane dare to con - tra - dict me yet: Sae

D.C.

III.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Blows through the leafless timber, Sir;
But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin summer, Sir.
For I'm owre young, &c.

O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

Written by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Lively.

mf

O

wat ye wha's in yon town, Ye see the e'en - ing sun up - on, The

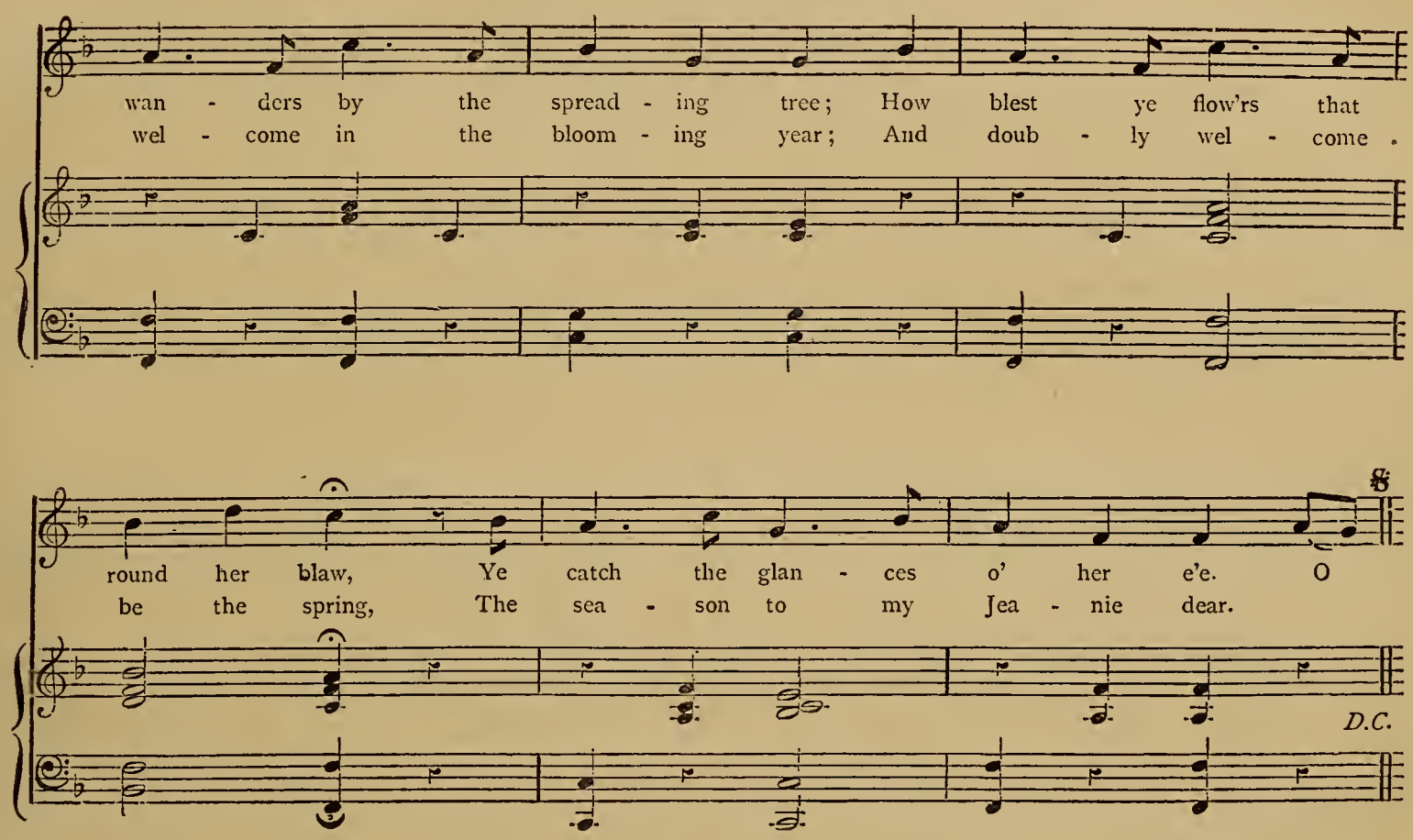
p

sweet - est maid's in yon town That e'en - ing sun is shin - ing on.

1. Now hap - ly by yon gay green shaw, She
2. How blest ye birds that round her sing, And

mf

p



III.

The sun blinks blythe in yon town,
Amang yon broomy braes sae green;
But my delight is yon town,
And dearest pleasure is my Jean.
O wat ye, &c.

IV.

Without my love not a' the charms
Of Paradise could yield me joy;
But gie me Jeanie in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.
O wat ye, &c.

V.

My cave would be a lover's bow'r,
Though raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely, little flow'r,
That I would tent and shelter there.
O wat ye, &c.

VI.

If angry fate be sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doomed to bear;
If careless quit all else below,
But spare, oh! spare my Jeanie dear.
O wat ye, &c.

VII.

For while life's dearest blood runs warm,
My thoughts frae her shall ne'er depart;
For as most lovely is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.
O wat ye, &c.

JOHNNIE AND MARY.

OLD BALLAD. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

mf

1. Down the burn and through the mead, His gol - den locks wav'd o'er his brow,
2. Cost - ly claiths she had but few; Of rings and jew - els nae great store; Her

p

John - nie, lilt - ing, tun'd his reed, And Ma - ry wip'd her bon - nie mou'.
face was fair, her love was true, And John - nie wise - ly wish'd nae mair.

Dear she lo'ed the well - known song, . While her John - nie, . blythe and bon - nie, . .
Love's the pearl the shep - herds prize, . O'er the moun - tain, . near the foun - tain, . .

Sung her praise the . . whole day long.
Love de - lights the . . shep - herd's eyes.
Down the burn and through the mead, His

gol - den locks wav'd o'er his brow, John - nie, lilt - - ing, tun'd his reed, And

Ma - ry wip'd her bon - nie mou'. .

mf

III.

Gold and titles give not health,
And Johnnie could na these impart ;
Youthfu' Mary's greatest wealth
Was still her faithfu' Johnnie's heart.
Sweet the joys the lovers find,
Great the treasure, sweet the pleasure,
Where the heart is always kind.
Down the burn, &c.

I WINNA BE WEEL.

Written by T. Dodd.

Music by T. Macfarlane.
Arranged by T. S. Gleadhill.

Voice.

Piano-Forte.

Playfully.

p *mf* *p*

I win - na be weel, for I can - na be weel, The laird an' his sil - ler may

p

gang in a creel, Tho' his bauld pow had a crown on't a - tweel, I'd

scorn him wi' his a.'

mf *f* *p*

1 My mo - ther says a laird's a catch, My fa - ther fain wad mak' a match, But
2. Was he gude as a saint an' wise as a sage, His widdom or worth for my heart is nae pledge, I

p

I'll no be a gau - dy wretch, To pine my life an' a.' I
wish, as a lassie should wish at my age, 'Ane young what - e'er may fa.

D.C.

III.

My truly, it's an unco sight
To see an auld blin' donard wight,
Wha scarcely kens the day frae night,
Begin a lang fraca.
I winna be weel, &c.

IV.

Sighing, but mair for the want o' his breath
Than love at his heart, though maybe baith—
Smiling on me as if girnin', gude faith,
He says, 'O lass, ye're braw.'
I winna be weel, &c.

V.

His cauldrife jokes an' ghastly fun
He maks an' cracks till out o' wun',
Then tells me o' his gowd an' grun',
To wyle my heart awa.'
I winna be weel, &c.

VI.

He woo's like a beggar that's seeking his bread,
Sae pitifu'-like his e'e stands in his head,
A' tremblin', just as he was in a weed,
He says, 'Tak' me an' a'.'
I winna be weel, &c.

VII.

If I but smile, the body is glad;
If I but gloom, the body is sad;
For fear I put the body mad,
I daurna tell him na.
I winna be weel, &c.

THE SCOTCH BLUE BELL.

Written by A. MACLAGAN.

Music by T. MACFARLANE.
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

Allegretto.

PIANO-FORTE.

mf

The Scotch blue bell, the Scotch blue bell, The dear blue bell for me, Oh, I

mf

wad - na gie the bon - nie blue bell For a' the flow'rs I see, For . .

cres.

a' the flow'rs I see.

f

1. I lo'e thee weel, thou Scotch blue bell, I hail thee, flow' - ret fair, . . . Whe -
2. When e'e - nin's gow - den cur - tains hing O'er moor and moun - tain gray, . . . Me -

p

- ther thou bloom'st in lane - ly dell, Or wav'st mid moun - tain air, Or . . .
- thinks I hear the blue bells sing A dirge to dee - in' day, A . . .

wav'st mid moun - tain air; . . . Blythe spring - ing frae ower bare rough rocks, Or
dirge to dee - in' day; . . . But when the light o' morn - ing wakes The

foun - tain's flow' - ry brink; . . Where fleet as wind in thirs - ty flocks, The
young dew drouk - et flower's, . . I hear a - mid their mer - ry peals The

deer des - cend to drink, The deer des - cend to drink.
mirth o' bri - dal hours, The mirth o' bri - dal hours. } The

S

S

D.C.

III.

How aft wi' rapture I hae strayed
The mountain's heather crest,
There aft wi' thee hae I arrayed
My Mary's maiden breast.
Aft tremblin' marked amang the bells
Her bosom fa' and rise,
Like snawy cloud that sinks and swells
'Neath summer's deep blue skies.
The Scotch blue bell, &c.

WHEN THE KING COMES OWRE THE WATER.

Words by Lady KEITH. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

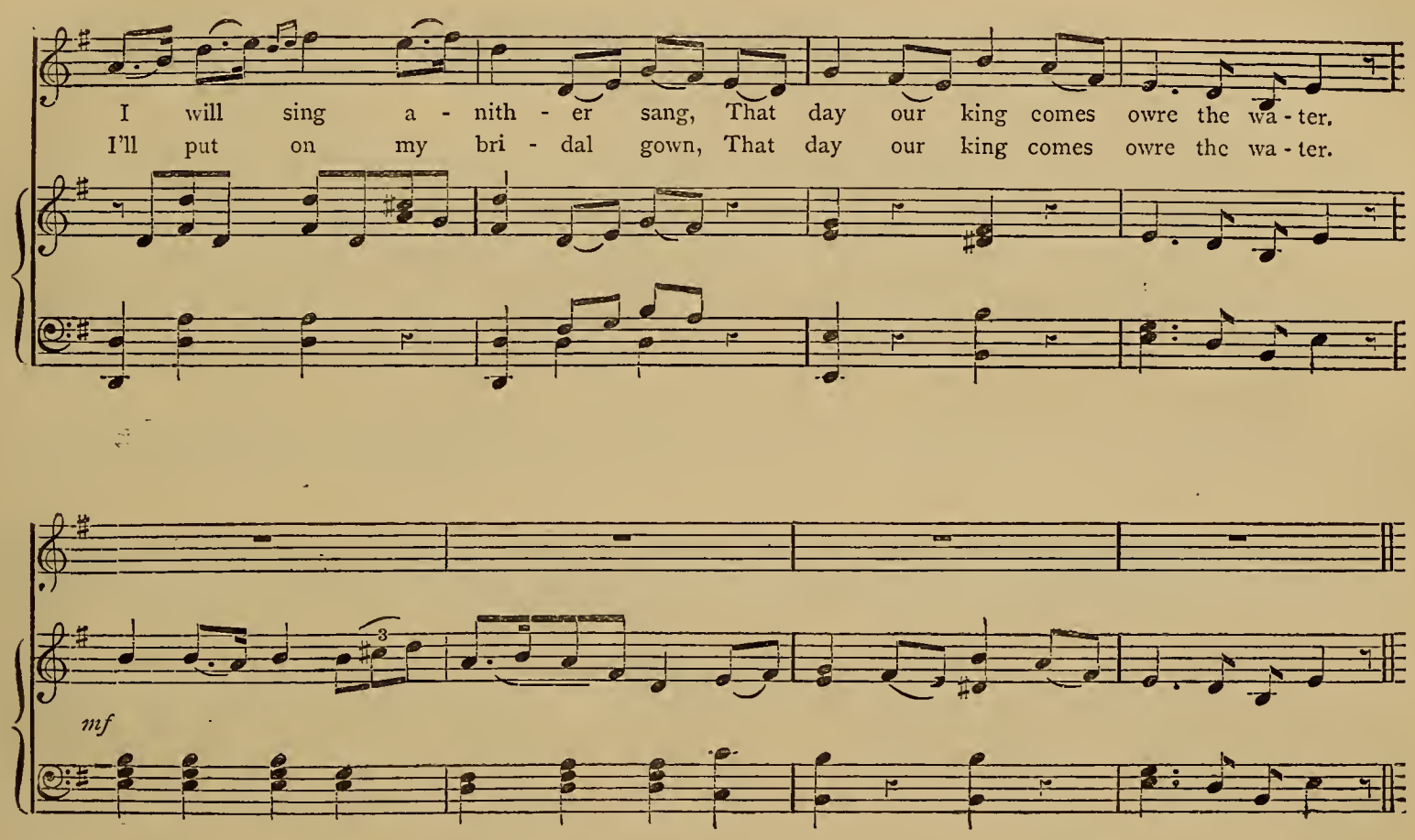
mf

1. I may sit in my wee croo house, At the rock and the reel to toil fu' drea - ry;
2. O gin I live to see the day, That I hae begg'd and begg'd frae Hea - ven;

p

I may think on the day that's gane, And sigh and sab till I grow wea - ry.
I'll fling my rock and reel a - way, And dance and sing frae morn till e - ven:

I ne'er could brook, I ne'er could brook A foreign loon to own or flatter, But
For there is ane, I win - na name, That comes the reign - ing bike to scatter, And



III.

I hae seen the guid auld day,
  The day o' pride and chieftain glory,
When Royal Stuarts bore the sway,
  And ne'er heard tell o' Whig nor Tory.
Though lyart be my locks and grey,
  And eild has crook'd me down, what matter?
I'll dance and sing ae ither day,
  That day our king comes o'er the water.

IV.

O curse on dull and drawling Whig,
  The whining, ranting, low deceiver,
Wi' heart sae black and look sae big,
  And canting tongue o' clishmaclaver.
My father was a good lord's son,
  My mother was an Earl's daughter,
And I'll be Lady Keith again,
  That day our king comes owre the water

THE CLEAN HEARTHSTANE.

Written by J. MOFFAT.

Music by J. DRUMMOND.
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

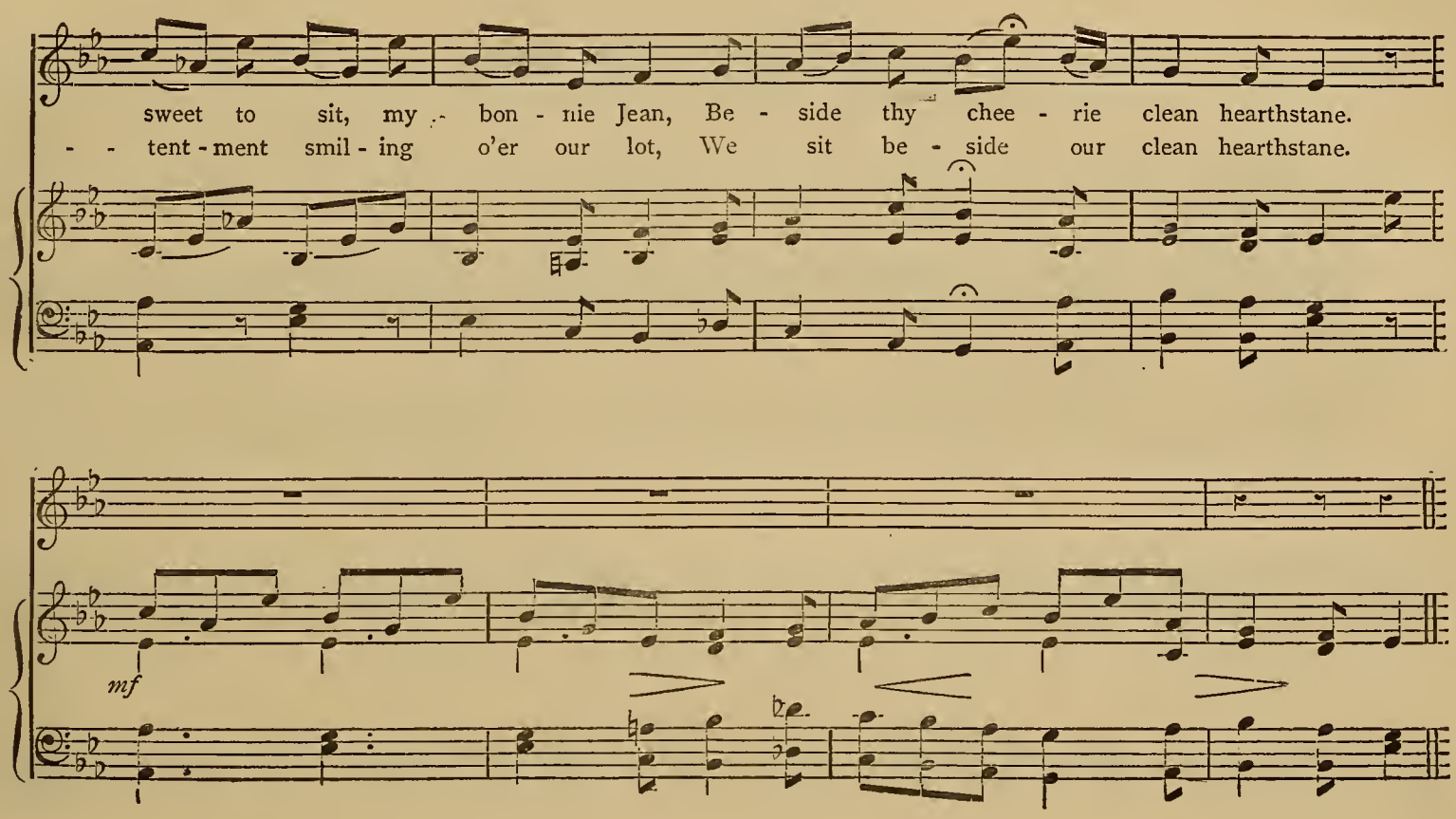
mf

1. When win - ter wi' his scou - rin' sleet Blaws keen out o'er the Camp - sie fells, An'
2. When gloo - my gloa - min' o'er the lift Spreads out his dark - nin' clouds o' gray, An'

p

lam - mies rin wi' wae - fu' bleat, To cow'r a - mang the hol - low dells.
doors an' win - nocks sneck - et tight Keep an - gry how - lin' winds at bay:

When Burn - i - brae wi' fear some dim His roar - in' flood sends down the glen, How
Then Jean - nie in our co - sie cot, Our bair - nies round us a' sae fair, Con -



III.

The blissfu' hours on downy wings,
  Afore we min', flee by sae sune,
An' fleetly, while my Jeanie sings,
  Her wheel gaes roun' wi' cheerie croon.
Douce drowsie Colie o'er his nap,
  Perplext wi' nocht o' grief or pain,
Wi' baudrons thrummin' on his back,
  Lies beekin' on the clean hearthstane.

IV.

Auld pawkie Brownie tunes his lyre,
  His sair won fee to bid us min',
An' frienly Hawkie frae the byre
  Wad fain let on it's milkin' time.
The bairnies roun' the ingle cheek
  Frae minnie syne their luggies claim,
An' tentless by the crowdie sweet
  They draible on her clean hearthstane.

V.

Let gawkie fashion's glaikit slaves
  To gaudy flauntin' cities run,
'Mang grandeur's halls in splendour's blaze,
  Snell winter's cauldrife breath to shun.
Kind Heav'n to me my Jeanie lea'e,
Nae purer worldly bliss I ken,
  Wi' bonnie bairnies on my knee,
  Or smilin' roun' the clean hearthstane.

MY WILLIE AND ME.

Written by W. Cameron.

Music by W. Morris.
Arranged by T. S. Gleadhill.

Voice.

Piano-Forte.

Moderato.

p

1. As wand'ring my lane down by sweet Bir - ken - shaw, An' think - in' on days that are noo gane a - wa', I no - tic'd twa couth - y wee birds on a tree, Thinks I noo that's un - co like Wil - lie and me, Thinks I noo that's un - co like Wil - lie and me.

2. I won - der'd if a' the wee birds o' the dell, As kind - ly and fond - ly their love tales could tell; I won - der'd if on - y twa mor - tals could be, As hap - py and leal as my Wil - lie and me, As hap - py and leal as my Wil - lie and me.

They lilt - ed a - bout, and sae blythe - ly they sang, They flut-ter'd and court-ed I ken - na how lang; My
They a' may be hap - py, what for should they no? And las - ses fu' mic-kle may think o' their jo; But

heart was as hap - py and fu' as could be, They mind - ed me sae o' my Wil - lie and me, They
nae - thing on earth, in the air, or the sea, Can be half sae as hap - py as Wil - lie and me, Can be

mind - ed me sae o' my Wil - lie and me.
half sae as hap - py as Wil - lie and me.

mf

III.

My Willie's sae guid, and my Willie's sae kin',
And then, O thank Heaven, dear Willie is mine!
In the joy o' my heart the tear draps frae my e'e,
To think we're sae happy, my Willie and me!
The hero may sigh for mair laurels—the loon—
The tyrant may grasp at a kingdom or crown;
Contented and happy I'd live till I dee,
Though they tak' a' the world but my Willie and me!

THE TRYSTIN' TREE.

Written by E. Conolly.

Music by T. Macfarlane,
Arranged by T. S. Gleadhill.

Voice.

Piano-Forte.

Andante.

p

1. We sat be - neath the trys - tin' tree, The bon-nie dear auld
2. We gaz'd up - on the trys - tin' tree, Its branches spread - ing

p

trys - tin' tree, Where Har - ry tauld, in ear - ly youth, His ten - der tale of
far and wide, An' thocht up - on the bon - nie bairns That blest our blythe bit

love to me. An' walth o' wed - ded hap - piness Has been our bless - ed
in - gle side. The strap - pin' youth, wi' mar - tial mien, The mai - den mild wi'

mf

lot sin syne; Though fo - reign lands lang twen - ty years Hae
gow - den hair, They pic - tur'd what our - sels hae been, Whan

been my Har - ry's hame an' mine. Wi' grate - fu' glow at
first we fond - ly trys - ted there; Wi' grate - fu' glow at

il - ka heart, An' joy - fu' tears in il - ka e'e, We sat a - gain, fond
il - ka heart, An' joy - fu' tears in il - ka e'e, We blest the hour that

lov-ers still, Be-neath the bon - nie trys - tin' tree.
e'er we met Be-neath the dear auld trys - tin' tree.

mf

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O.

Written by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

mf *p*

1. There's nought but care in ev-ry han', In
2. The warld - ly race may riches chase, An'

ev' - ry hour that passes, O; What sig - ni - fies the life o' man, An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.
riches still may fly them, O; An' though at last they catch them fast, Their hearts can ne'er en-joy them, O.

Green grow the rashes, O! Green grow the rashes, O! The sweet-est hours that e'er I spend Are

mf

spent amang the lasses, O.

p *mf*

III.

Gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O,
An' warldly cares an' warldly men
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.
Green grow the rashes, O, &c.

IV.

For you sae douce wha sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest man the world e'er saw,
He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.
Green grow the rashes, O, &c.

V.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears,
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow the rashes, O, &c.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

mf *p*

Bon - nie las-sie, will ye go,

Will ye go, will ye go, . Bon - nie las - sie, will ye go To the birks of A - ber - fel - dy?

1. Now sim - mer blinks on flow' - ry braes, And
2. While o'er their heads the ha - zels hing, The

mf *p*

o'er the crys - tal stream-let plays ; Come, let us spend the lightsome days In the birks of A - ber - fel - dy.
lit - tle bir - dies blythe-ly sing, Or light - ly flit on wan - ton wing, In the birks of A - ber - fel - dy.

D.C.

3. The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foamin' stream deep roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

4. The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linn the burnie pours,
And, risin', weets wi' misty show'rs
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

5. Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely bless'd wi' love an' thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'.

Author of words unknown.

Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

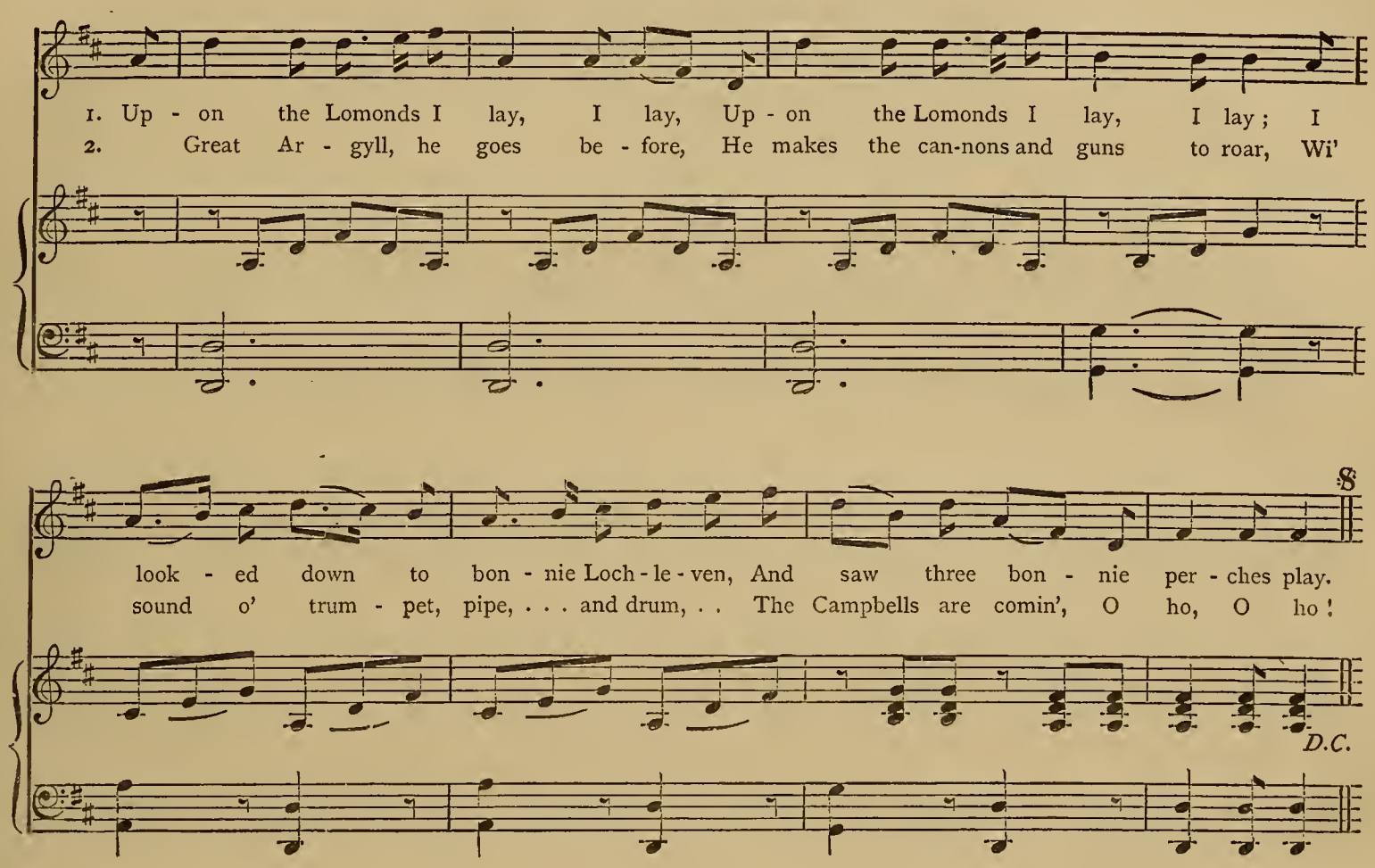
f

The Campbells are com - in', O - ho, O ho! The Campbells are com - in', O ho, O ho! The

mf

Campbells are com-in' to bon - nie Loch - le - ven; The Campbells are com-in', O ho, O ho!

f



III.

The Campbells they are a' in arms,

Their loyal faith and truth to show;

Wi' banners rattling in the wind,

The Campbells are comin', O ho! O ho!

The Campbells are comin', &c.

THE WEE, WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE.

Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Lively.

f *fz*

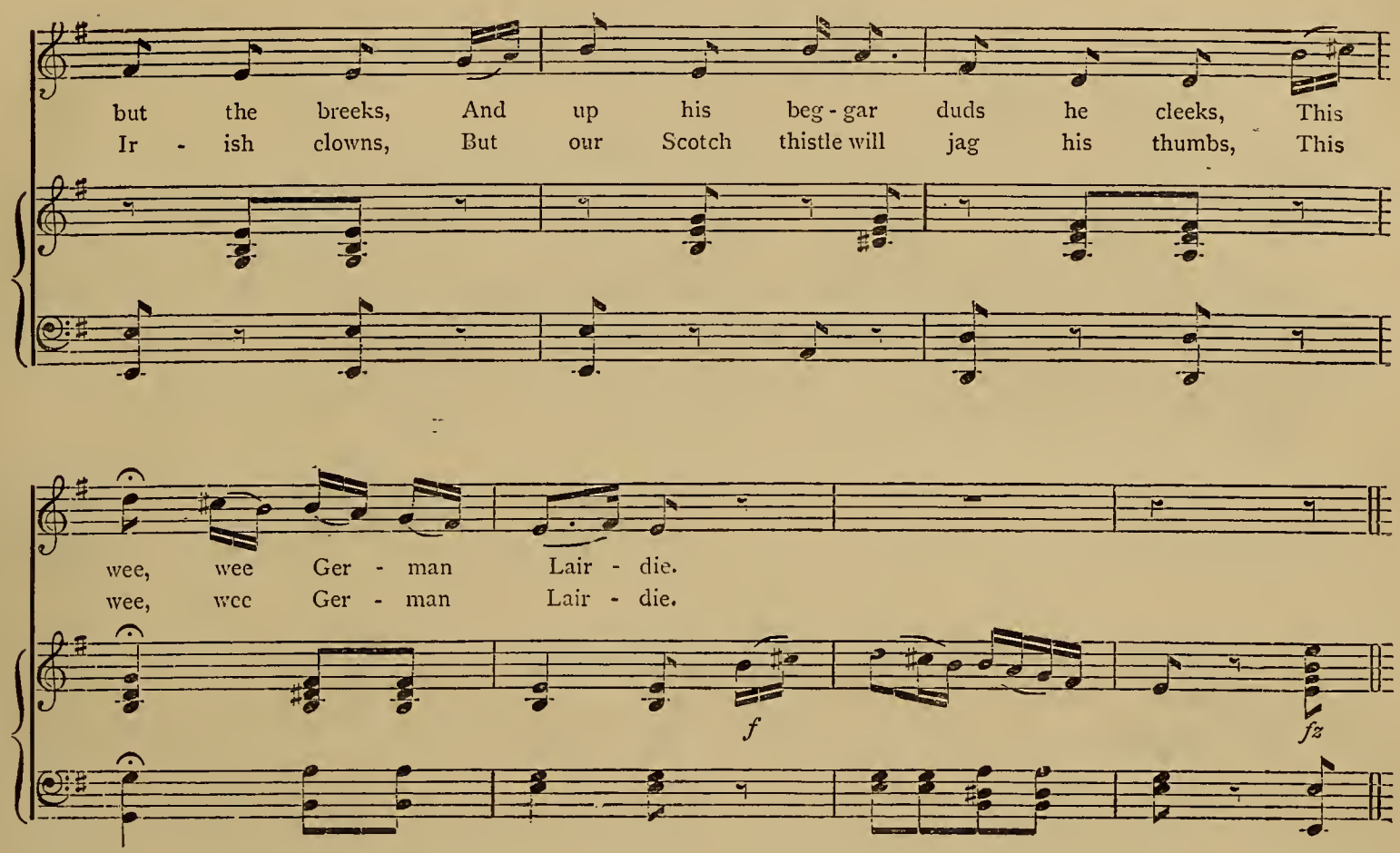
1. Wha the
2. And

deil hae we got - ten for a king, But a wee, wee Ger - man Lair - die; When
he's clap - pit down in our gude - man's chair, The wee, wee Ger - man Lair - die; And

p

we gaed owre to bring him hame, He was del - vin' in his kail yar - die.
he's brought fouth o' his fo - reign trash, And dib - bled them in his yar - die.

He was sheugh - ing kail and lay - ing leeks, With - out the hose and
He's pu'd the rose o' Eng - lish loons, And brok'n the harp o'



III.

Come up amang our Hieland hills,
  Thou wee, wee German Lairdie,
And see the Stuart's lang kail thrive,
  They hae dibbled in our kail yardie.
And if a stock ye daur to pu',
  Or haud the yokin' o' a plough,
We'll break your sceptre ower your mou',
  Ye feckless German Lairdie.

IV.

Auld Scotland thou'rt ower cauld a hole
  For nursin' siccan vermin;
But the very dogs in England's court,
  They bark and howl in German.
Then keep thy dibble in thy ain hand,
  Thy spade but and thy yardie;
For wha the deil now claims your land
  But a wee, wee German Lairdie.

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

Words by Mrs. HAMILTON. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andantino.

p

1. O I hae seen great anes and sat in great ha's, Mang
2. Ance mair, gude be prais'd, round my ain heart-some ingle, Wi' the

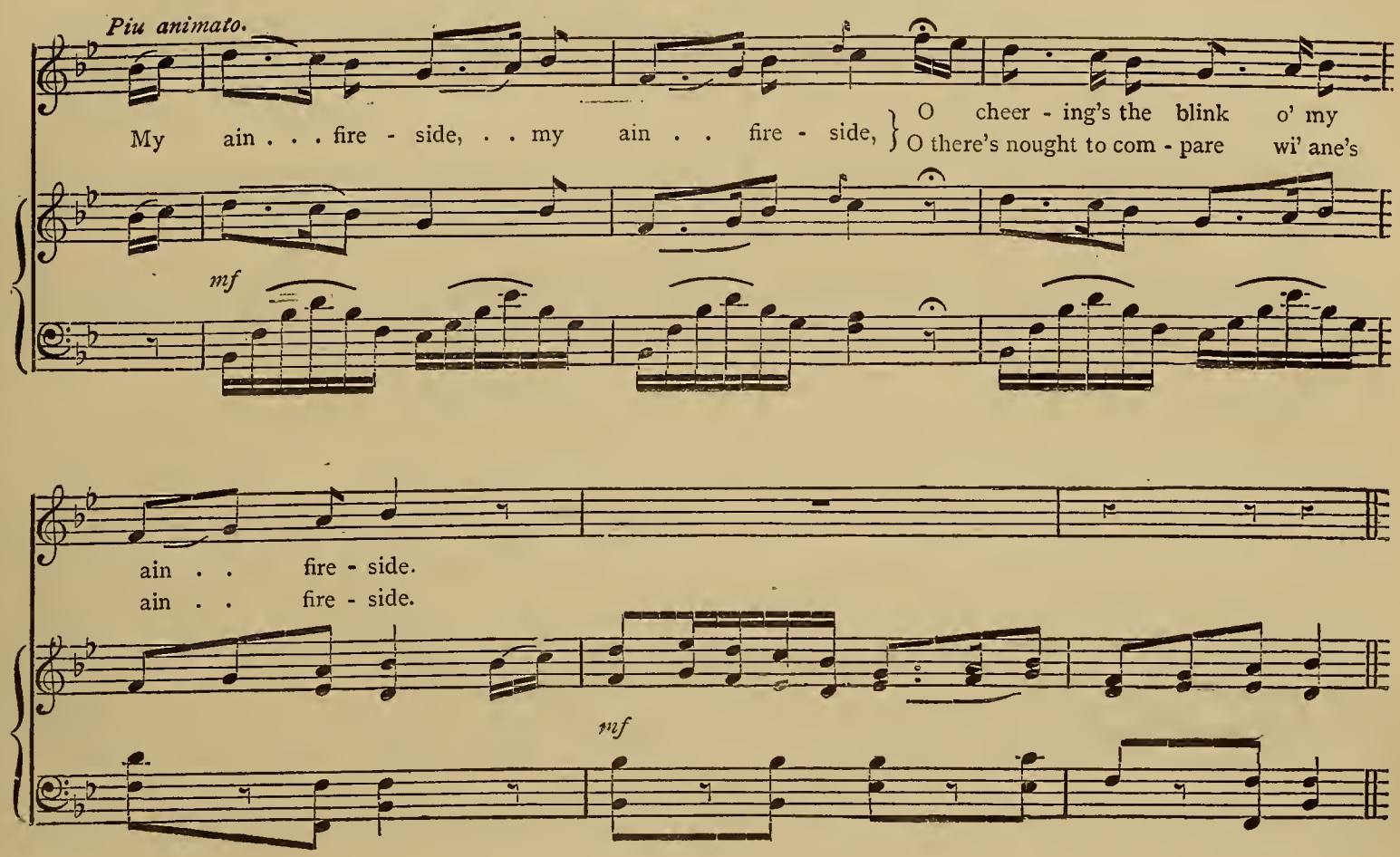
p

lords and mang la - dies a' cov - er'd wi' braws; But a sight sae de - light - ful, I
friends o' my youth . . I cor - dial - ly mingle; Nae forms to com - pel me to

mf

trow, I ne'er spied, As the bon - nie blythe blink o' my ain fire - side.
seem wae or glad, I may laugh when I'm mer - ry and sigh when I'm sad.

ritard. *a tempo.*



III.

Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,

But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer ;

Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,

There's nane half sae sure as ane's ain fireside.

My ain fireside, &c

COME O'ER THE STREAM, CHARLIE.

Written by JAMES HOGG. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegro.

f

Come o'er the stream, Char - lie, dear Char - lie, brave Char - lie, Come o'er the stream, Char - lie, and

mf

dine with Mac - lean; And though you be wea - ry, we'll make your heart chee - ry, And

p *mf*

wel - come our Char - lie and his loy - al train.

f *f*

Fine.

1. We'll bring down the red deer, we'll bring down the black steer, The lamb from the
2. And you shall drink free - ly the dews of Glen - sheer - ly, That stream in the

mf

breck - an and doe from the glen; The salt sea we'll har - ry, and
star - light, when kings din - na ken, And deep be your meed of the

bring to our Char - lie The cream from the bo - thy and curd from the pen.
wine that is red, To drink to your sire and his friend, the Mac - lean.

D.C.

III.

If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,
'Tis ready—a troop of our bold Highland men
Shall range on the heather, with bonnet and feather,
Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred and ten.
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, &c.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andante.

p

1. John An - der-son, my
2. John An - der-son, my

jo, John, When we were first ac - quent, Your locks were like the ra - ven, Your
jo, John, We clamb the hill to - gether, And mony a can - ty day, John, We've

bon - nie brow was brent; But now you're tur - ning auld, John, Your locks are like the
had wi ane a - nither; Now we maun tot - ter down, John, But hand in hand we'll

snaw, But bles - sings on your fros - ty pow, John An - der - son, my jo.
go, And we'll sleep the - gi - ther at the foot, John An - der - son, my jo.

pp *rit.*

p *a tempo.*

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andantino.

p *mf* *p*

1. When o'er the hill the east-ern star Tells bught-in time is near, my jo; And ow-sen frae the fur-row'd field Re-turn sae dowf and wea-ry, O;
2. In mirkest glen, at midnight hour, I'd rove and ne'er be ee-rie, O; If thro' that glen I gaed to thee, My ain kind dea-rie, O;

Down by the burn where scen-ted birks Wi' dew are hang-ing clear, my jo; I'll meet thee on the lea rig, my ain kind dea-rie, O.
Al-though the night were ne'er sae wild, And I were ne'er sae wea-ry, O; I'd meet thee on the lea rig, my ain kind dea-rie, O.

mf

III.

The hunter loes the morning sun,
  To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
  Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gie me the hour o' gloamin' gray,
  It maks my heart sae cheerie, O,
To meet thee on the lea rig,
  My ain kind dearie, O.

A HIGHLAND LAD.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO FORTE.

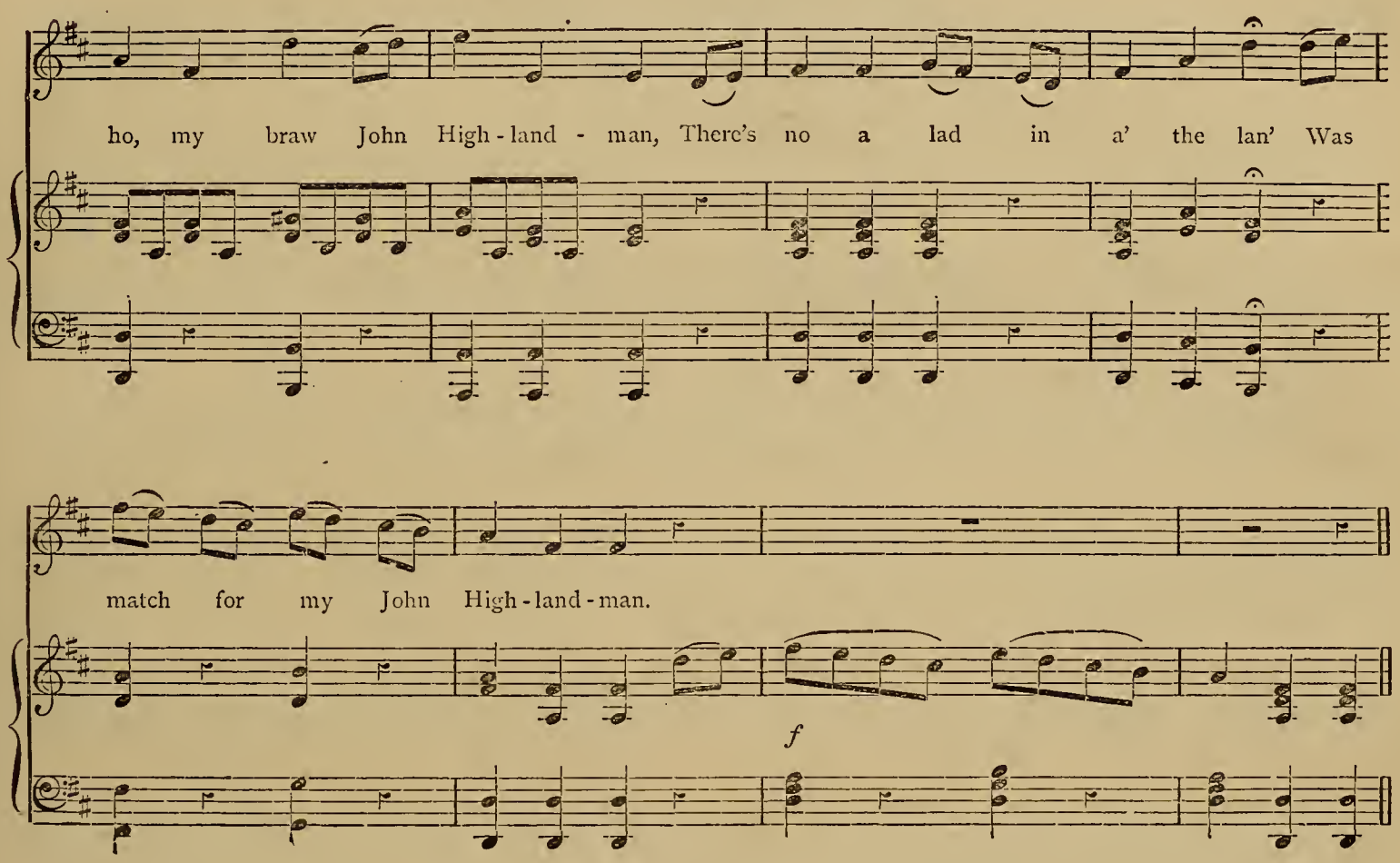
Allegretto.

f

1. A High - land lad my love was born, The Low - land laws he held in scorn; But he still was faith - fu' to his clan, My gal - lant, braw John High - land - man.
2. Wi' his phil - a - beg an' tar - tan plaid, An' gude clay - more down by his side, The la - dies' hearts he did tre - pan, My gal - lant, braw John High - land - man. Sing hey, my braw John High - land - man; Sing

mf

f



III.

They banished him beyond the sea,
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.

Sing hey, my braw John Highlandman,
Sing ho, my braw John Highlandman;
There's no a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman.

IV.

But oh! they catch'd him at the last,
An' bound him in a dungeon fast;
My curse upon them, every one,
They've hanged my braw John Highlandman.

Sing hey, my braw John Highlandman,
Sing ho, my braw John Highlandman;
There's no a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman.

THE HUNDRED PIPERS.

Words by BARONESS NAIRNE. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

mf

1. Wi' a
2. Oh, our

hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a', Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an a', an' a', We'll
sod - ger lads look'd braw, look'd braw, Wi' their tar - tan kilts an' a', an' a', Wi' their

p

up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an' a, an' a'.
bon-nets and fea - thers and glitt'r - in' gear, An' pi - brochs sound - ing sweet and clear.

Oh, it's owre the bor - der a - wa', a - wa' It's owre the bor - der a - wa', a - wa', We'll
Will they a' re - turn to their ain dear glens? Will they a' re - turn, our High - land men, Second

on an' we'll march to Car - lisle ha', Wi' its yetts, its cas - tle, an' a' an' a'.
sich - ted San - dy look'd fu' wae, And mi - thers grat when they marched a - way. } Wi' a

hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a', Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a', W'ell

f

up and gie them a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a'.

f

III.

O wha is foremaist o' a', o' a'?
O wha does follow the blaw, the blaw?
Bonnie Charlie, the king o' us a', hurrah!
Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
His bonnet and feather he's wavin' high,
His prancin' steed maist seems to fly!
The nor' win' plays wi' his curly hair,
While the pipers blaw wi' an unco flare.
Wi' a hundred pipers, &c.

IV.

The Esk was swollen sae red and sae deep,
But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep,
Twa thousand swam o'er to fell English ground,
An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.
Dumfounder'd the English saw, they saw,
Dumfounder'd they heard the blaw, the blaw,
Dumfounder'd they a' ran awa', awa',
Frae the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
Wi' a hundred pipers, &c.

BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

mf *ritard.* *p*

1. There grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail-yard; And white are the blossoms o't in our kail-yard,
2. But were they a' true that are far a-wa' Oh were they a' true that were far a-wa',

Like wee bit white cock-ades for our loy-al High-land lads; And the las-ses loe the brier bush in
They drew up wi glai-kit Englishers at Car-lisle ha', And for-got auld frien's when

mf *p*

our kail-yard.
far a-wa'.

rit. *a tempo* *mf* *ritard.*

Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft ye hae been;
Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft ye hae been;
Ye lo'ed ower weel the dancin' at Carlisle ha',
An' forgot the Hielan' hills that were far awa'.

He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me;
He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me;
A feather in his bonnet, and a ribbon at his knee,
He's a bonnie Hielan' laddie, and you be na he.

SCOTS WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLED.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Maestoso.

f *mf*

1. Scots, wha hae wi' Wal - lace bled,
2. Wha will be a trai - tor knave?

Scots, wham Bruce has of - ten led! Wel - come to your go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - ry.
Wha can fill a cow - ard's grave? Wha sae base as be a slave? Let him turn and flee!

Now's the day, and now's the hour; See the front of bat - tle lour— See ap-proach proud
Wha for Scot - land's king and law, Free-dom's sword will strong - ly draw, Free - man stand or

f

Edward's pow'r, Chains and sla - ve - ry. . .
Free - man fa', Let him fol - low me. . .

f

3. By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

THERE WAS A LAD WAS BORN IN KYLE.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

mf

1. There
2. Our

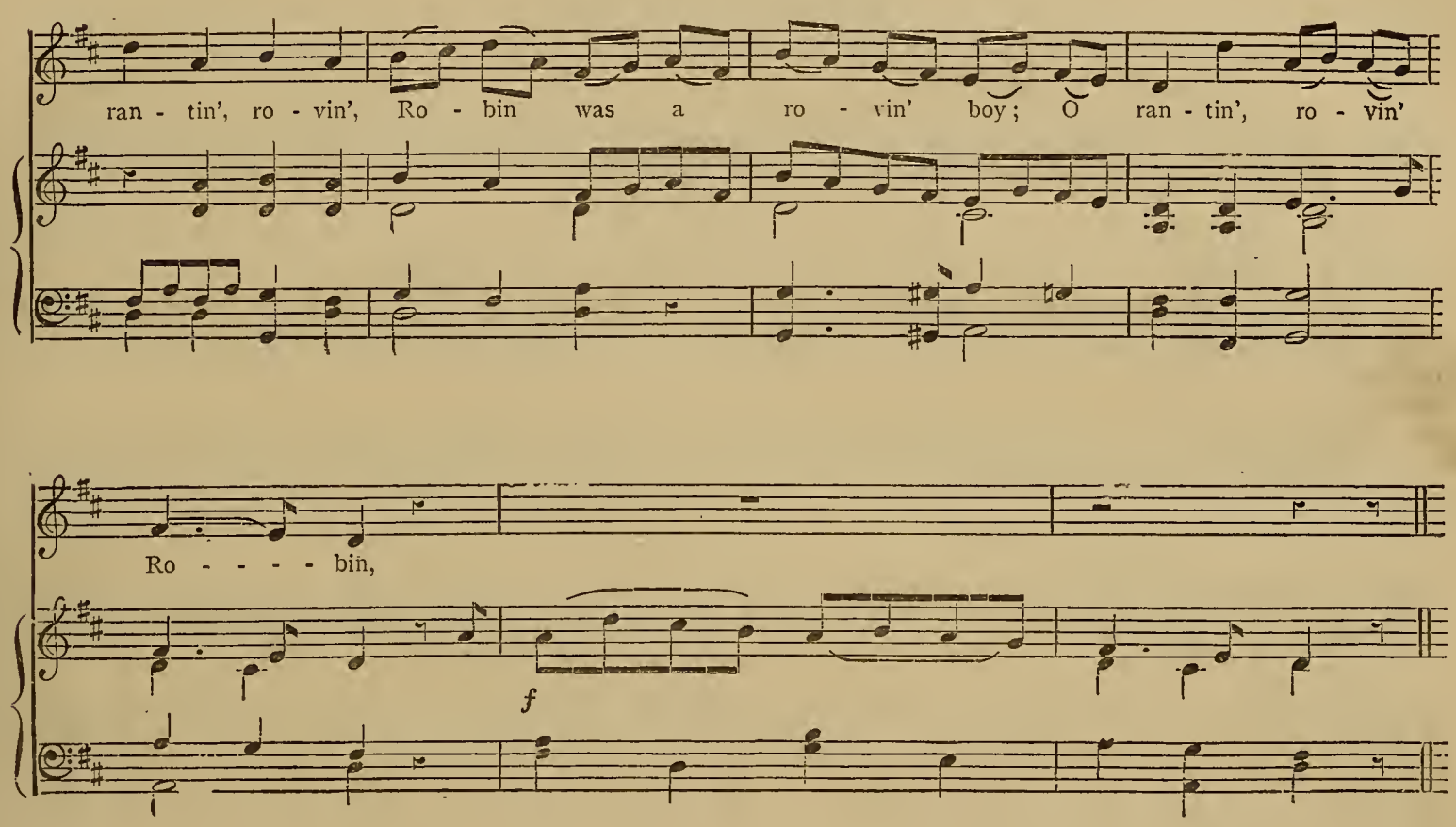
was a lad was born in Kyle, But what na day, o' what na style, I
mon - arch's hind - most year but ane Was five and twen - ty days be - gun, 'Twas

p

doubt it's hard - ly worth the while To be sae nice wi' Ro - - bin.
then a blast o' Jan - war win' Blew han - sel in on Ro - - bin.

For Ro - bin was a ro - vin' boy, A ran - tin', ro - vin',

mf



III.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' she, wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof,
I think we'll ca' him Robin.
For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

IV.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma,
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit to us a',
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.
For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c

V.

But sure as three times three mak' nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Robin.
For Robin was a rovin' bov

BONNIE DUNDEE.

Written by SIR WALTER SCOTT. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

f

1. To the
2. Dun -

Lords of Con - ven - tion 'twas Cla - ver - house spoke, "Ere the King's crown go down there are
- dee he is moun - ted, he rides up the street, The bells they ring back - ward, the

p

crowns to be broke; Then each ca - va - lier that loves hon - our and me, Let him
drums they are beat; But the pro - vost (douce man) said 'just e'en let it be, For the

fol - low the bon - nets o' Bon - nie Dun - dee.
town is well rid o' that deil o' Dun - dee'.
} Come fill up my cup, come

mf

fill up my can, Come sad - dle my hor - ses and call out my men; Un -

- hook the west port and let us gae free, For it's up with the bon-nets o'

Bon - nie Dun - dee.

f

III.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
If there's lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north:
There are brave Dunniewassals, three thousand times three,
Will cry 'hey for the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee.'
Come fill up my cup, &c.

IV.

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper I'll crouch wi' the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst o' your glee,
Ye hae no seen the last o' my bonnets an' me.
Come fill up my cup, &c

BONNIE WEE THING.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andante.

Bon - nie wee thing, can - nie wee thing, Love-ly wee thing

wert thou mine, I would wear thee in my bo - som, Lest my jew - el I should tine.

1. Wist - ful - ly I look and lan - guish In that bon - nie face o' thine, And my heart it
2. Wit and grace and love and beau - ty In ae con - stel - la - tion shine; To a - dore thee

stounds wi' an - guish, Lest my wee thing be na mine.
is my du - ty, God - dess of this soul o' mine.

BONNIE MARY HAY.

Words by A. Crawford.

Music by R. A. Smith.
Arranged by T. S. Gleadhill.

Voice.

Piano-Forte.

Moderato.

1. Bon-nie Ma - ry Hay, I will lo'e thee yet, For thy
2. Bon-nie Ma - ry Hay, will ye gang wi' me, When the

e'e is the slae, and thy hair is the jet. Bonnie Ma - ry Hay, I will lo'e thee yet, For thy
sun's in the west, to the haw-thorn tree? Bonnie Ma - ry Hay, will ye gang wi' me, When the

e'e is the slae, and thy hair is the jet. The snaw is thy skin, and the rose is thy cheek, O
sun's in the west, to the haw - thorn tree? To the haw - thorn tree in the bon-nie berry den, And I'll

bon - nie Ma-ry Hay, I will lo'e thee yet.
tell you, Ma-ry Hay, how I lo'e you then.

mf

III.

Bonnie Mary Hay, it's a haliday to me,
When thou art couthie, kind, and free;
There's nae cloud in the lift nor storm in the sky,
O bonnie Mary Hay, when thou art nigh.

IV.

Bonnie Mary Hay, thou maunna say me nay,
But come to the bower by the hawthorn brae;
But come to the bower, an' I'll tell you what's true,
O Mary, I can never lo'e ane but you.

HUNTINGTOWER; OR "WHEN YE GANG AWA JAMIE."

DUET.

Old Ballad. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE. PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato. *mf* *p*

SHE.

1. When ye gang a- wa', Jamie, Far a-cross the sea, lad-die; When ye gang to Ger-ma-nie, What
2. That's nae gift a- va', Jamie, That's nae gift a- va', lad-die, There's ne'er a gown in a' the land, I'd

HE.

will ye send to me, lad-die? I'll send ye a braw new gown, Jea-nie, I'll send ye a braw new
like when ye're a- wa', lad-die. When I come back a-gain, Jea-nie, When I come back a-

mf

gown, las-sie, And it shall be o' silk and gow'd, Wi' Va-len-ciennes set round, las-sie.
gain, las-sie, I'll bring wi' me a gal-lant gay, To be your ain gude-man, las-sie.

III.

SHE. Be my gudeman yoursel', Jamie,
Be my gudeman yoursel', laddie,
And tak' me ower to Germanie,
Wi' you at hame to dwell, laddie.

HE. I dinna ken how that would do, Jeanie,
I dinna ken how that can be, lassie,
For I've a wife and bairnies three,
And I'm no sure how ye'd gree, lassie.

IV.

SHE. You should hae telt me that in time, Jamie,
You should hae telt me that in time, laddie,
For had I kent o' your fause heart,
You ne'er had gotten mine, laddie.

HE. Your een were like a spell, Jeanie,
Your een were like a spell, lassie,
That ilka day bewitched me sae,
I couldna' help mysel', lassie.

V.

SHE. Gae back to your wife and hame, Jamie,
Gae back to your bairnies three, laddie,
And I will pray they ne'er will thole
A broken heart like me, laddie.

HE. Dry that tearfu' e'e, Jeanie,
My story's a' a lee, lassie,
I've neither wife nor bairnies three,
And I'll wed nane but thee, lassie.

VI.

SHE. Think weel before ye rue, Jamie,
Think weel for fear ye rue, laddie,
For I hae neither gowd nor lands,
To be a match for you, laddie.

HE. Blair in Athol's mine, Jeanie,
Little Dunkeld is mine, leddy;
Saint Johnston's bower and Huntingtower,
An' a' that's mine is thine' lassie.

DUET FOR LAST FOUR LINES.

TREBLE. Blair in A - thol's thine, Ja - mie, Lit - tle Dun-keld is thine, lad - die, St.

TENOR. Blair in A - thol's mine, Jea - nie, Lit - tle Dun-keld is mine, las - sie, St.

PIANO-FORTE. *mf*

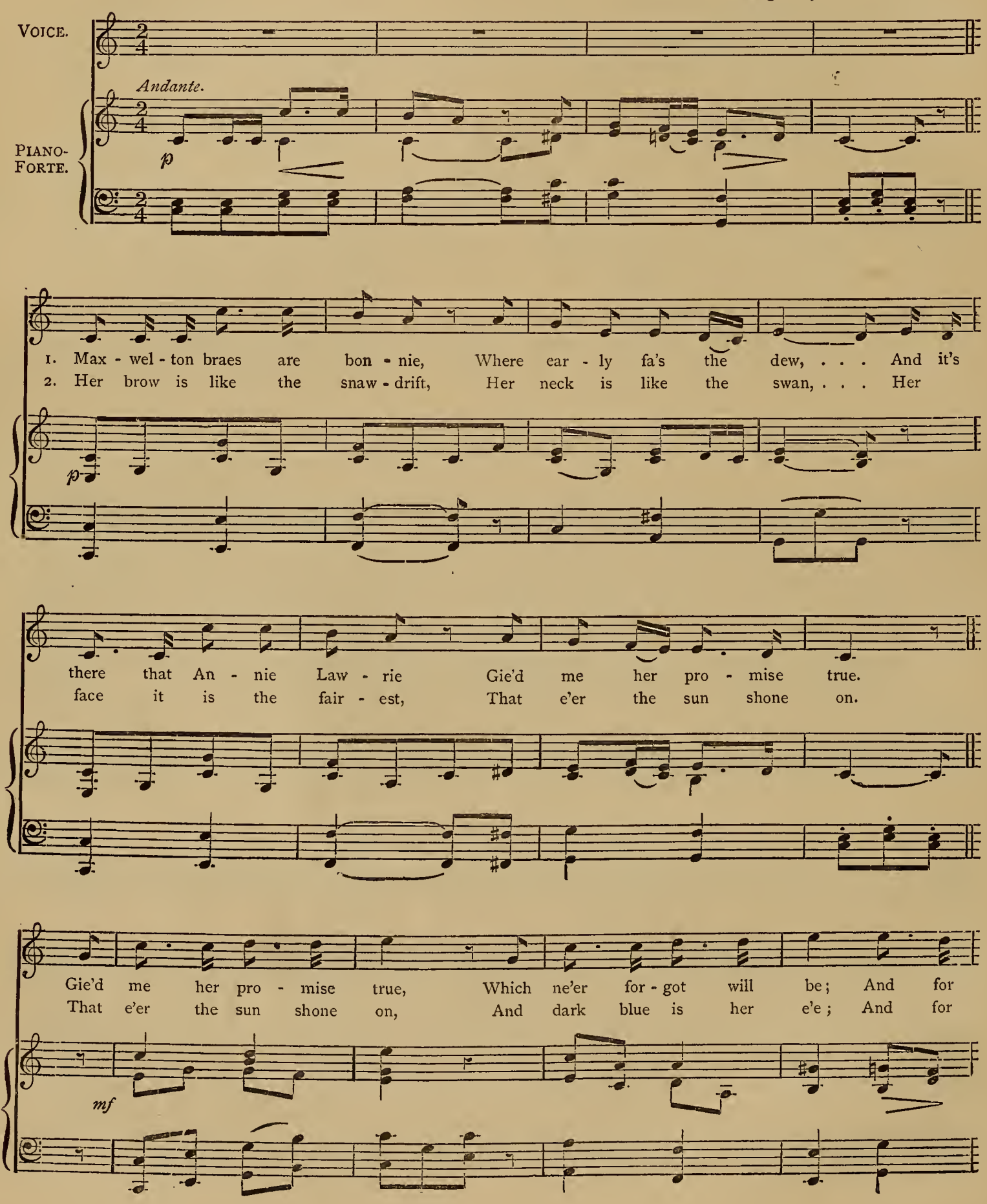
John-ston's bow'r and Hunt - ing - tow'r, And a' that's thine is mine, lad - die.

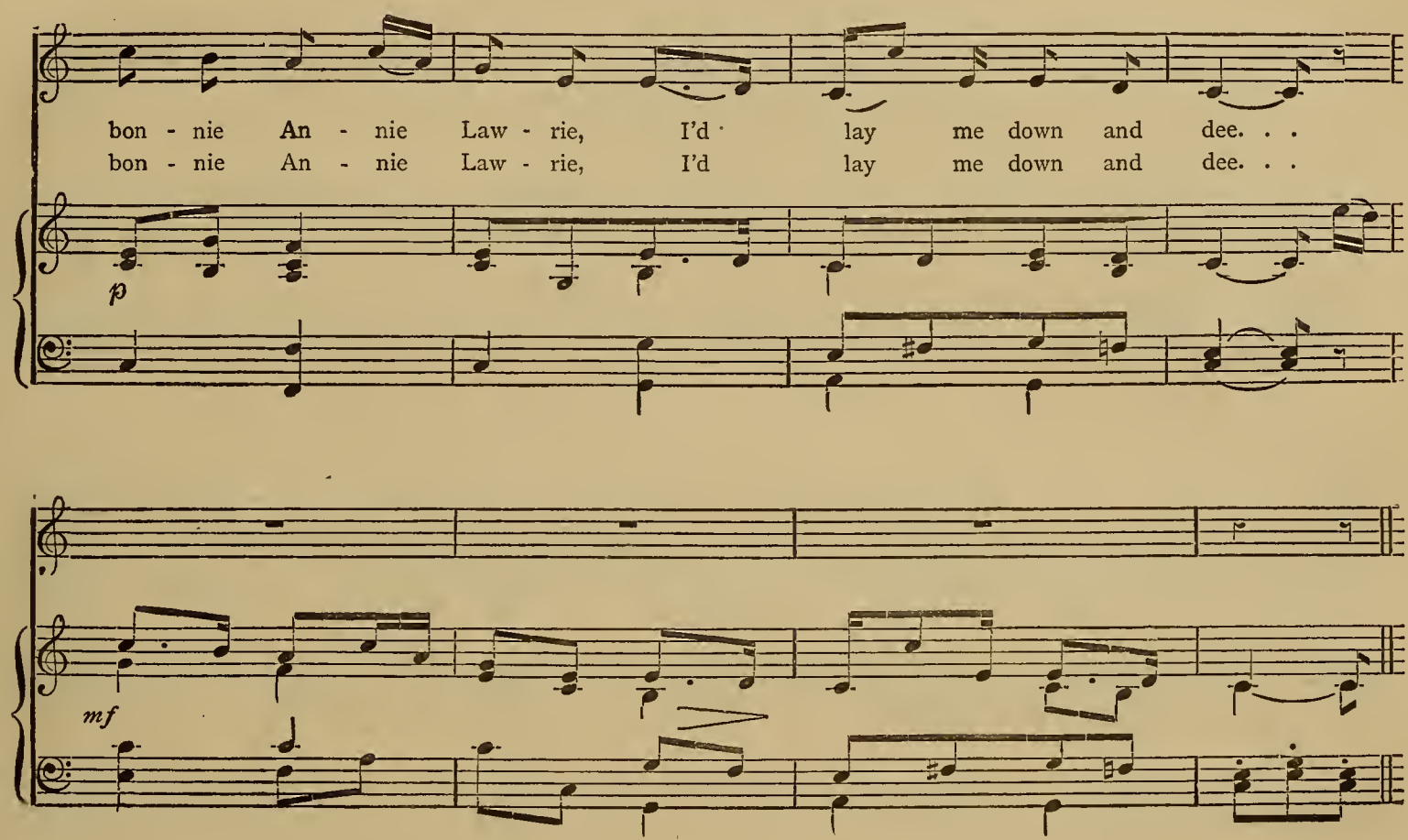
John-ston's bow'r and Hunt - ing - tow'r, And a' that's mine is thine, las - sie.

f

ANNIE LAWRIE.

Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.





III.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
  Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing,
  Her voice is low and sweet.
Her voice is low and sweet,
  And she's a' the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Lawrie,
  I'd lay me down and dee.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

Words by JAMES HOGG.

Music by N. GOW.
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

mf

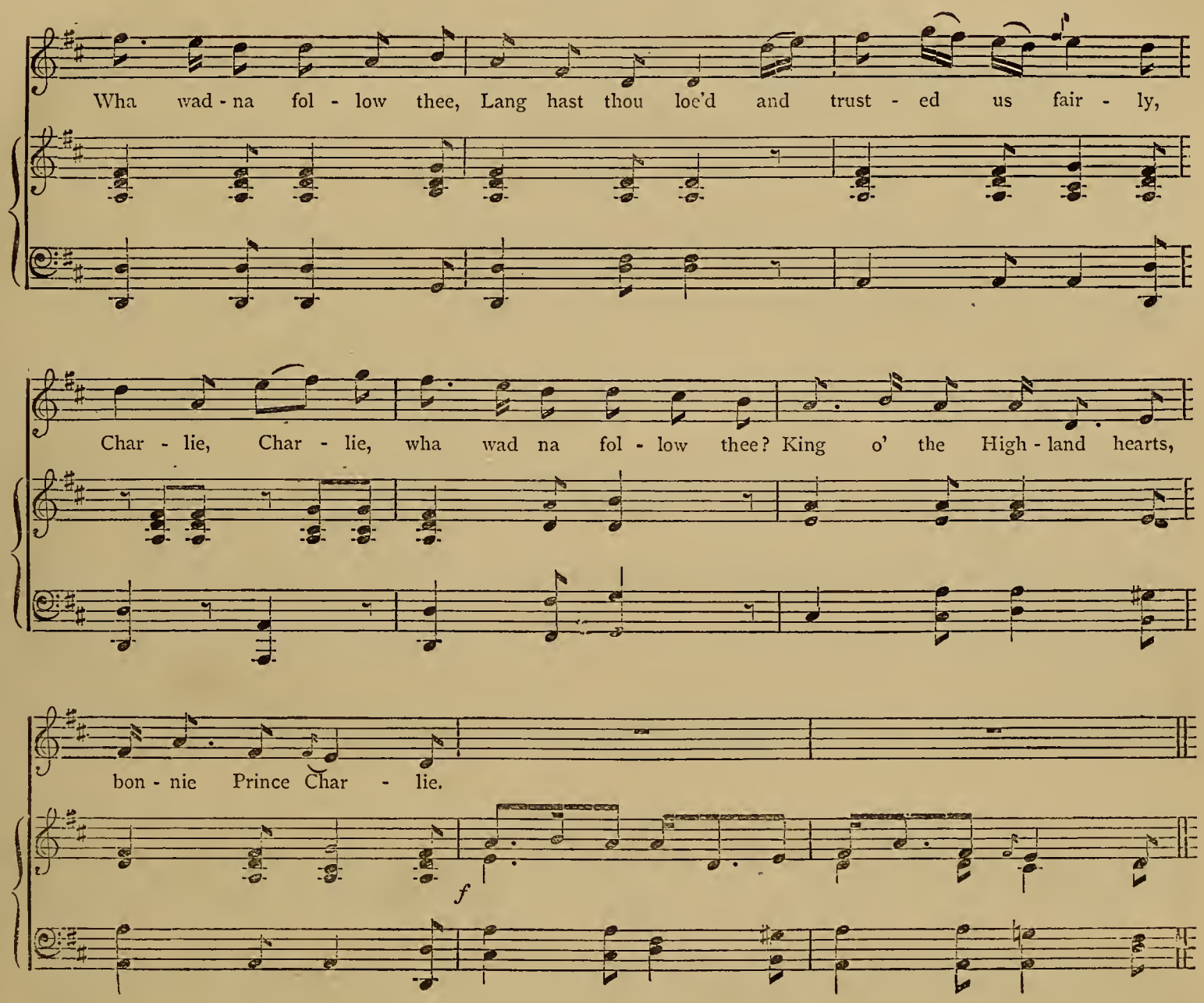
1. Cam' ye by A - thol, lad wi' the phi - la - beg, Down by the Tummel or
2. I hae but a son, my gal - lant young Don - ald, But if I had ten they should

p

banks o' the Gar - ry? Saw ye the lads, with their bon - nets and white cock - ades,
fol - low Glen - gar - ry! Health to Mac - don - ald and gal - lant Clan - ron - ald, For

Leav - ing their moun - tains to fol - low Prince Char - lie.
they are the lads that wad die for Prince Char - lie.
Fol - low thee, fol - low thee,

mf



III.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them;
Down by Lord Murray and Roy of Kildarlie;
Brave Mackintosh, he shall fly to the field wi' them;
These are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.
Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

IV.

Down thro' the Lowlands, down wi' the Whigamores,
Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely;
Ronald and Donald, drive on wi' the braid claymores
Over the necks o' the foes o' Prince Charlie.
Follow thee, follow thee, &c

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE.

Words by ROBERT TANNAHILL.

Music R. A. SMITH.
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andante.

mf

1. The
2. She's

sun has gane down o'er the lof - ty Ben - lomond, And left the red clouds to pre - side o'er the scene; While
mo - dest as on - y, and blythe as she's bon-nie, For guile - less sim - pli - ci - ty marks her its ain; An'

p

lane - ly I stray in the calm simmer gloam-in', To muse on sweet Jes- sie, the flow'r o' Dunblane.
far be the vil - lain, di - vest - ed o' feel - ing, Wha'd blight, in its bloom, the sweet flow'r o' Dunblane.

How sweet is the brier wi' its saft fauld - ing blos-som, And sweet is the birk wi' its
Sing on, thou sweet ma - vis, thy hymn to the ev'n - ing, Thou'rt dear to the e - choes o'

man- tle o' green; Yet sweet-er and fair-er, an' dear to this bosom, Is love - ly young Jes-sie, the
Cal-der - wood glen; Sae dear to this bo-som, sae art - less and winning, Is charm-ing young Jes-sie, the

flow'r o' Dun-blane, Is . . . love - ly young Jes - sie, Is love - ly young Jes - sie, Is
flow'r o' Dun-blane, Is . . . charm - ing young Jes - sie, Is charm - ing young Jes - sie, Is

colla voce.

love - ly young Jes - sie, the flow'r o' Dun - blane.
charm - ing young Jes - sie, the flow'r o' Dun - blane.

mf

BOTHWELL CASTLE.

Words by W. CAMERON.

Music by N. GOW.
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

mf

1. Old Both - well's Cas - tle's ruin - ed tow'rs Stand lone - ly 'mang yon woo - dy bow'rs, Where
2. Old Both - well Cas - tle, ag - es gone Have left thee mould-ring and a - lone; While

p

Clu - tha fond - ly winds a - round, As loath to leave the hal - low'd ground.
no - ble Doug - las still re - tains Thy ver - dant groves and fair do - mains.

But where are now the mar - tial throng? The fes - tive board, the mid-night song? The
No Sax - on foe may storm thy walls, Or ri - ot in thy re - gal halls, Long,

mf

i - vy binds the mould' - ring walls, And ru - in reigns in Both - well halls.
long hath slept brave Wal - lace' shade, And bro - ken now his bat - tle blade.

ad lib. *a tempo.*

O deep and long have slum - ber'd now The cares that knit the
The tears that fell from beau - ty's eye, The bro - ken heart, the

ad lib. *a tempo.*

sol - dier's brow; The love - ly grace, the man - ly pow'r, In gild - ed hall and
bit - ter sigh, And dead - ly feuds have pass'd a - way, Still thou art love - ly

ad lib.

la - dy's bow'r.
in de - cay.

mf

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

Words by Sir Walter Scott

Arranged by T. S. Gleadhill.

Voice.

Piano-Forte.

Moderato.

p

1. 'Why
2. 'Now

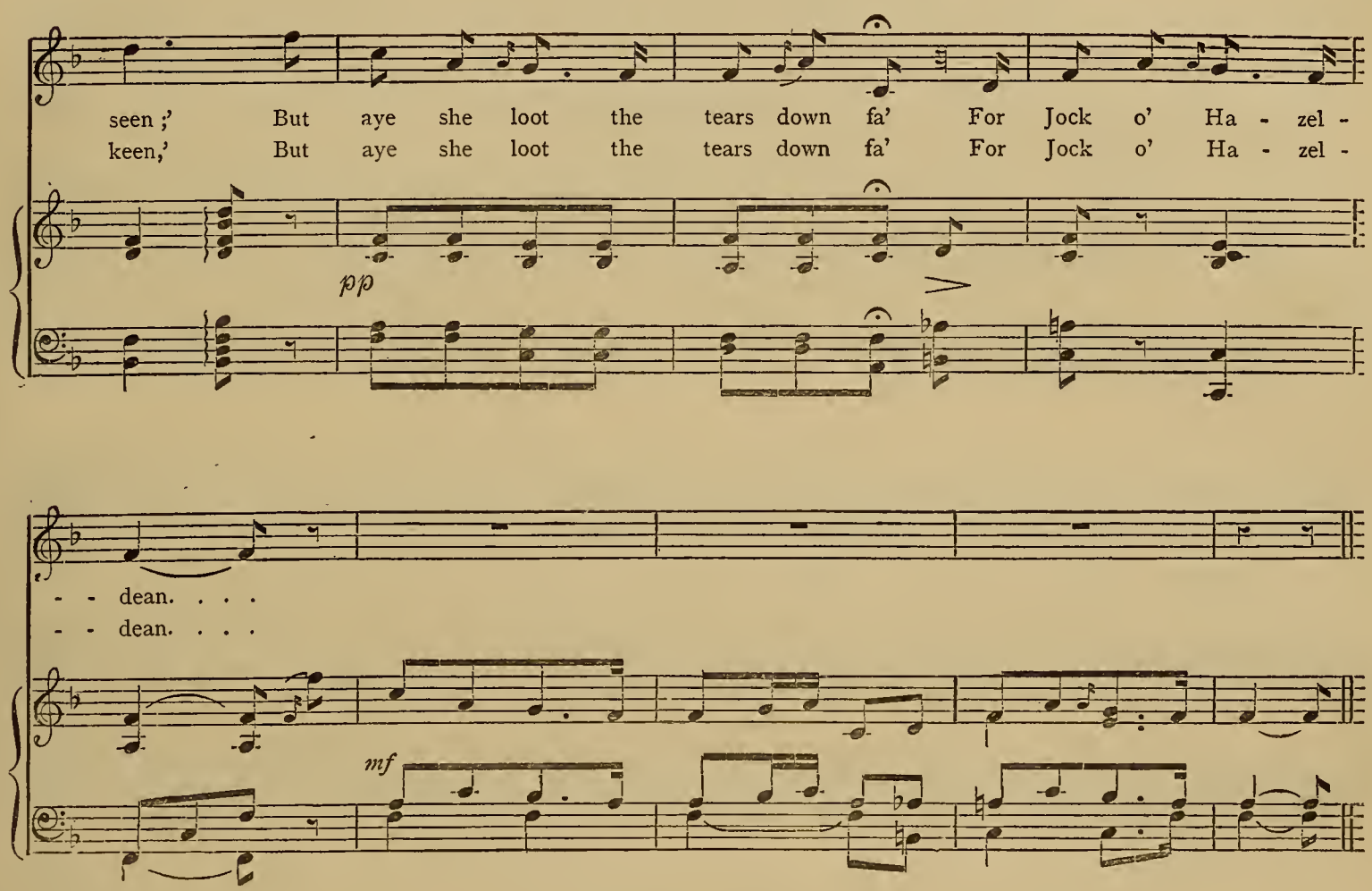
weep ye by the tide, la - dy? Why weep ye by the tide? . . . I'll
let this wil - fu' grief be done, And dry that cheek so pale, . . . Young

p

wed ye to my young - est son, And ye shall be his bride.
Frank is chief of Er - ring - ton, And lord of Lang - ley dale.

And ye shall be his bride, la - dy, Sae come - ly to be
His step is first in peace - ful ha', His sword in bat - tle

mf



III.

'A chain of gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair ;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair.
And you the foremost of them a'
Shall ride, our forest queen—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

IV.

The kirk was decked at morning tide,
The tapers glimmered fair,
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha',
The lady was not seen ;
She's ower the border and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean

THOU ART GANE AWA' FRAE ME, MARY.

Author unknown. Arranged by T. S GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

p

1. Thou art gane a - wa', thou'rt gane a - wa', Thou art gane a - wa' frae
2. What - c'er he said or might pre - tend, That stole that heart of

p

me, Ma - ry, Nor friends nor I could make thee stay; Thou hast
thine, Ma - ry, True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end, Or

cheat - ed them and me, Ma - ry. Un - til this hour I
nae sic love as mine, Ma - ry. I spoke sin - cere, nor

mf

ne - ver thought That ought could al - ter thee, Ma - ry; Thou'rt
flat - ter'd much, Nae sel - fish thoughts in me, Ma - ry: Am -

still the mis - tress o' my heart, Think what you will o'
- bi - tion, wealth, nor nae - thing such, No! I lov - ed on - ly

p

me, Ma - ry.
thee, Ma - ry.

mf

III.

Though you've been false, yet, while I live,
I'll loe nae maid but thee, Mary;
Let friends forget, as I forgive
Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary.
So then, farewell! o' this be sure,
Since you've been false to me, Mary,
For a' the world I'd not endure
Half what I've done for thee, Mary.

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

Words by Mrs. GRANT. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

mf *p*

1. Oh where, tell me where, is your High-land lad-die gone? Oh where, tell me where, is your High-land lad-die gone?
2. Oh where, tell me where, did your High-land lad-die stay? Oh where, tell me where, did your High-land lad-die stay?

He's gone with streaming ban - ners, where no - ble deeds are done, And my sad heart will trem - ble till he come safe - ly home.
He dwelt be-neath the holly trees, be - side the ra - pid Spey, And many a bless-ing follow'd him the day he went a - way.

mf

p *mf* *p*

III.

O what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?
O what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?
A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star.

IV.

Suppose, ah suppose, that some cruel, cruel wound
Should pierce your Highland laddie and all your hopes confound;
The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,
And for his king and country dear with pleasure would he die.

V. But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonnie bounds,
But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonnie bounds;
His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,
While wide through all our Highland hills his warlike name resounds

MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andante.

p

1. Now
2. The

in her green man-tle blythe Na-ture ar-rays, And lis-tens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes, While
snaw-drap and prim-rose our wood-lands a-dorn, And vi-o-lets bathe in the weet o' the morn; They

p

birds war-ble wel-come in il-ka green shaw; But to me it's delightless, my Nannie's a-wa,' But to
pain my sad bo-som, sae sweet-ly they blaw, They mind me o' Nannie and Nannie's a-wa,' They

pp

me it's delightless, my Nan-nie's a-wa.'
mind me o' Nan-nie and Nan-nie's a-wa.'

p *pp* *ritard.* *mf a tempo.*

III.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dew o' the lawn,
The shepherd to warn of the grey breakin' dawn;
And thou mellow mavis, that hails the nicht-fa',
Give over for pity, my Nannie's awa'.

IV.

Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay;
The dark dreary winter, and wild driving snaw,
Alane can delight me, my Nannie's awa'.

CALLER HERRIN'.

Words by BARONESS NAIRNE.

Music by N. GOW.
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

mf *p*

Wha'll buy my cal - ler her - rin'? They're bon - nie fish and hale-some fa - rin'; Buy my cal - ler her - rin', New drawn frae the Forth.

1. When ye are sleep-ing on your pil-lows, Dreamt ye ought o' our puir fel - lows, Dark-ling as they face the bil-lows,
2. Noo a' ye lads at her - rin' fish -ing, Cost - ly vamp-ing, din - ner dressing, Sole or tur -bot, how dis-tres-sing,

mf

A' to fill our wo - ven wil -lows.
Fine folks scorn shoals o' bles -sing.
} Buy my cal - ler her - rin' They're bon-nie fish and hale-some fa - rin',

p

Buy my cal-ler her - rin' New drawn frae the Forth. Wha'll buy my cal-ler her - rin', They're

mf

no brought here without brave darin', Buy my cal-ler her-rin', Ye lit - tle ken their worth, Wha'll buy my cal-ler her-rin'; O

p *mf* *p* *mf*

ye may ca' them vulgar fa-rin', Wives and mithers maist despairin' Ca' them lives o' men.

p *rall-en-tan-do.* *a tempo.* *mf*

III.

And when the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies, clad in silk and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads an' screw their faces.
Buy my caller herrin', &c.

IV.

Noo neebour's wives, come tent my tellin',
When the bonnie fish ye're sellin',
At a word aye be your dealin',
Truth will stand when a' thing's failin'.
Buy my caller herrin', &c.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Largo.

p *mf* *p*

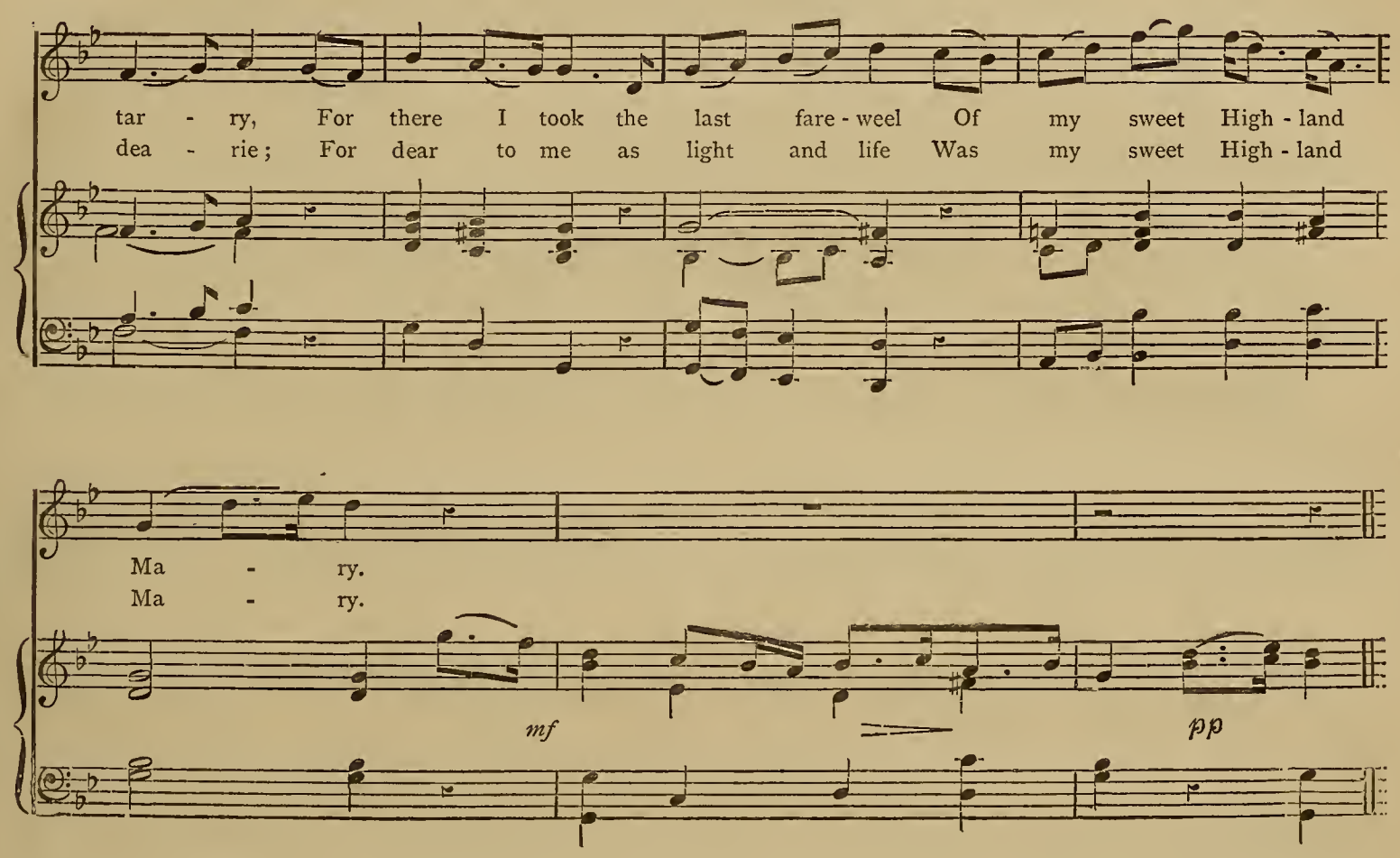
1. Ye banks and braes and streams a-round The cas-tle of Mont-go-me-ry, Green
2. How sweet-ly bloom'd the gay green birk, How rich the haw-thorn's blos-som, As

p

be your woods and fair your flow'rs, Your wa-ters ne-ver drum-lie.
un-der neath their fra-grant shades I clasp'd her to my bo-som.

There sim-mer first un-faulds her robes, And there they lan-gest
The gol-den hours on an-gels' wings Flew o'er me and my

mf



III.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again
We tore oursels asunder.
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost
That nipt my flow'r sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.

IV.

Oh! pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for aye the sparklin' glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now in silent dust
The heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary

CORN RIGS.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

mf

1. It was up-on a Lam-mas night, When corn . . rigs are bon-nie, O, Be-
2. The sky was blue, the wind was still, The moon . . was shin-ing clear-ly, O, I

p

-neath the moon's un-clou-ded light, I held a-wa' to An-nie, O.
set her down wi' right gude-will, A-mang the rigs o' bar-ley, O.

The time flew by wi' tent-less heed, Till 'tween the late and ear-ly, O; Wi'
I kent her heart was a' my ain; I lov'd her most sin-cere-ly, O; I

mf

sma' per - sua - sion she a - greed To see me thro' the bar - ley, O.
kiss'd her ower and ower a - gain, A - mang the rigs o bar - ley, O.

p

Corn rigs and bar - ley rigs, Corn rigs are bon - nie, O, I'll ne'er for - get that

mf

hap - py night, A - mang the rigs wi' An - nie O.

p *mf*

III.

I lock'd her in my warm embracc,
Her heart was beating rarely, O;
My blessings on that happy place
Amang the rigs o' barley, O.
But by the moon and stars sae bricht
That shone that hour sae clearly, O,
She aye shall bless that happy nicht
Amang the rigs o' barley, O.
Corn rigs, &c.

IV.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear,
I hae been merry drinkin', O,
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear,
I hae been happy thinkin,'O:
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Though three times doubl'd fairly, O,
That happy nicht was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley, O.
Corn rigs, &c.

GAE BRING TO ME A PINT O' WINE.

Words by Robert Burns. Arranged by T. S. Gleadhill.

Voice.

Piano-Forte.

Moderato.

f

1. Gae bring to
2. The trumpet

me a pint o' wine, And fill it in . . . a sil - ver tas - sie, That I may
sounds, the ban - ners fly, The glitt - 'ring spears . . are rank-ed rea - dy; The shouts o'

mf

drink, be - fore I go, A ser - vice to . . . my bon - nie las - sie.
war are heard a - far, The bat - tle clo . . . ses deep and bloo - dy.

The boat rocks at . . . the pier o' Leith, For loud the wind blaws frae the
It's not the roar . . o' sea or shore Wad mak me lan - ger wish to

mf

fer - ry, The ship rides by . . . . the Ber - wick Law, And I maun
tar - ry, Nor shouts o' war . . . . that's heard a - far, It's leav - ing

leave . . my bon - nie Ma - ry.
thee, . . my bon - nie Ma - ry.
Gae bring to me a pint o' wine, And fill it

f

in . . . a sil - ver tas - sie, That I may drink, be - fore I go, A ser - vice

to . . . my bon - nie las - sie.

f

O WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

mf *rit.*

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad, O whistle and I'll come to you my lad; Tho'

p

rit.

fa - ther and mither and a' should gae mad, O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.

rit. *mf*

1. But war - i - ly tent when ye come to meet me, And come na un - less the back
2. At Kirk or at mar - ket, when - e'er ye meet me, Gang by me as though that ye

p

yett be a - jee, Syne up the back style, and let nae - bo - dy see, And
cared nae a flee; But steal me a blink o' your bon - nie black e'e, Yet

come as ye were na com - in' to me, And come as ye were na
look as ye were na look - in' at me, Yet look as ye were na

com - in' to me.
look - in' at me.

mf *rit.*

III.

O whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad,
O whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad;
Tho' faither, an' mither, an' a' should gae mad,
O whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad.
Aye vow an' protest that ye care na for me,
An' whiles ye may lightlie my beauty a wee;
But court nae anither, tho' jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

Author of words unknown. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

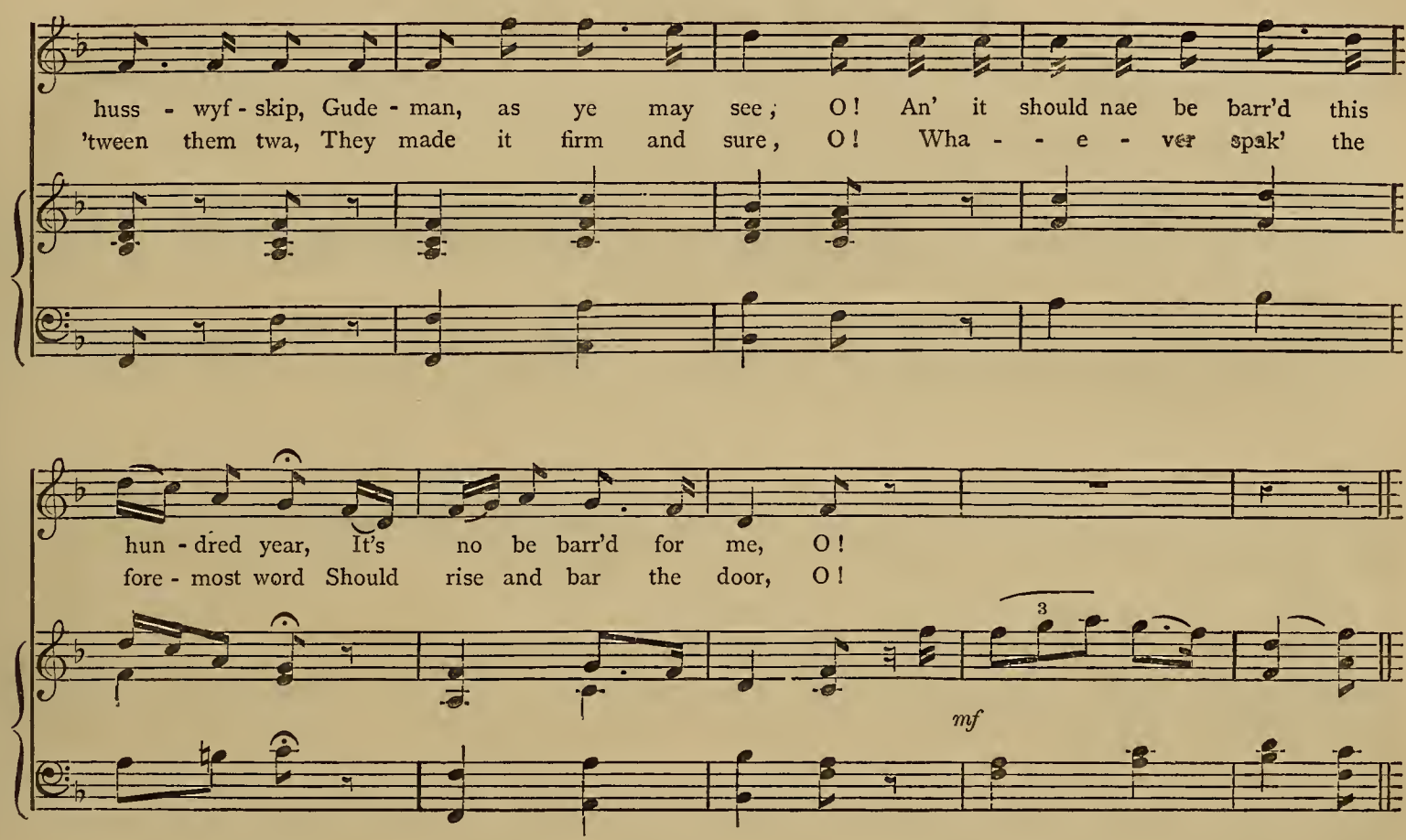
1. It fell a - bout the Mart' - mas time, And a gay time it was then, O! When our gude - wife had puddin's to mak,' And she boil'd them in the pan, O!

2. The wind blew cauld frae north to south, And blew in - to the floor, O! Quoth our gude-man to our gude - wife, 'Get up and bar the door,' O!

1. My hand is in my

2. They made a pac - tion

p *mf* *p*



V.

Then by there cam' twa gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at nicht, O!
An' they could neither see house nor ha',
Nor coal nor candle licht, O!

VI.

Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor, O!
But ne'er a word wad ane o' them speak,
For barrin' o' the door, O!

VII.

And first they ate the white puddin's,
And then they ate the black, O!
Tho' muckle thocht the gudewife to hersel',
Yet ne'er a word she spak', O!

VIII

Then said the ane unto the ither—
'Here, man, tak' ye my knife, O!
Do ye tak' aff the auld man's beard,
An' I'll kiss the gudewife, O!'

IX.

'But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall we do then, O?
'What ails ye at the puddin' bree
That boils intil the pan, O?'

X.

O up then started our gudeman,
And an angry man was he, O!
'Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
And scaud me with puddin' bree, O?'

XI.

Then up and started our gudewife,
Gied three skips on the floor, O!
'Gudeman, you've spoken the foremost word,
Get up an' bar the door, O!'

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Words by JOHN HAMILTON. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

mf *f* *fz*

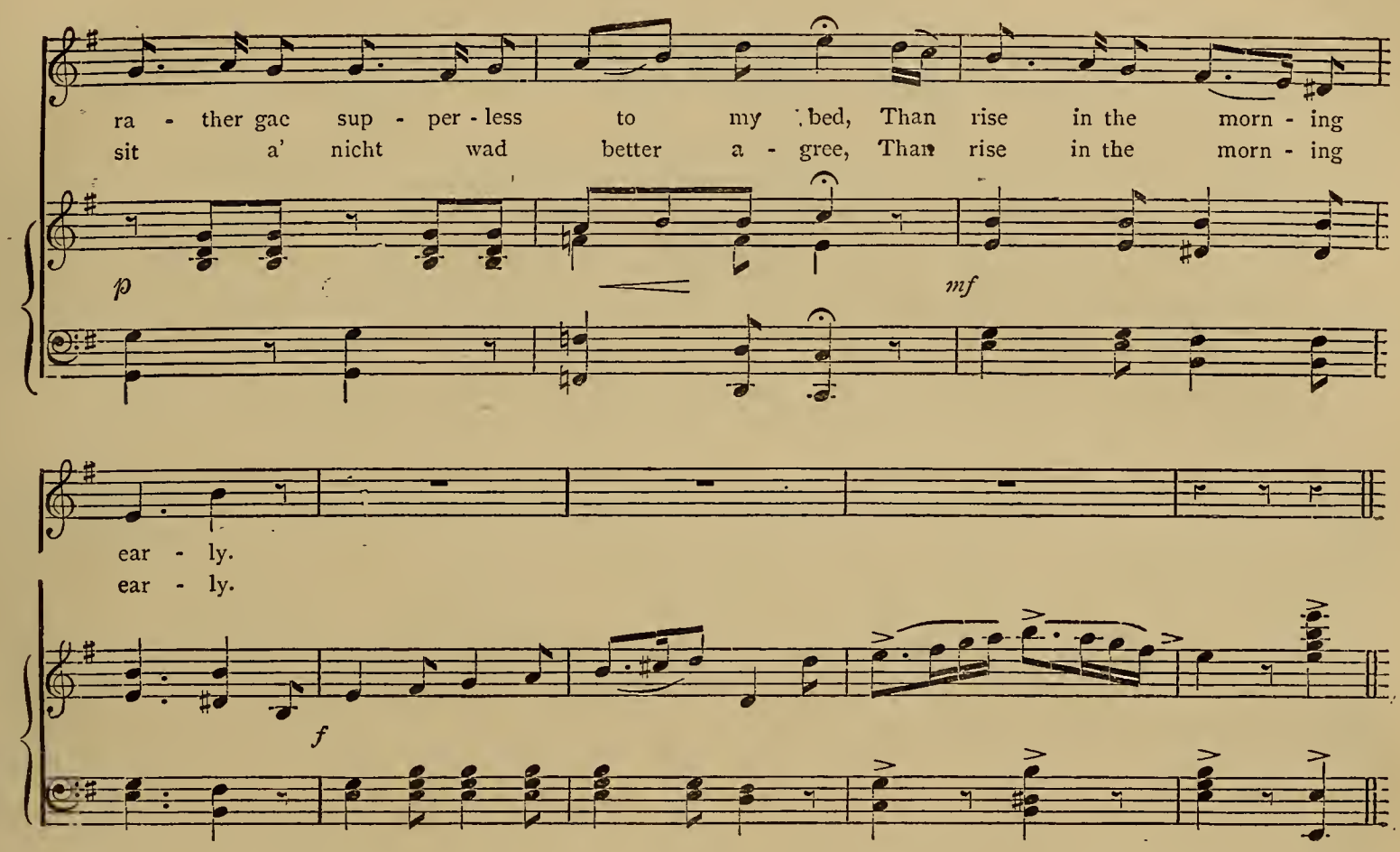
1. Cauld blaws the wind frae north to south, And drift is dri - vin' sair - ly; The
2. Loud roars the blast a - mang the woods, And toils the branch - es bare - ly; On

p

sheep are cow' - ring in the heugh, O, sirs, it's win - ter fair - ly.
hill - and house hear how it thuds, The frost is nip - ping sair - ly.

Then up in the morn - ing's no for me, Up in the morn - ing ear - ly, I'd
Now up in the morn - ing's no for me, Up in the morn - ing ear - ly, To

mf



III.

The sun peeps owre yon southland hills
  Like ony timorous carlie,
Just blinks a wee, then sinks again,
  And that we find severely.
Now up in the morning's no for me,
  Up in the morning early;
When snaw blaws in at the chimley cheek,
  Wha'd rise in the morning early?

IV.

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush,
  Poor things they suffer sairly;
In cauldrife quarters a' the nicht,
  A' day they feed but sparely.
Now up in the morning's no for me,
  Up in the morning early,
A pennyless purse I wad rather dree
  Than rise in the morning early.

V.

A cosie house and cantie wife
  Aye keeps a body cheerly;
And pantries stow'd wi' meet an' drink,
  They answer unco' rarely.
But up in the morning—na, na, na!
  Up in the morning early;
The gowans maun glint on bank and brae,
  When I rise in the morning early.

AULD JOE NICHOLSON'S BONNIE NANNIE.

Words by JAMES HOGG. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

p

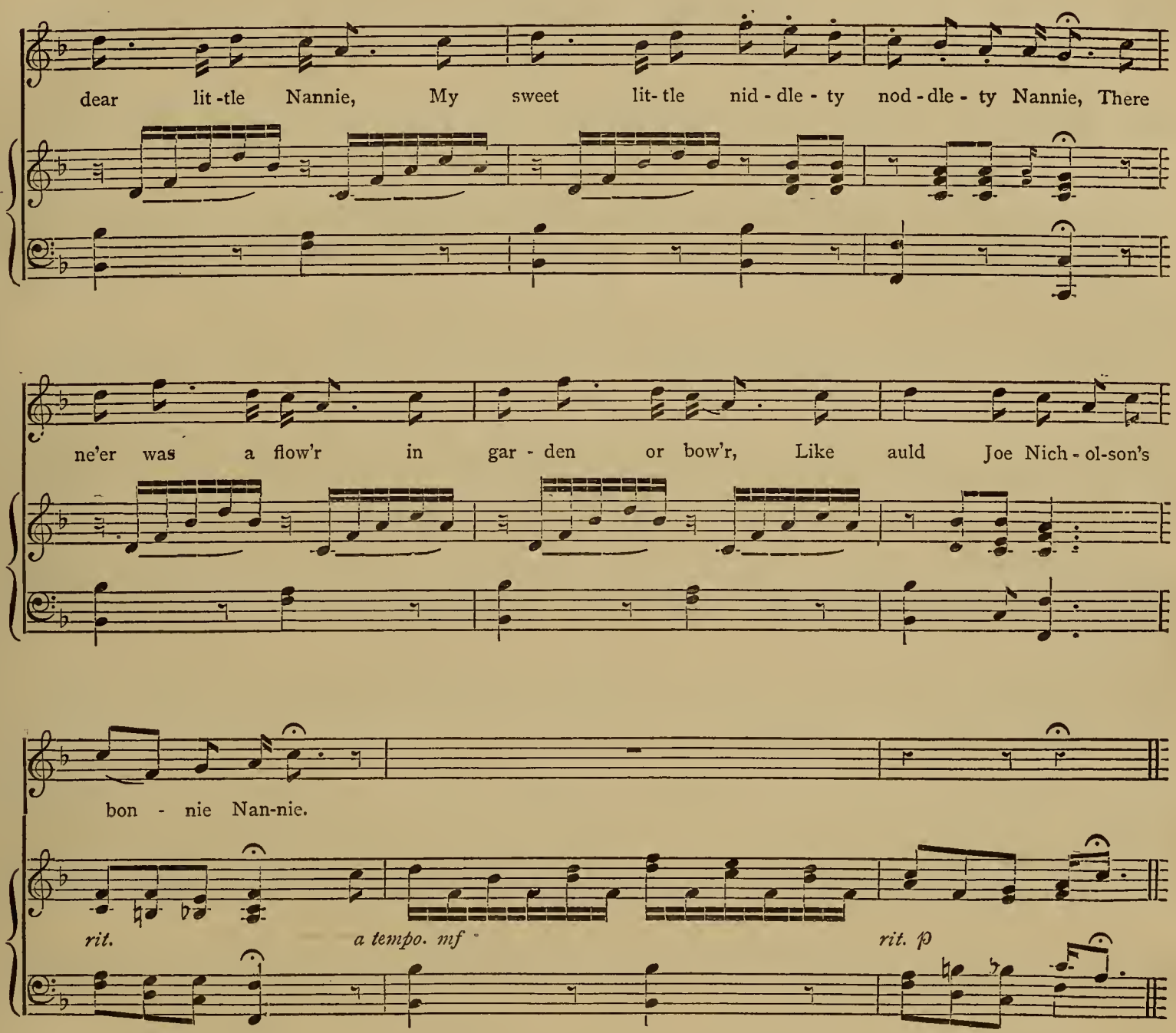
rit.

1. The dai - sy is fair, the day li - ly rare, The bud o' the rose is
2. Ae day she cam out wi' a ro - - - sy blush, To milk her twa kye sae

p

sweet as it's bon - nie; But there ne'er was a flow'r in gar - den or bow'r, Like
cou - thy an' can - ny; I cow - er'd me down at the back o' the bush, To

auld Joe Nich - ol - son's bon - nie Nan - nie. } O my Nan-nie, my
watch the air o' my bon - nie Nan - nie. }



III.

My heart lay beatin' the flow'ry green,
In quakin', quiverin' agitation;
An' the tears cam tricklin' doun frae my een
Wi' perfect love and admiration.
O my Nannie, &c.

IV.

There's mony a joy in this world below,
An' sweet the hopes that to sing were uncanny;
But o' a' the pleasures I ever can know,
There's nane like the love o' my bonnie Nannie.
O my Nannie, &c.

JOHN GRUMLIE.

Author of Words unknown. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

mf *f* *fz*

1. John
2. First

Grum - lie swore by the light o' the moon, And the green leaves on the tree, That
ye maun dress your chil - dren fair, And put them a' in their gear; And

p

he could do more work in a day, Than his wife could do in three.
ye maun turn the malt, John, Or else ye'll spoil the beer.

His wife rose up in the morn - ing, Wi' cares and troubles e - now, John
And ye maun reel the tweel, John, That I span yes - ter - day; And

Grum - lie bide at hame, John, And I'll go haud the plow. Sing - ing fal de lal lal de
ye maun ca' in the hens, John, Else they'll a' lay a - way. Sing - ing fal de lal lal de

mf

ral la, fa lal la lal la la, John Grum - lie bide at hame, John, And
ral la, fa lal la lal la la, And ye maun ca' in the hens, John, Else

8va *p*

I'll go haud the plow.
they'll a' lay a - way.

8va loco.

mf *f*

III.

O he did dress his children fair,
And he put them a' in their gear;
But he forgot to turn the maut,
And so he spoiled the beer.
And he sang loud as he reel'd the tweel
That his wife span yesterday;
But he forgot to put up the hens,
And the hens a' layed away.
Singing fal de lal lal, &c.

IV.

The hawket crummie loot down nae milk;
He kirned, nor butter gat;
And a' gaed wrang, and nought gaed richt,
He danced wi' rage, and grat.
Then up he ran to the head o' the knowe,
Wi' mony a wave an' shout,
She heard him as she heard him not,
And steered the stots about.
Singing fal de lal lal, &c.

V.

John Grumlie's wife cam' hame at e'en,
And laugh'd as she'd been mad,
When she saw the house in siccan a plicht,
And John sae glum and sad.
Quoth he, 'I gie up my housewife's keep,
I'll be nae mair gudewife;'
'Indeed,' quo she, 'I'm weel content,
Ye may keep it the rest o' your life.'
Singing fal de lal lal, &c.

VI.

'The deil be in that,' quo surly John,
'I'll do as I've dune before,'
Wi' that the gudewife took up a stout rung,
And John made aff to the door.
'Stop, stop, gudewife, I'll haud my tongue,
I ken I'm sair to blame;
But henceforth I maun mind the plow,
And ye maun bide at hame.'
Singing fal de lal lal, &c.

I'LL LOE THEE, ANNIE.

Words by R. HAMILTON, Esq.

Music by A. HUME.
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

8va.

p

1. I'll loe thee, An - nie, while the dew In sil-ler bells hings on the tree; Or
2. I'll loe thee while the lin - tie sings His sang o' love on whin - ny brae; I'll

p

while the bur - nie's waves o' blue Rin wimplin' to the row - in' sea.
loe thee while the crys - tal springs Glint in the gow - den gleams o' day.

I'll loe thee while the gow-an mild Its crim - son fringe spreads o'er the lea; While
I'll loe thee while there's licht a - boon, And stars to stud the breast o' sky; I'll

blooms the hea - ther on the wild, O An - nie, Annie, I'll be true to thee.
loe thee till life's day is done, And bless thee wi' my lat - est sigh.

rall.

I'll loe thee, An - nie, while the dew In sil-ler bells hings on the tree, Or

p

while the bur - nie's waves o' blue Rin wimp-lin', wimp - lin' to the

row - in' sea.

mf

AULD LANG SYNE.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

mf

1. Should
2. We

auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And never brought to mind, Should
twa hae ran a-bout the braes, And pu'd the gowans fine, But we've

p

auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And days o' lang syne.
wan-der'd mony a wea-ry foot, Sin' auld lang syne.

III.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

IV.

And there's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a richt guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

V.

And surely you'll be your pint stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

TREBLE.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll

ALTO.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll

TENOR.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll

BASS.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll

PIANO-FORTE.

tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.

tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.

tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.

tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME.

Words by JAMES HOGG. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

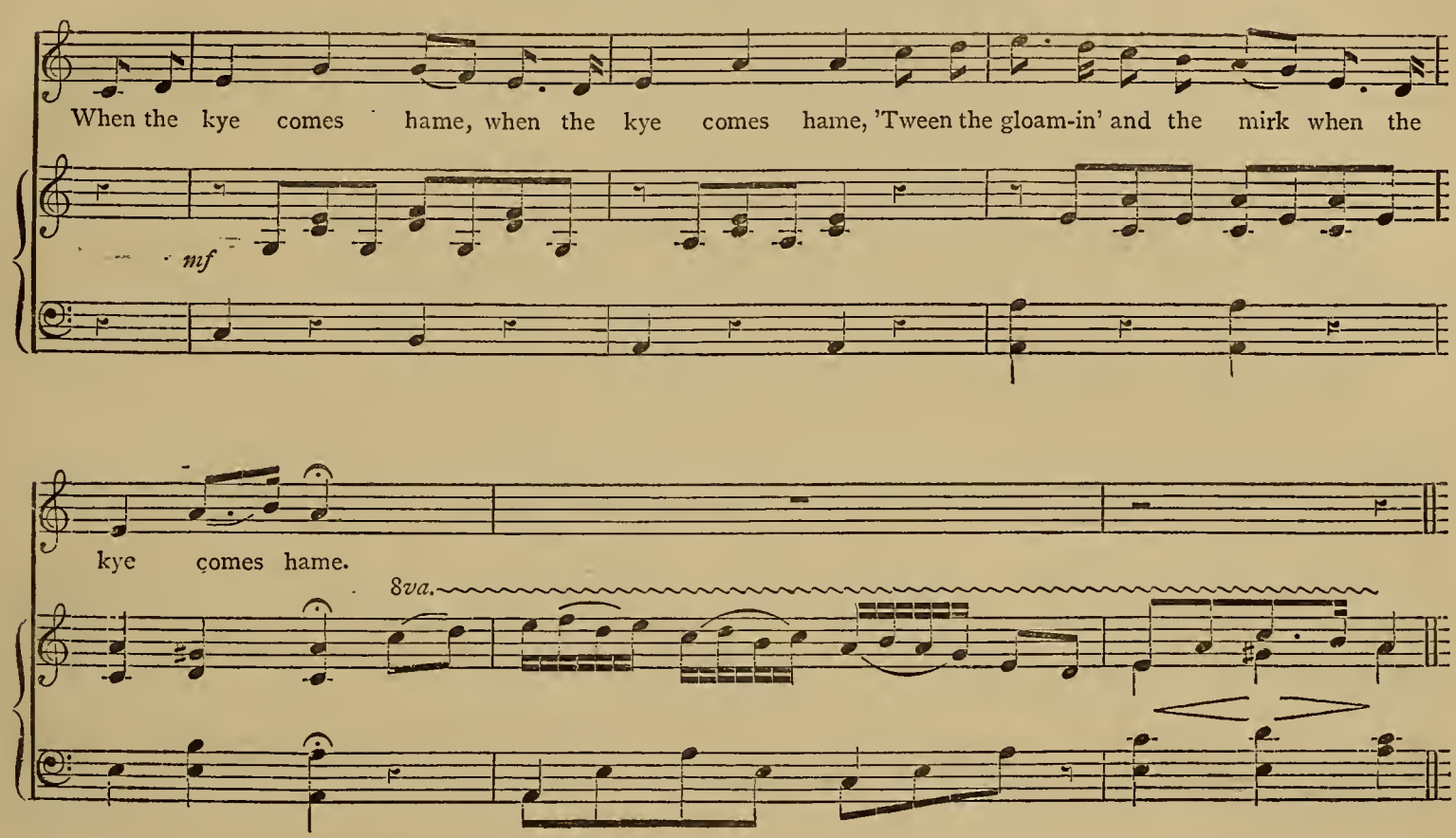
PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato. *mf* 8va.

1. Come all ye jol - ly shep - herds that whis - tle through the glen, I'll tell ye o' a sec - ret that cour-tiers din - na ken: What is the great-est bliss that the tongue o' man can name? 'Tis to woo a bon - nie las - sie when the kye comes hame.

2. 'Tis not be - neath the burgo - net, nor yet be - neath the crown, 'Tis not on couch of vel - vet, nor yet on bed of down: 'Tis be - neath the spreading birch in a dell with-out a name, Wi' a bon - nie, bon - nie las - sie when the kye comes hame.

p *mf* *p*



III.

Then the eye shines sae bright the haill soul to beguile,
There's love in ev'ry whisper, and joy in ev'ry smile;
O, wha would choose a crown, wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss a bonnie lassie when the kye comes hame.
When the kye comes hame, &c.

IV.

See yonder pawky shepherd that lingers on the hill,
His yowes are in the fauld and his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to rest, for his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonnie lassie when the kye comes hame.
When the kye comes hame, &c.

V.

Awa' wi' fame and fortune—what comfort can they gie?
And a' the arts that prey on man's life and liberty!
Gie me the highest joy that the heart o' man can frame,
My bonnie, bonnie lassie when the kye comes hame.
When the kye comes hame, &c.

SAW YE JOHNNIE COMIN'?

Words by LADY NAIRNE. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

mf *ritard.* *p*

1. Saw ye Johnnie com-in', quo' she,
2. Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,

Saw ye Johnnie com-in', Saw ye Johnnie com-in', quo' she, Saw ye Johnnie com-in'?
Fee him, fa-ther, fee him, Fee him, fa-ther, fee him, quo' she, Fee him, fa-ther, fee him.

Wi' his blue bon-net on his head, An' his dog-gie rin-nin', Wi' his blue bon-net on his head,
For he is a gal-lant lad, And a weel do-in'; And a' the wark a-bout the house

An' his dog-gie rin-nin', quo' she, An' his dog-gie rin-nin'.
Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo she, Wi' me when I see him.

mf *ritard.*

3. What will I do wi' him, Lizzie?
What will I do wi' him?
He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
And I hae nane to gie him.
I hae twa sarks into my kist,
And ane o' them I'll gie him,
And for a merk o' mair fee,
Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,
Dinna stand wi' him.

4. For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
Weel do I lo'e him;
For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
Weel do I lo'e him.
O, fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
He'll haud the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
And crack wi' me at e'enin', quo' she,
And crack wi' me at e'enin'

MY HEART IS SAIR.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andantino.

p

1. My heart is sair, I daur - na tell, My heart is sair for some - bo - dy, I could wake a win - ter night, For the sake o' some - bo - dy.
2. Ye powers that smile on vir - tuous love, O sweetly smile on some - bo - dy, Frae il - ka dan - ger keep him free, And send me safe my some - bo - dy.

Oh hon, for some - bo-dy! Oh hey, for some - body! I could range the world a-round,
Oh hon, for some - bo-dy! Oh hey, for some - body! I wad do—what wad I not?

mf *poco rallentando.*

For the sake o' some - bo - dy.
For the sake o' some - bo - dy.

mf *p* *ritard.*

MY BOY TAMMY.

Words by HECTOR MACNEIL. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato. *p* *ritenuto.* *p* *a tempo.*

1. Whaur hae ye been a' day,
2. An' whaur gat ye that young thing,

My boy Tam-mie? An' whaur hae ye been a' day, My boy Tam-mie?
My boy Tam-mie? An' whaur gat ye that young thing, My boy Tam-mie?

I've been by burn and flow' - ry brae, Mea-dow green an' moun-tain grey, Cour - tin' o' this young thing,
I gat her down in yon - der howe, Smil - ing on a bon - ny knowe, Herd-ing ae wee lamb an' ewe,

mf

Just come frae her mam - mie.
For her puir mam - mie.

p *mf* *ritard.*

III.

What said ye to the bonnie bairn,
My boy Tammy?
I praised her een, sae bonnie blue,
Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou',
An' preed it aft, as ye may trow!
She said she'd tell her mammie.

IV.

I held her to my beating heart,
My young, my smiling lammie!
I hae a house, it cost me dear,
I've walth o' plenishin' an' gear;
Ye'se get it a' wer't ten times mair,
Gin ye will leave your mammie.

V.

The smile gaed aff her bonny face—
I maunna leave my mammie!
She's gien me meat, she's gien me claes,
She's been my comfort a' my days;
My father's death brought mony waes—
I canna leave my mammie.

VI.

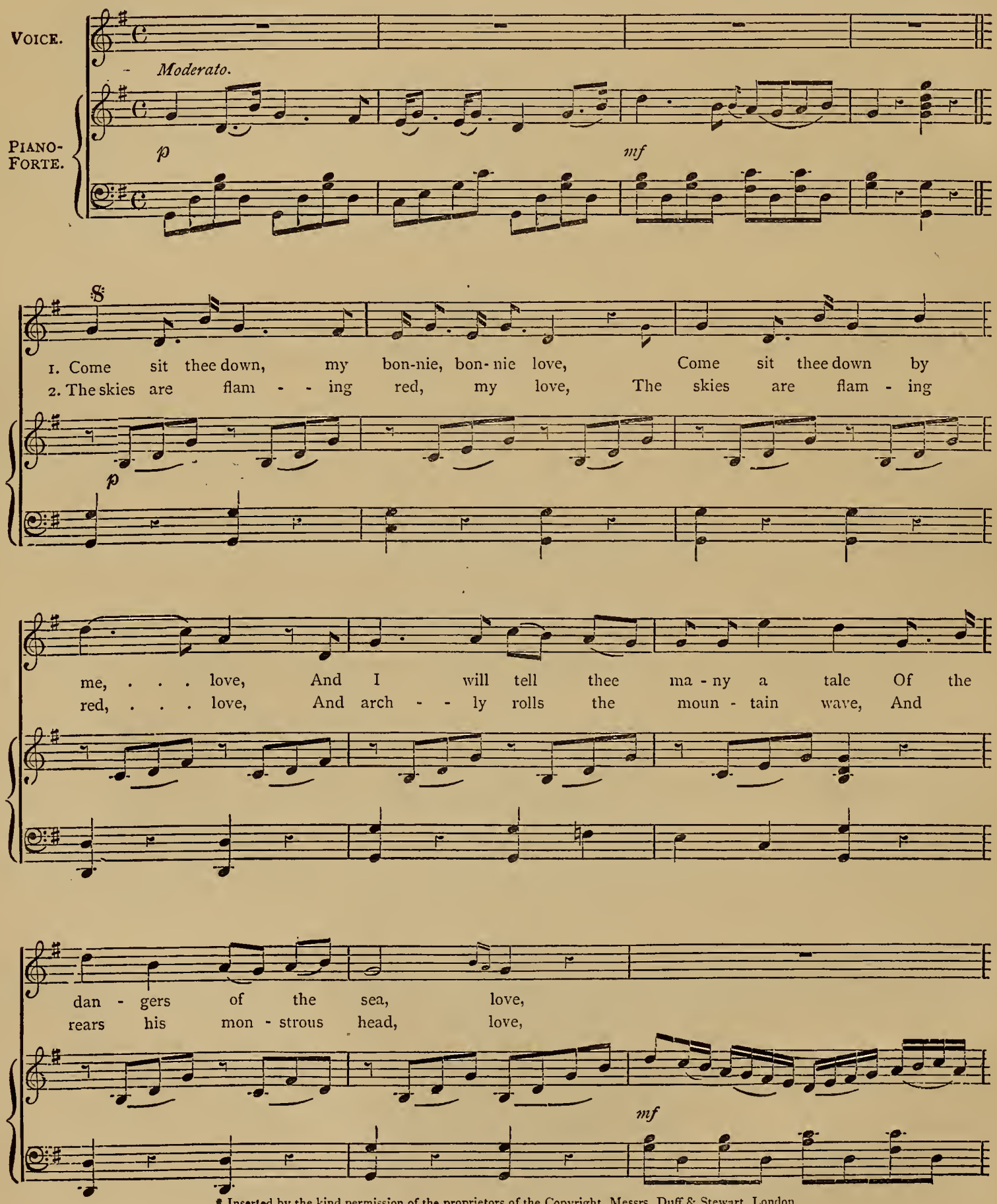
We'll tak' her hame an' mak' her fain,
My ain kind hearted lammie;
We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claes,
We'll be her comfort a' her days—
The wee thing gie's her hand and says
There! gang and ask my mammie.

VII.

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,
My boy Tammy?
She has been to the kirk wi' me,
An' the tear was in her ee;
For O! she's but a young thing,
Just come frae her mammie.

COME SIT THEE DOWN.*

Music by J. SINCLAIR.
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.



* Inserted by the kind permission of the proprietors of the Copyright, Messrs. Duff & Stewart, London.

Of the per - ils of the deep, love, Where the
While skies and o - - cean blend - - ing, And

mf

an - gry tem - pests roar, And the rag - - ing bil - lows
bit - ter howls the blast, And the dar - - ing tar 'twixt

wild - - ly dash Up - on the groan - ing shore, And the
life and death Clings to the shat - ter'd mast, And the

rag - - ing bil -lows wild - - ly dash Up - on the groan - ing shore. . .
dar - - ing tar 'twixt life and death Clings to the shat - ter'd mast. . .

S

D.C.

AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

Words by Miss BLAMIRE. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andante.

p

1. And ye shall walk in silk at - tire, And
2. The mind whose ev' - ry wish is pure Far

p

sil - - ler hae to spare, ... Gin ye'll con - sent to
dear - - er is to me, ... And e'er I'm forc'd to

be his bride, Nor think of Don - ald mair. . . . . Oh
break my faith, I'll lay me down and dee. . . . . For

wha wad buy a silk - en gown, Wi' a poor bro - ken heart? . . . Or
I hae pledg'd my vir - gin troth, Brave Don - ald's fate to share; . . . And

what's to me a sil - ler crown, Gin frae my love I part . . . .
he has gien to me his heart, Wi' a' its vir - tues rare. . . . .

mf

III.

His gentle manners wan my heart,
  He grateful' took the gift;
Could I but think to see it back,
  It wad be waur than theft.
For langest life can ne'er repay
  The love he bears to me;
And e'er I'm forced to break my troth
  I'll lay me down and dee.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andante.

mf

1. Of
2. O

a' the airts the wind can blaw, I dear - ly loe the west; For
blaw, ye west - lin winds, blaw saft A - mang the leaf - y trees; Wi'

p

there the bon - nie las - sie lives, The lass that I loe best; Though
gen - tle gale, frae muir and dale, Bring hame the la - den bees; An'

wild - woods grow and ri - vers row, Wi' mo - ny a hill be - tween; Baith
bring the las - sie back to me, That's aye sae neat an' clean; Ae

day and night my fan - cy's flight Is e - ver wi' my Jean. . . . I
blink o' her wad ban - ish care, Sae love - ly is my Jean. . . . What

see her in the dew - y flow'r, Sae love -ly sweet and fair; I hear her voice in il - ka bird, Wi'
sighs and vows a-mang the knowes Hae past a - tween us twa; How fain to meet, how wae to part, That

pp

mu - sic charm the air; There's not a bon-nie flow'r that springs By foun - tain shaw or green, Nor
day she gaed a - wa'; The powr's a-boon can on - ly ken, To whom this heart is seen, That

mf *p*

yet a bon -nie bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean.
nane can be sae dear to me As my sweet love ly Jean.

rall. *mf*

THE LASS O' PATIE'S MILL.

Written by ALLAN RAMSAY. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Andantino.

mf

1. The lass o' Pa - tie's mill, . . . Sae bon - nie, blythe, and gay, In spite of . all my skill . . . She stole my heart a - - - - way. When ted - - din' out the
2. With - out the help of art, . . . Like flowr's that grace the wild, She did her . sweets im - part, . . . When - e'er she spak' or smil'd. Her looks they were so

p

mf

hay, ... Bare - head - ed on the green; Love
mild, ... Free from af - - - fect - ed pride; She

p

'mid her locks did play. And wan - ton'd in her
me to love be - - guil'd, I wish'd her for my

mf *rall.* *a tempo.* *p*

een.
bride.

mf *rit.*

III

Oh! had I a' the wealth
  Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Insur'd long life and health,
  And pleasures at my will;
I'd promise and fulfil
  That none but bonnie she,
The lass o' Patie's mill,
  Should share the same wi' me.

WILL YE GANG TO THE BAUGY-BURN?

Words by W. Cameron.

Music by T. Macfarlane.
Arranged by T. S. Gleadhill.

Voice.

Piano-Forte.

Moderato.

mf

rit.

Will ye gang to the Baugy - burn, Ma - ry, Ma - ry? O gang wi' me to Baugy - burn, My

p

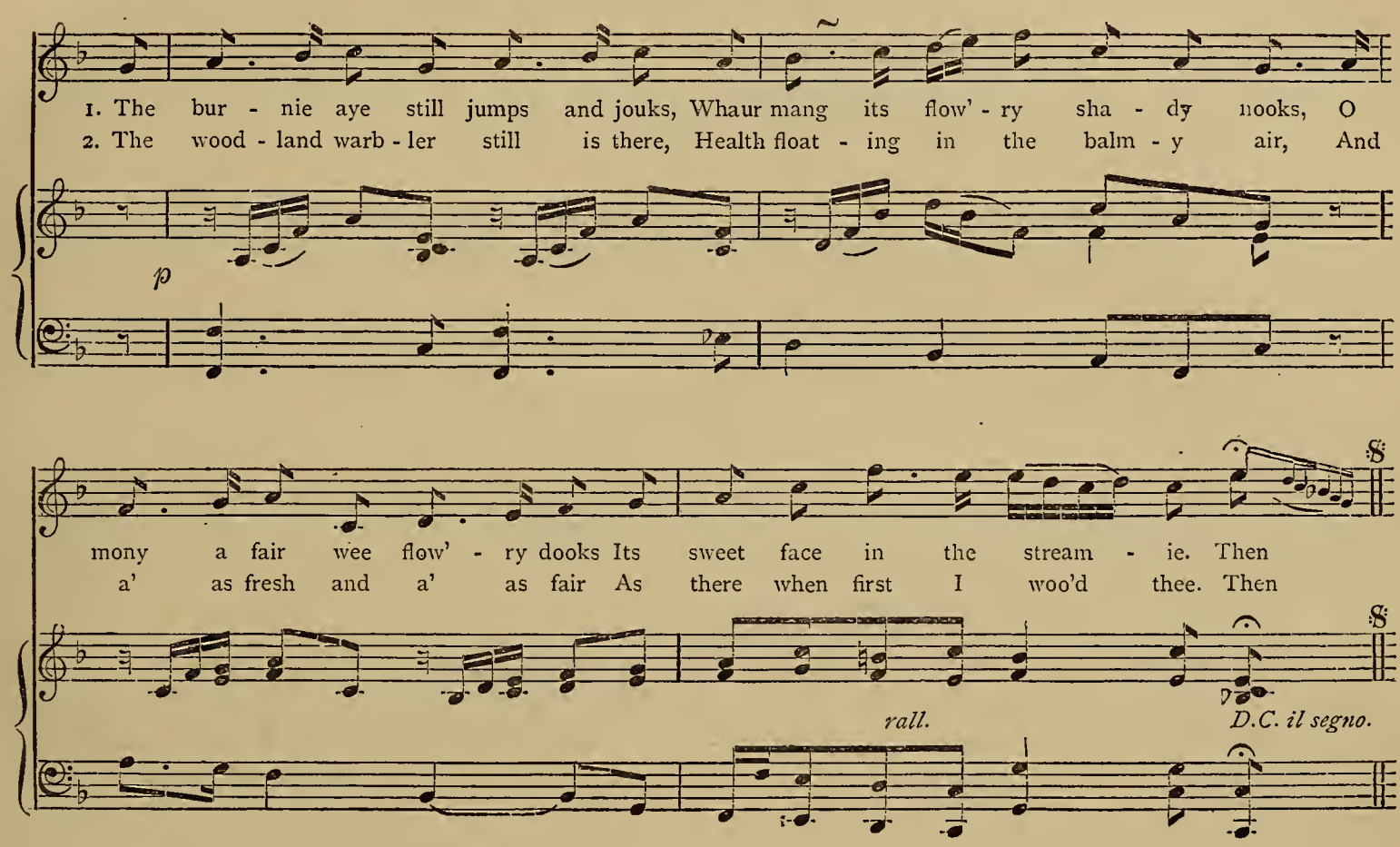
ain dear daw-tie Ma - ry, Will ye gang to the Baugy-burn, Ma - ry, Ma - ry? O gang wi' me to Baugy-burn, My

rallentando.

ain dear daw - tie, Ma - ry.

mf a tempo.

rit.



III.

It's no for a' its beauties rare,
But just because we courted there;
And noo for twenty years and mair
You've been my ain dear dawtie.
Then gang to the Baugy-Burn, &c.

IV.

We'll twine a wreath o' bonnie flow'rs,
We'll talk o' auld langsyne for hours;
While high aboon the lav'rock pours
Its sang o' love an' Mary.
Then gang to the Baugy-Burn, &c.

DOUN THE BURN, DAVIE LAD.

Words by W. CRAWFORD. Composer unknown. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

mf

1. When trees did bud and flow'rs were green, And broom bloom'd fair to see; When
2. Noo Dav - ie was the braw - est lad That dwelt on this burn - side, And

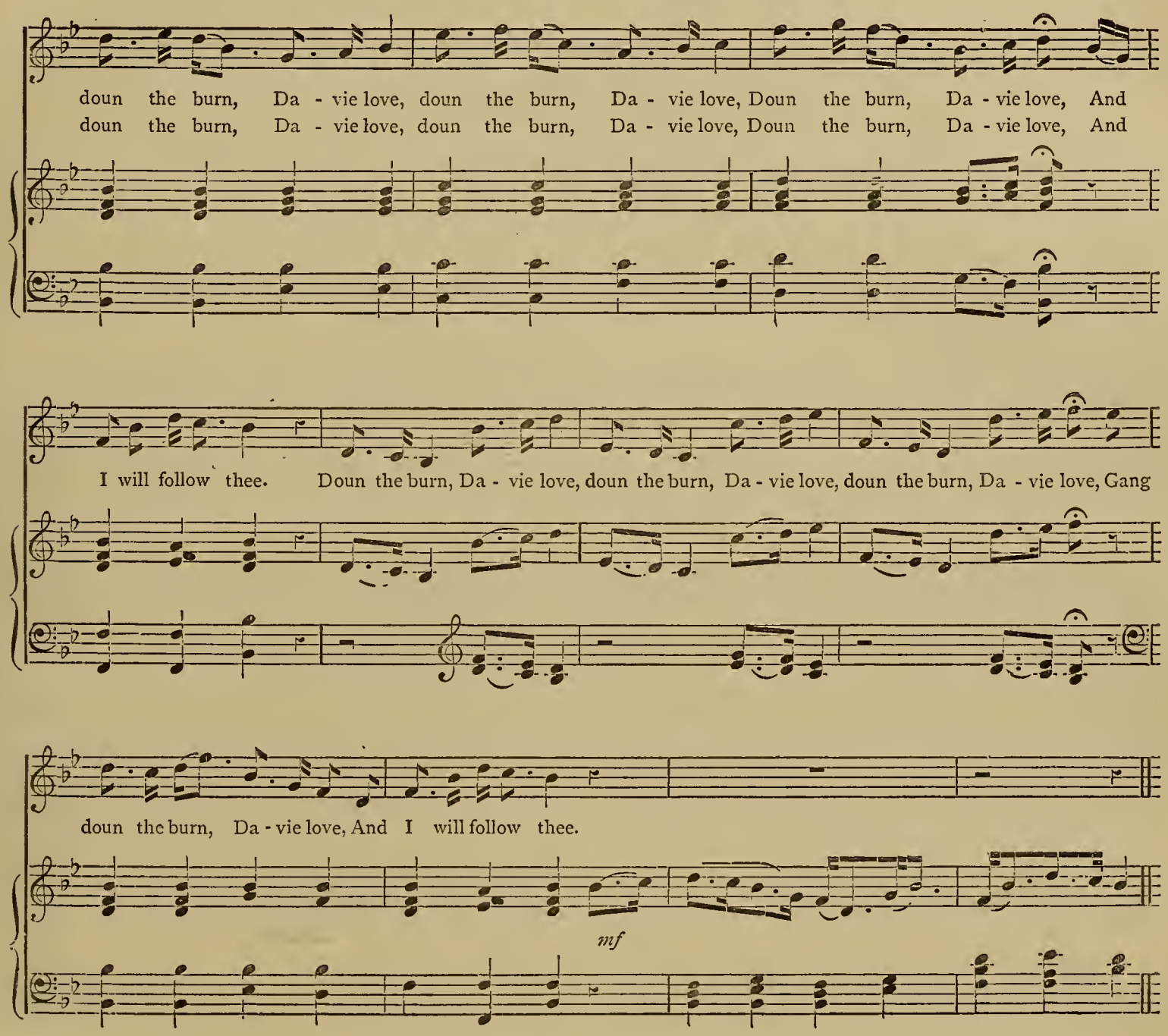
p

Ma - ry was com - plete fif - teen, And love laugh'd in her ee.
Ma - ry was the sweet - est lass Just meet to be a bride.

p

Blythe Da - vie's smile her heart did move To speak her mind quite free - ly, Gang
Blythe Da - vie's smile her heart did move To speak her mind thus free - ly, Gang

p



III.

As fate had dealt to him a rooth,
Straight to the kirk he led her;
There plighted he his faith and truth,
And a bonnie bride he made her.
No more ashamed to own her love,
Or speak her mind more freely,
Said, doun the burn, Davie lad,
And I will follow thee.
Doun the burn, &c.

A GUID NEW YEAR TO ANE AN' A'.

Words by P. Livingstone.

Music by A. Hume.
Arranged by T. S. Gleadhill.

Allegretto.

Piano.

f

1. A guid new year to ane an' a', An' mo - ny may ye see, An'
2. O time flies fast, he win - na wait, My friend, for you or me, He

mf

dur - ing a' the years to come, O hap - py may ye be. . . .
works his won - ders day by day, And on-ward still doth flee. . . .

An' may ye ne'er hae cause to mourn, To sigh or shed a tear, To
O wha can tell when il - ka ane, I see sae hap - py here, Will

p

ane an' a', baith great an' sma', A hear - ty guid new year.
meet a - gain, and mer - ry be, A - ni - ther guid new year.

mf

CHORUS.

TREBLE. *f*

A guid new year to ane an' a', An' mo - ny may ye see; An'

ALTO. *f*

A guid new year to ane an' a', An' mo - ny may ye see; An'

TENOR. *f*

A guid new year to ane an' a', An' mo - ny may ye see; An'

BASS. *f*

A guid new year to ane an' a', An' mo - ny may ye see; An'

PIANO-FORTE. *f*

dur - ing a' the years to come, O hap-py may ye be. . . .

dur - ing a' the years to come, O hap-py may ye be. . . .

dur - ing a' the years to come, O hap-py may ye be. . . .

dur - ing a' the years to come, O hap-py may ye be. . . .

f

JOHNNIE COPE.

Words by ADAM SKIRVING. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

mf

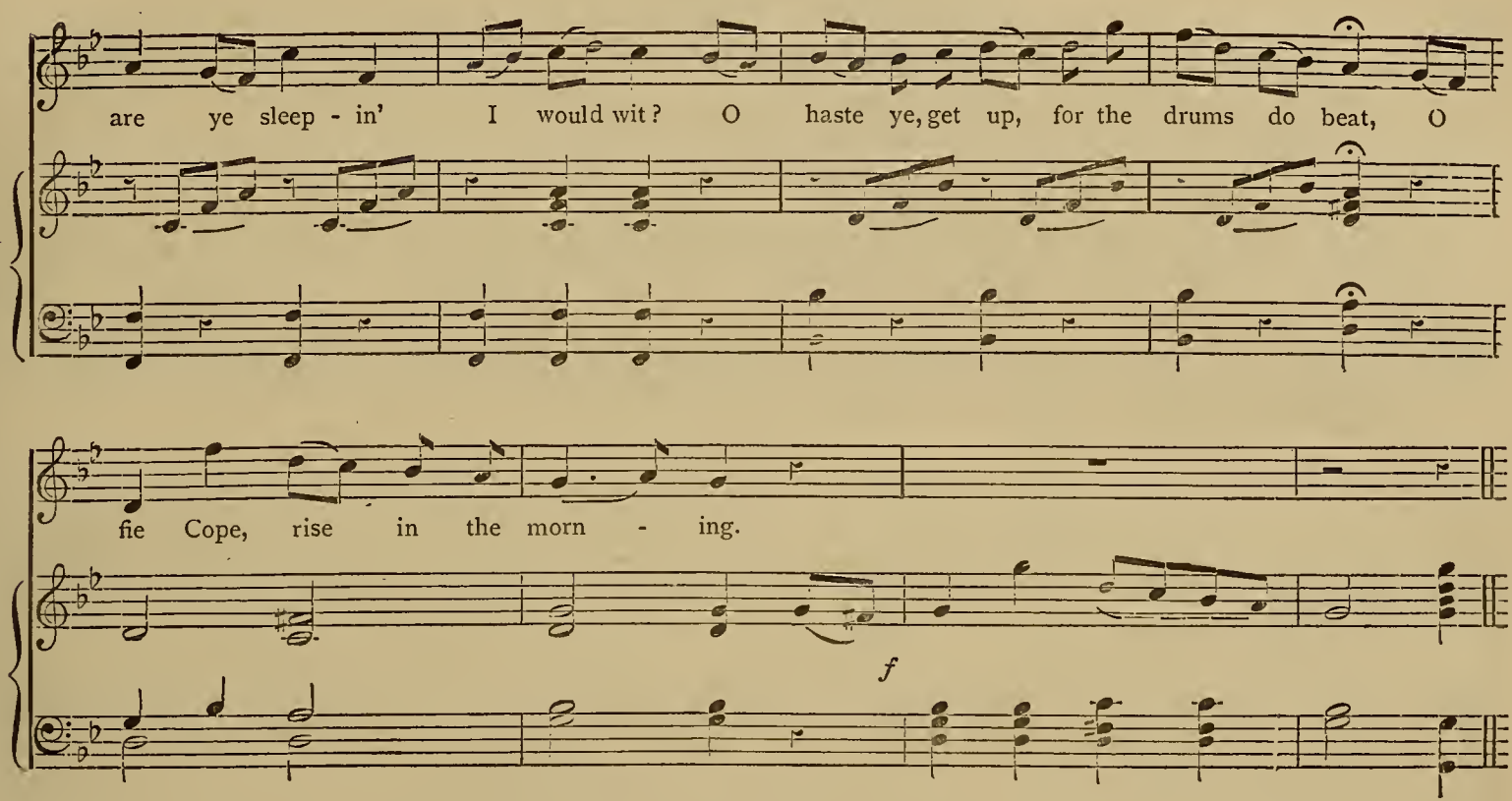
1. Cope sent a let - ter frae Dun - bar,—Say - ing Char - lie meet me
2. When Char - lie look'd the letter up - on, He drew his sword the

p

if ye daur, And I'll learn you the art o' war, If you'll
scab - bard from, Come fol - low me, my merry, merry men, And we'll

meet me in the morn - ing
meet Johnnie Cope in the morn - ing.
} Then hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wau - kin' yet, Or

mf



III.

Now, Johnnie, be as good as your word,
Come let us try baith fire and sword;
And dinna flee awa' like a frichted bird
That's chased frae its nest in the morning.
Then hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

IV.

When Johnnie Cope he heard o' this,
He thought it wadna be amiss
To hae a horse in readiness
To flee awa' in the morning.
Then hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

V.

Fly now, Johnnie, get up and rin,
The Highland bagpipes mak' a din;
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluidy morning.
Then hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

VI.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They speer'd at him, "Where's a' your men?"
The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning.
Then hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

VII.

Now, Johnnie, troth ye are na blate
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait,
Sae early in the morning.
Then hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

VIII.

O! faith, quo' Johnnie, I got sic flegs
Wi' their claymores and philabegs;
If I face them again, deil break my legs—
So I wish you a' a gude morning.
Then, hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

JEANIE'S BLACK E'E.

Words by HECTOR MACNEIL. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

mf

1. The sun rose sae ro - sy, the gray hills a - dorn - ing, Light sprang the lav' - rock and
2. Saft thro' the green birks I stole to my jew - el Streek'd on spring's car - pet a -

p

moun - ted sae hie, When, true to the tryst o' blythe May's dew - y morn - ing,
- neath the saugh tree, "Think na, dear las - sie, that Wil - lie's been cru - el,"

Jean - ie cam' link - in' out owre the green lea. 'To mark her im - pa - tience, I
"I am a - sleep, do not wa - - - ken me." "Wi' love's warm sen-sa - tions I've

crap amang the breck - ans, Aft, aft to the kent gate she turn'd her black e'e; Then,
mark - ed your im - pa - tience, Lang hid midst the breck - ans I watch'd your black e'e; You're

ly - ing down dow - i - lie, sigh'd by the wil-low tree, "I am a - sleep, do not
no sleeping, paw - kie Jean, o - - pen that love-ly e'e, "I am a - sleep, do not

wa - ken me." . .

mf

III.

Bright is the whin's bloom, ilk green knowe adorning,
Sweet is the primrose, bespangled wi' dew;
Yonder comes Peggy to welcome May morning,
Dark wave her haffet locks o'er her white brow.
O light, light she's dancin', keen on the gowany green,
Barefoot and kilted half up to the knee;
While Jeanie is sleeping still, I'll rin and sport my fill,
"I was asleep and ye've waken'd me."

IV.

"I'll rin and whirl her round, Jeanie is sleeping sound,
Kiss her frae lug to lug, no ane can see;
Sweet, sweet's her hinny mou'—"we'll I'm no sleeping noo;
I was asleep, but ye've waken'd me."
Laughing till like to drap, swith to my Jean I lap,
Kiss'd her ripe roses, and blest her black e'e;
And aye since whene'er we meet, sing, for the sound is sweet,
"I was asleep, and ye've waken'd me."

THE MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

Words by SIR WALTER SCOTT. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

Animato.

PIANO-FORTE.

f

The moon's on the lake and the mist's on the brae, And the clan has a name that is
depths of Loch Ka - trine the steed shall ca - reer, O'er the peak of Ben - lo - mond the

name - less by day; Our sig - nal for fight, which from monarchs we drew, Must be
gal - ley shall steer, And the rocks of Craig Roys - ton like i - ci - cles melt, Ere our

heard but by night in our venge - ful ha - loo! } Then ha - loo! ha - loo! ha - loo! Gre - ga - lach!
wrongs be for - got or our ven-geance un - felt. }

If they rob us of name and pur-sue us with beagles, Give their roof to the flame and their

ff *mf* *f*

flesh to the ea - gles. Then ga- ther, ga - ther, ga - ther, Ga - ther, ga - ther,

mf *f*

ga -ther, While there's leaves in the fo - rest, and foam on the ri - ver, Mac - gre -gor, despite them, shall

flour-ish for e - ver. Glen - or -chy's proud mountain, Col -

f *p*

- churn and her tow - ers, Glen - strae and Glen - ly - on no lon - ger are ours; We're

land- less, land - less, land - less, Gre - ga - lach, Land - less, land - less, land - less. Thro' the

D.C.

LOUDON'S BONNIE WOODS AND BRAES.

Words by ROBERT TANNAHILL. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

mf *p*

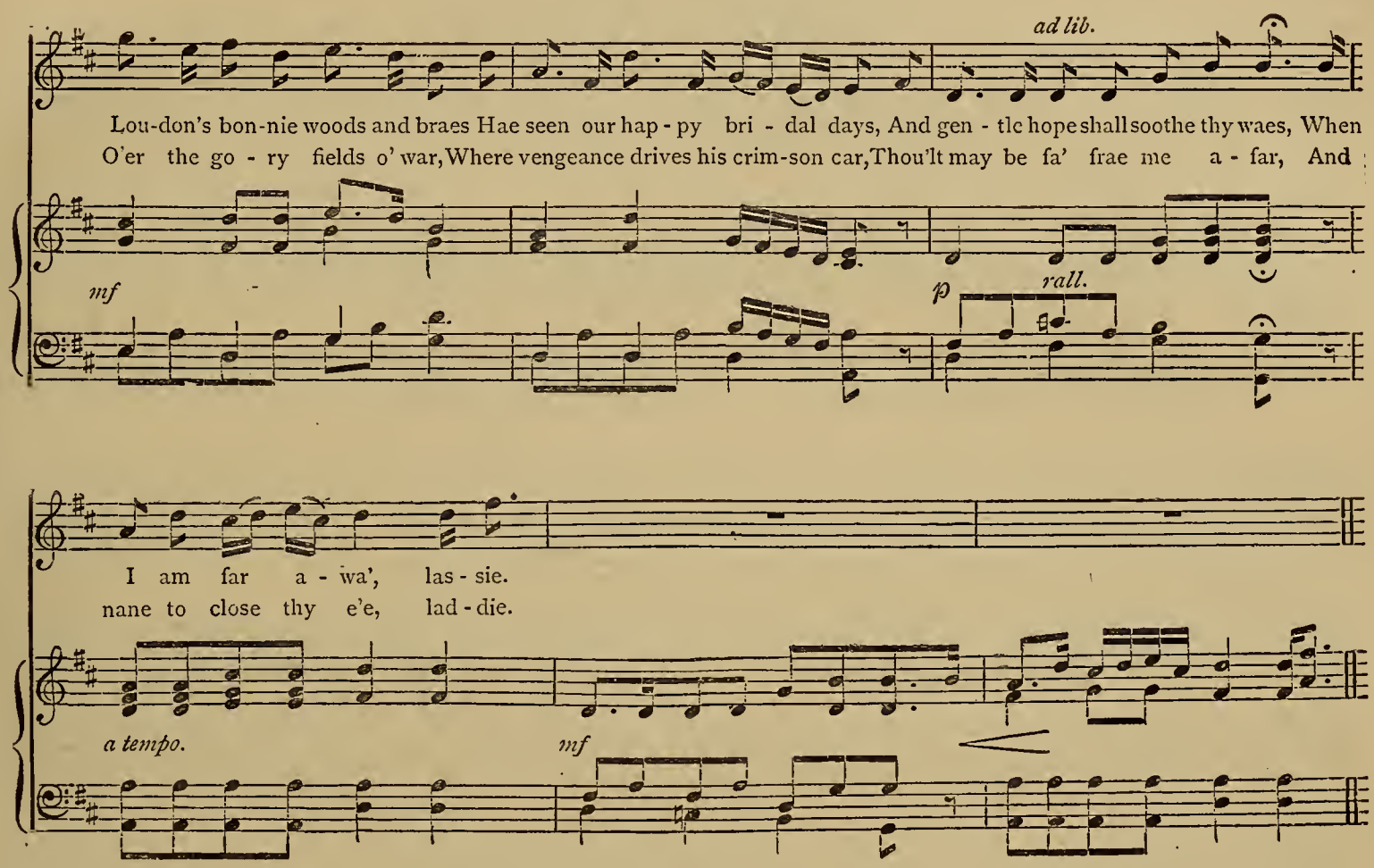
1. Lou-don's bon - nie woods and braes,
2. Hark the swell-ing bu - gle rings,

I maun leave them a,' las-sie, Wha can thole when Britain's faes Would gie Britons law, las - sie.
Yield - ing joy to thee, lad-die; But the dole - fu' bu - gle brings Wae-fu' thoughts to me, lad-die.

Wha wad shun the field o' dan - ger? Wha to fame wad live a stranger?
Lane - ly I may climb the moun - tain, Lane - ly stray be - side the fountain;

mf

Now when free - dom bids a - venge her, Wha wad shun her ca', las - sie?
Still the wea - ry mo - ments counting, Far frae love and thee, lad - die.



III.

Oh! resume thy wonted smile,
Oh! suppress thy fears, lassie;
Glorious honour crowns the toil
That the soldier shares, lassie.
Heav'n will shield thy faithful lover
Till the wageful strife is over;
Then we'll meet nae mair to sever
Till the day we dee, lassie.
'Midst our bonnie woods and braes
We'll spend our peacefu', happy days
As blythe's yon lichtsome lamb that plays
On Loudon's flowery lea, lassie.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

Author of Words unknown. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Adagio.

p

1. I'm wear - in' a - wa', Jean, Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm wear - in' a - wa' To the land o' the leal.
2. Our bonnie bair-nie's there, Jean, She was baith gude and fair, Jean, And we grudg'd her sair To the land o' the leal.

p

There's nae sor - row there, Jean, There's nei - ther cauld nor care, Jean, The day is aye fair In the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean, And joy is com - in' fast, Jean, The joy that's aye to last In the land o' the leal.

mf

III.

Ye've been leal and true, Jean,
Your task is ended now, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Then dry that glistenin' e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal.

IV.

A' our friends are gane, Jean,
We've lang been left alane, Jean,
We'll a' meet again
In the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This warld's care is vain, Jean,
We'll meet and aye be fair
In the land o' the leal.

MY SPOUSE NANCY.

Words by ROBERT BURNS.

Air "MY JO JANET."
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

f *p*

1. Husband, husband, cease your strife, Nor lon - ger id - ly rave, sir; Though I am your wed - ded wife, Yet I'm not your slave, sir.
2. If 'tis still the lord - ly word, Ser - vice and o - be - dience, I'll de-sert my sov' - reign lord, And so good bye al - leg - iance.

One of two must still o - bey, Nan - cy, . . . Nan - cy; Is it man or wo - man? say,
Sad will I be so be - reft, Nan - cy, . . . Nan - cy; Yet I'll try to make a shift

My spouse Nan - cy.

f

III.

My poor heart, then, break it must,
My last hour I'm near it;
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how ye will bear it!
I will hope and trust in heaven,
Nancy, Nancy!
Strength to bear it will be giv'n,
My spouse Nancy!

IV.

Well, sir, from the silent dead,
Still I'll try to daunt you;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites will haunt you.
I'll wed another like my dear,
Nancy, Nancy!
Then the fiends will fly for fear,
My spouse Nancy!

BONNIE JEANIE GRAY.*

Music by R. Webster.
Arranged by T. S. Gleadhill.

Voice.

Piano-Forte.

Andantino.

p

1. Oh
2. I've

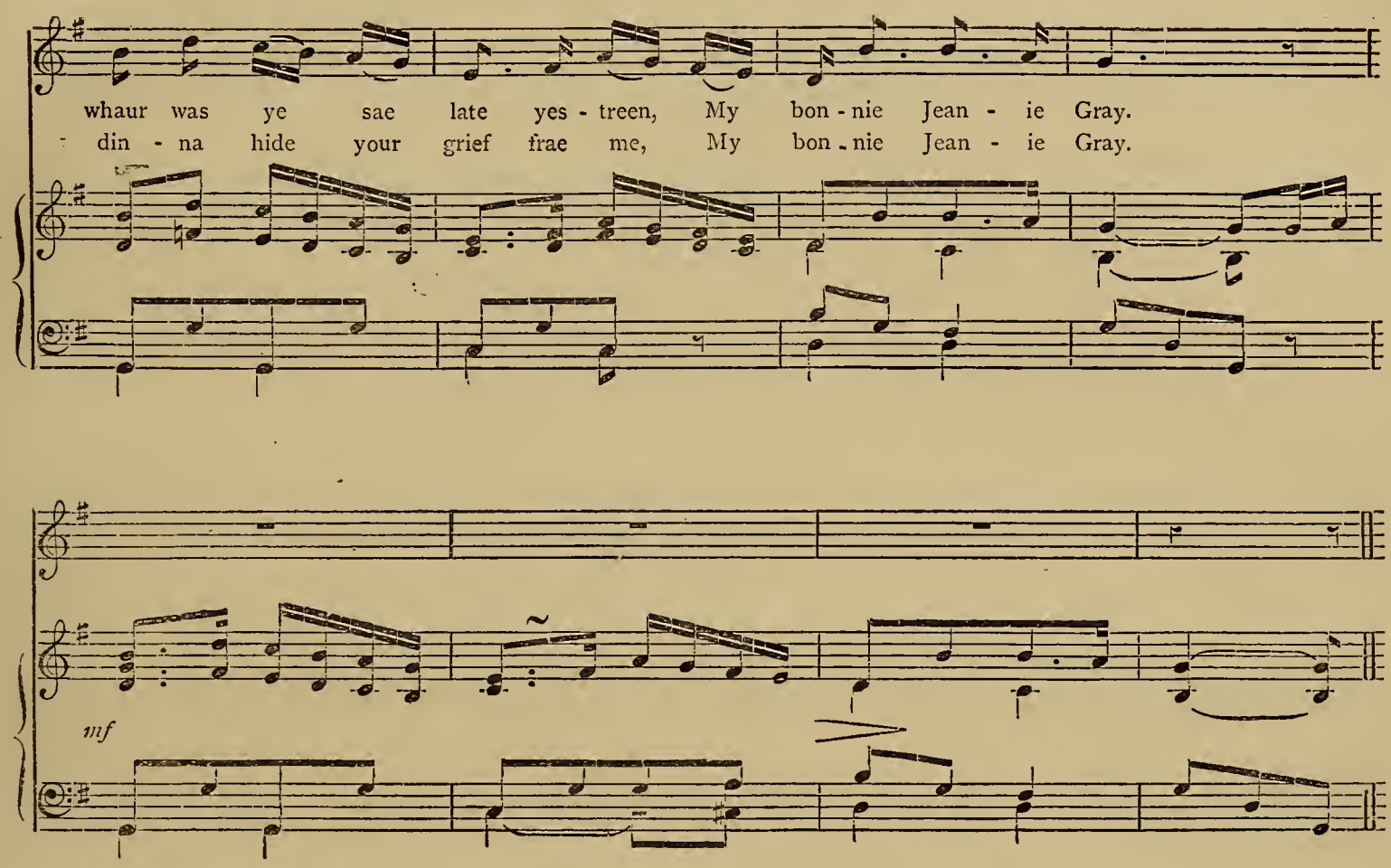
whaur was ye sae late yes-treen, My bon - nie Jean - ie Gray? Your
mark'd that lone - ly look o' thine, My bon - nie Jean - ie Gray; I've

p

mi - ther miss'd ye late at e'en, And eke - at break o' day. Your
kent your kind - ly bo - som pine, This mo - ny, mo - ny day. Hae

mi - ther look'd sae sour and sad, Your fa - ther dull and wae; Oh
hin - nied words o' pro - mise lur'd Your guile - less heart a - - stray? Oh

* The first and last stanzas of this song were written by William Paul, Glasgow, and the second by William Thom, the Inverury Poet.



III.

Dear sister, sit ye down by me,
And let naebody ken,
For I hae promised, late yestreen,
To wed young Jamie Glen.
The melting tear stood in his e'e,
What heart could say him nay?
As aft he vowed, through life I'm thine.
My bonnie Jeanie Gray.

LOGAN WATER.

Words by JOHN MAYNE. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

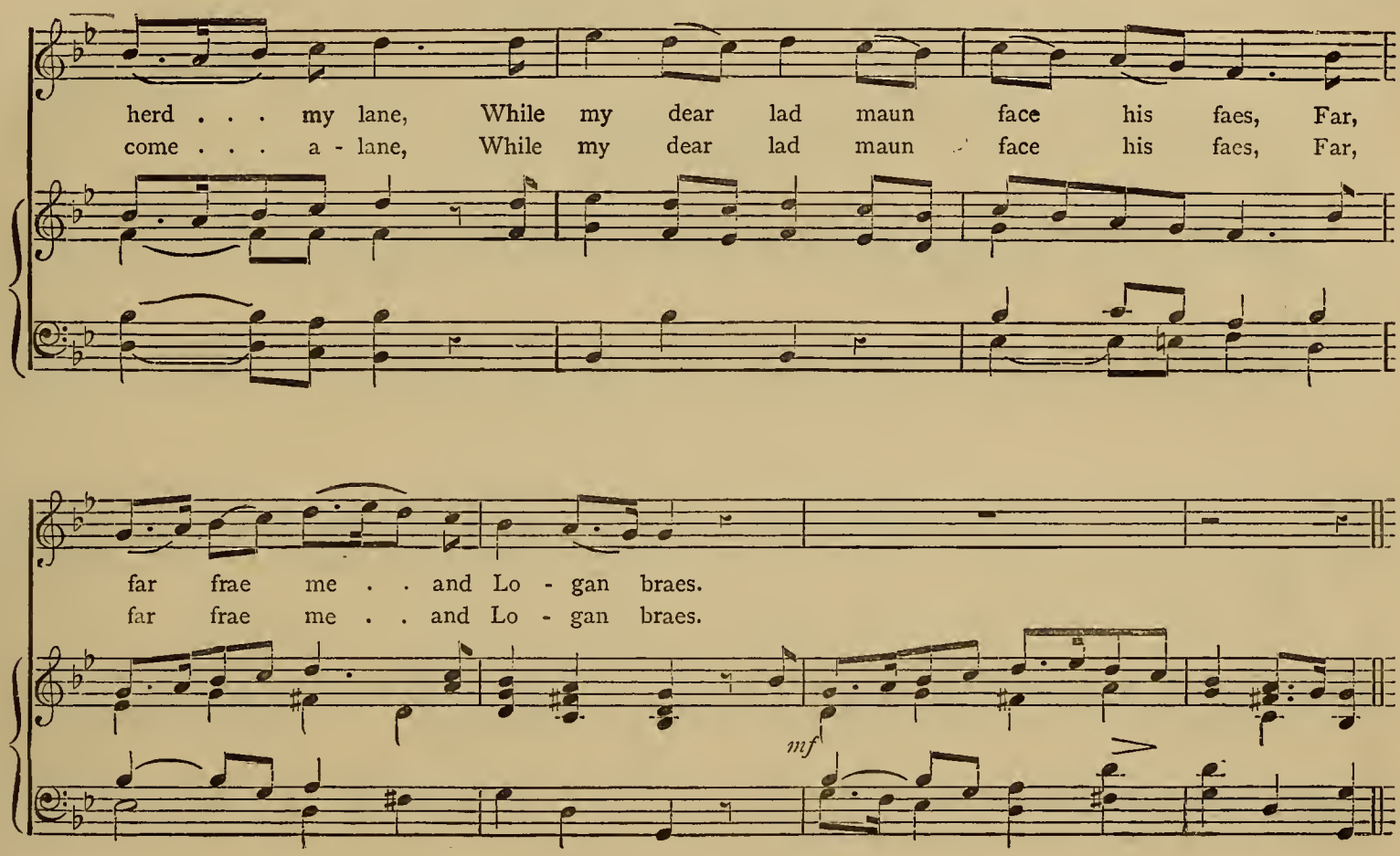
PIANO-FORTE.

Andante.

p

1. By Lo - gan's streams that rin sae deep, Fu' aft wi' glee I've herd - ed sheep; Herd - ed sheep or ga - ther'd slaes, Wi' my dear lad on Lo - gan braes. But waes my heart! thae days are gane, And fu' o' grief I

2. Nae mair at Lo - gan kirk will he A - tween the preach - ings meet wi' me; Meet wi' me, or, when it's mirk, Con - voy me hame frae Lo - gan kirk. I weel may sing, thae days are gane; Frae kirk and fair I



III.

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
I daunder dowie and forlane,
Or sit beneath the trystin'-tree,
Where first he spak' o' love to me.
O ! could I see thae days again,
My lover skaithless and my ain,
Revered by friends, and far frae fa'.
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

Words by BARONESS NAIRNE. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

p *f*

1. The Laird o' Cock - pen he's proud and he's great, His mind is taen up with the
2. Doun by the dyke - side a la - dy did dwell, At his ta - ble head he

p

things o' the state; He want - ed a wife his braw house to keep, But
thought she'd look well; Mac - Cleish's ae daugh-ter o' Cla - vers - ha' lea, A

fa - vour wi' woo - in' was fash- ous to seek.
pen - ni - less lass wi' a lang ped - i - gree.

mf

III.

His wig was weel pouther'd an' as gude as new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, an' cock'd hat,
An' wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

IV.

He took the gray mare an' rade cannilie,
An' rapp'd at the yett o' Clavers-ha' lea;
'Gae tell mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen.

V.

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine;
'An' what brings the Laird at sic a like time?'
She put off her apron, an' on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' down

VI.

An' when she cam' ben he bowed fu' low,
An' what was his errand he soon let her know;
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said, 'Na!'
An' wi a laigh curtsie she turn'd awa'.

VII.

Dumfounder'd was he, but nae sigh did he gie,
He mounted his mare an' he rade cannilie;
An' aften he thought, as he gazed through the glen,
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

VIII.

An' now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean reflected on what she had said,
'Oh! for ane I'll get better it's waur I'll get ten,
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen!'

IX.

Neist time that the Laird and the Lady were seen,
They were gaun arm an' arm to the kirk on the green;
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel tappit hen;
But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.

TULLOCHGORUM.

Words by the Rev. JOHN SKINNER. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

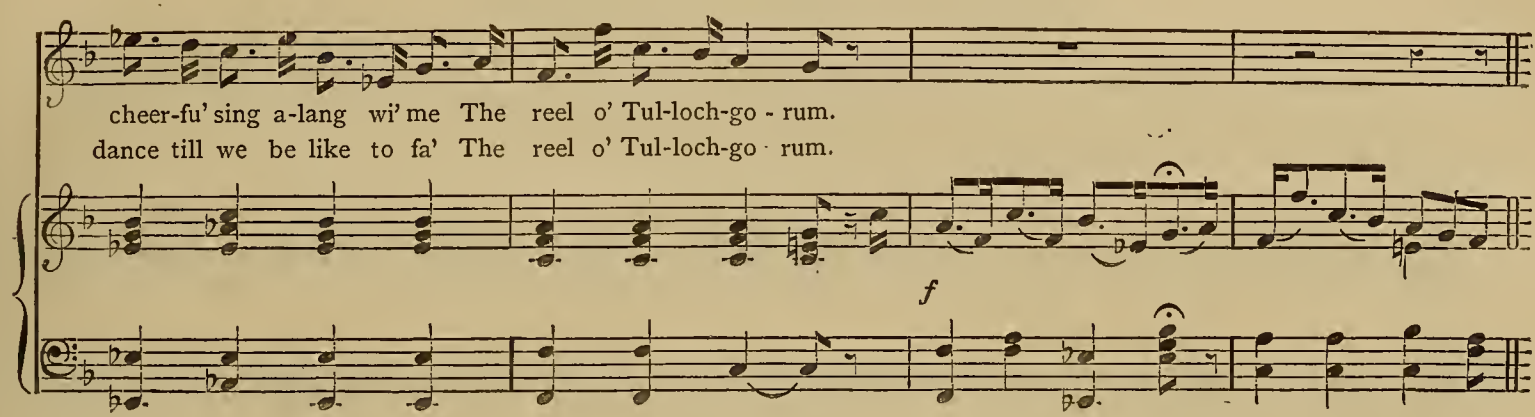
mf *p*

1. Come gie's a sang Montgom'ry cried, And
2. O, Tul - lochgorum's my de-light, It

lay your dis - putes a' a-side, What sig - ni - fies for folks to chide, For what was done be-fore them?
gars us a' in ane u-nite, And o - ny sumph that keeps up spite, In conscience I ab-hor him;

Let Whig and To - ry a' a-gree, Whig and To - ry, Whig and To - ry, Whig and To - ry a' a-gree, To
For blythe and mer - ry we'll be a', Blythe and mer - ry, blythe and mer-ry, Blythe and mer - ry we'll be a', And

drop their whig - mig-mo - rum; Let Whig and To - ry a' a-gree, To spend the nicht in mirth and glee, And
make a hap - py quo - rum; And blythe and mer - ry we'll be a', As lang as we hae breath to draw, And



III.

What need's there be sae great a fraise
Wi' dringin', dull Italian lays;
I wadna gi'e our ain strathspeys
  For half-a-hunder score o' them.
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
Dowf and dowie at the best,
  Wi' a' their variorum;
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Their *allegros* and a' the rest,
They canna please a Highland taste,
  Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

IV.

Let warldly worms their minds oppress
Wi' fears o' want and double cess,
And sullen sots themsel's distress
  Wi' keeping up decorum:
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
  Like auld philosophorum?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
Nor ever rise to shake a fit
  To the reel o' Tullochgorum?

V.

May choicest blessings aye attend
Each honest, open-hearted friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
  And a' that's guid watch o'er him:
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
Peace and plenty be his lot,
  And dainties a great store o' them:
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstained by ony vicious spot,
And may he never want a groat
  That's fond o' Tullochgorum.

VI.

But for the silly, fawning fool,
Wha loves to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
  And discontent devour him;
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
Dool and sorrow be his chance,
  And nane say, "Wae's me for him."
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be that winna dance
  The reel o' Tullochgorum.

BONNIE MARY OF ARGYLE.

Words by C. Jefferys.

Music by S. Nelson.
Arranged by T. S. Gleadhill.

Voice.

Piano-Forte.

Andantino.

p

1. I have heard the ma - vis sing - ing His
2. Tho' thy voice may lose its sweet - ness, And thine

mf *p*

love song to the morn; I have seen the dew - drop cling - ing To the
eye its bright - ness too; Tho' thy step may lack its fleet - ness, And thy

rose just new - ly born: But a sweet - er song has cheer'd me, At the
hair its sun - ny hue: Still to me wilt thou be dear - er Than

eve - ning's gen - tle close; And I've seen an eye still bright - er Than the
all the world shall own; I have lov'd thee for thy beau - ty, But

cres.

dew - drop on the rose: 'Twas thy voice, my gen - tle Ma - ry, And thine
not for that a - lone: I have sought thy heart, dear Ma - ry, And its

f *p*

art - less win - ning smile, That made this world an E - den, Bon - nie
good - ness was the wile That has made thee mine for e - ver, Bon - nie

Ma - ry of Ar - gyle.
Ma - ry of Ar - gyle.

mf

THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.

Author of Words unknown. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

mf *fz*

1. There
2. But

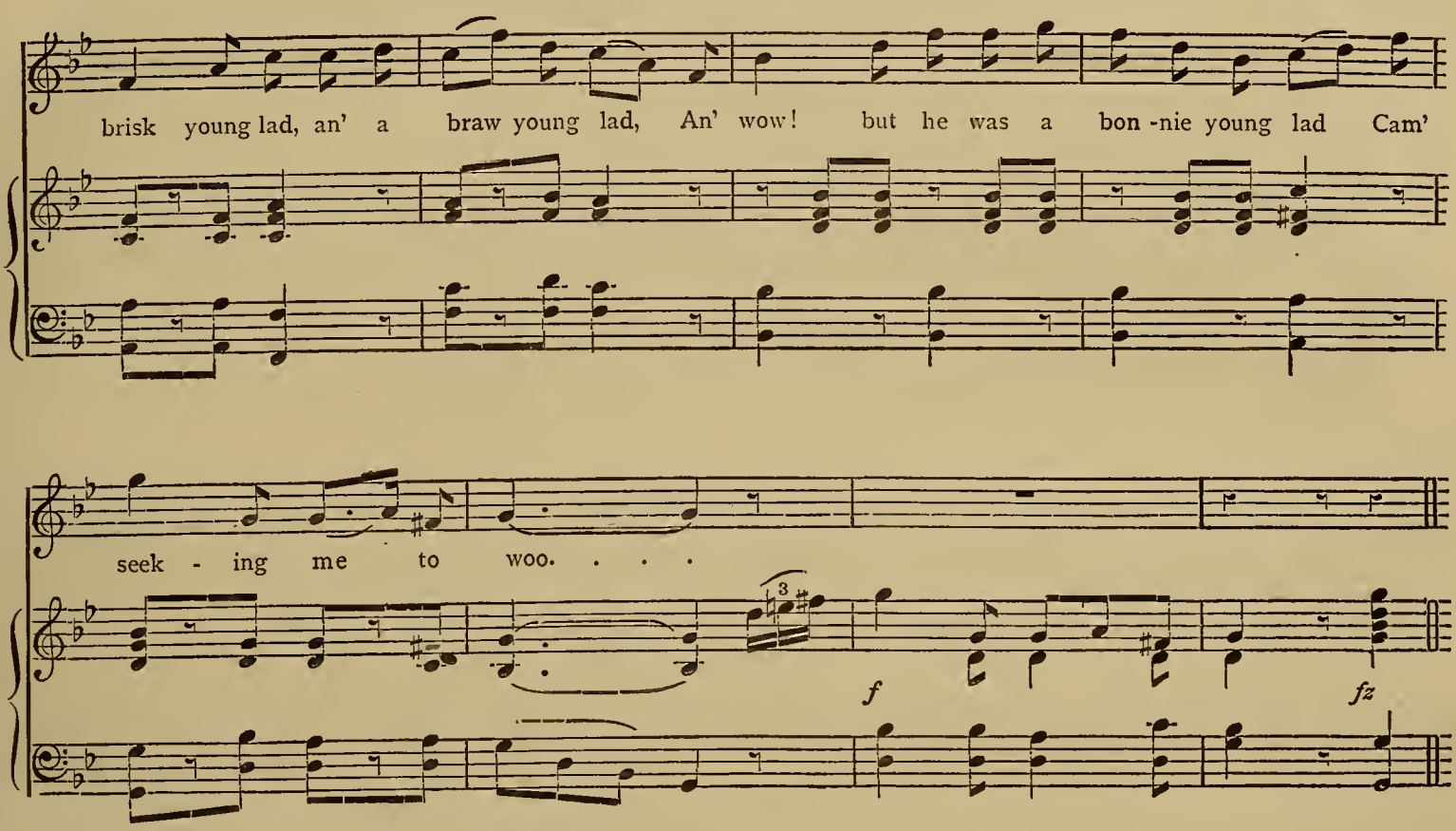
cam' a young man to my dad - die's door, My dad - die's door, my
I . . . was bak - - ing when . . he cam', When . . he cam',

p

dad - die's door, There cam' a young man to my dad - die's door, Cam'
when he cam', I took him in and gae him a scone, To

seek - ing me to woo. . . .
thaw his fro - zen mou. . . .
And wow! but he was a bon- nie young lad, A

mf



III.

I set him in aside the bink;
I gied him bread and ale to drink;
But ne'er a blythe styme wad he blink
Till he was warm an' fu'.
And wow! but he was, &c.

IV.

Gae get you gane, you cauldrife wooer!
You sour-looking, cauldrife wooer!
I straightway show'd him to the door,
Saying, 'Come nae mair to woo.'
And wow! but he was, &c.

V.

There lay a deuk-dub before the door,
Before the door, before the door;
There lay a deuk-dub before the door,
An' there fell he, I trow!
And wow! but he was, &c.

VI.

Out cam' the gudeman an' heigh he shouted;
Out cam' the gudewife an' laigh she louted;
An' a' the toun neebours were gather'd about it,
An' there lay he, I trow!
And wow! but he was, &c.

VII.

Then out cam' I an' sneer'd an' smiled,
'Ye cam' to woo but ye're a' beguiled;
Ye've faun in the dirt and ye're a' befyled,
We'll hae nae mair o' you!'
And wow! but he was, &c

MARY OF CASTLECARY.

Words by HECTOR MACNEIL. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andante.

p

1. O, saw ye my wee thing, saw ye mine ain thing? Saw ye my true love, down on yon lea? Cross'd she the mea - dow yes - treen at the gloa - min'? Sought she the burn - ie where flowr's the haw - tree? Her hair it is lint - white, her

2. I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing, Nor saw I your true love, down on yon lea; But I met my bon - nie thing, late in the gloa - min', Down by the burn - ie where flowr's the haw - tree. Her hair it is lint - white, her

p

mf

skin it is milk-white ; Dark is the blue o' her saft roll-ing e'e, Red, red her ripe lips, and
skin it was milk-white ; Dark was the blue o' her saft roll-ing e'e, Red, red her ripe lips, and

sweet - er than ro - ses ; Where could my wee thing wan - der frae me ?
sweet - er than ro - ses ; Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me.

p *mf*

III.

It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,
It was na my true love ye met by the tree ;
Proud is her leal heart, and modest her nature,
She never lo'ed ony till ance she lo'ed me.
Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castlecary,
Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee ;
Fair as your face is, wer't fifty times fairer,
Young braggart, she ne'er would gie kisses to thee.

IV.

It was then your Mary, she's frae Castlecary,
It was then your true love I met by the tree ;
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me.
Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red rolling e'e !
Ye's rue sair this mornin' your boasts an your scorning ;
Defend ye, fause traitor, fu' loudly ye lie !

V.

Awa' wi' beguiling, cried the youth, smiling
Aff went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee ;
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom showing,
Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark rolling e'e.
Is it my wee thing, is it my ain thing ?
Is it my true love here that I see ?
O Jamie, forgie me, your heart's constant to me,
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

p *mf*

1. Last
2. He

May a braw woo - er cam' down the lang glen, And sair wi' his love he did
spak' o' the darts o' my bon - nie black een, And vow'd for my love he was

p

deave me; I said there was naething I ha - ted like men; The deuce gae wi' him to be -
dee - in'; I said he micht dee when he lik - ed for Jean; The guid for - gie me for

mf *p*

- lieve me, be - lieve me, The deuce gae with him to be - lieve me.
lee - in', for lee - in', The guid for - gie me for lee - in'.

mf

III.

A weel stockit mailin', himself o't the laird,
And marriage, aff hand, was his proffer;
I never loot on that I kenn'd it or cared,
But thocht I might hae a waur offer, waur offer
But thocht I might hae a waur offer.

IV.

But what do you think? in a fortnicht or less
The diel's in his taste to gang near her;
He up the Gateslack to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how, the jaud, I could bear her, could bear her,
Guess ye how, the jaud, I could bear her.

V.

But a' the next week, as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock;
And wha but my braw fickle wooer was there?
Wha glower'd as if he'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
Wha glower'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

VI.

Out ower my left shouther I gied him a blink
Lest neebors micht say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd that I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd that I was his dear lassie.

VII.

I speir'd for my cousin, fu' couthie and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin'
And how my auld shoon fitted her shauchled feet;
Guid save us, how he fell a swearin, a swearin',
Guid save us, how he fell a swearin

VIII.

He begged for gudesake I wad be his wife,
Or else I would kill him wi' sorrow;
Sae e'en to preserve the puir body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

O, WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

mf *f*

1. O,
2. Here

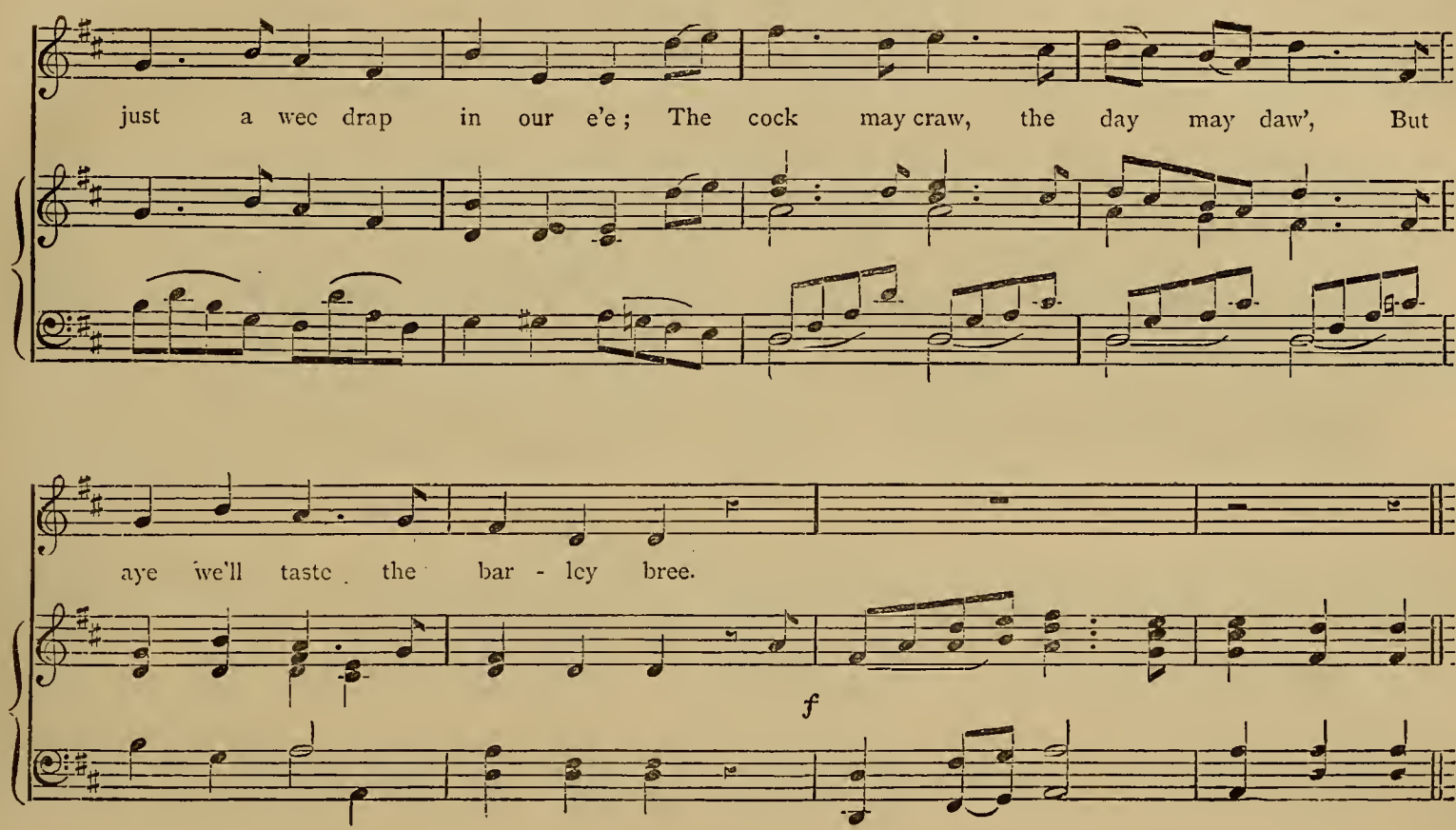
Wil - lie brew'd a peck 'o' maut, And Rob and Al - lan
are we met, three mer - ry boys; Three mer - ry boys, I

mf

cam to prie; Three bly - ther lads, that lee - lang night, Ye wad - na fand in
trow, are we; And mony a nicht we've mer - ry been, And mo - ny mae we

Chris - ten - die.
hope to be.
We are nae fou, we're no that fou, But

f



III.

It is the moon—I ken her horn—
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bricht to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee.
We are nae fou, &c.

IV.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold coward loon is he;
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three.
We are nae fou, &c.

MAGGIE LAUDER.

Words by FRANCIS SEMPLE. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

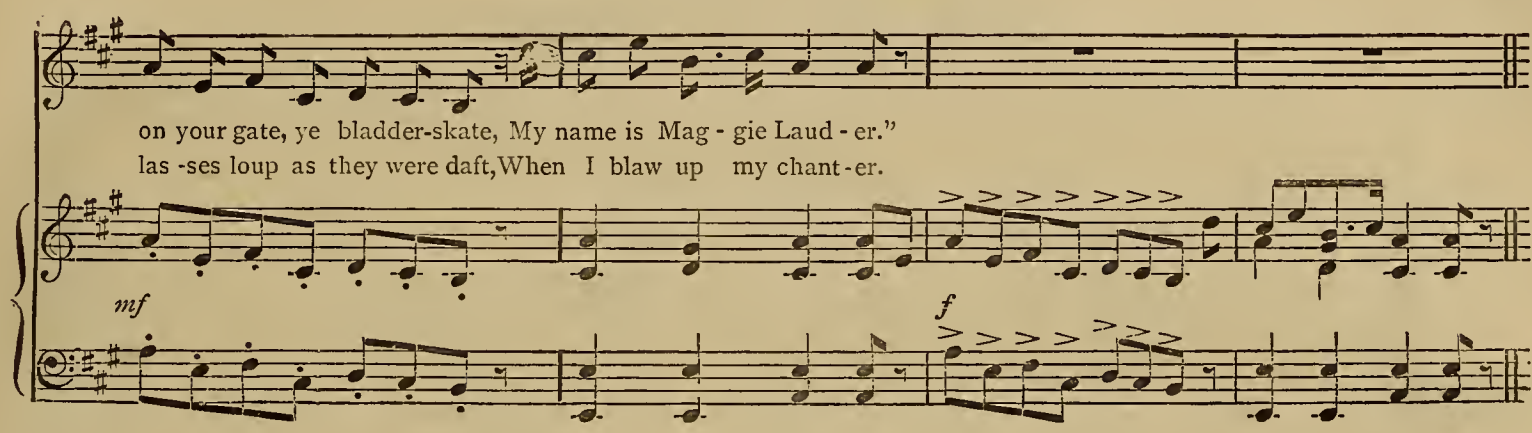
mf *f*

1. Wha wad - na be in love Wi' bon - nie Mag - gie Lau - der, A
2. Maggie, quo' he, and by my bags, I'm fid - gin' fain to see thee; Sit

p

pi - per met her gaun tae Fife, And spier'd what was't they ca'd her; Right
down by me, my bon - nie bird, In troth I win - na steer thee; For

scorn - ful - ly she an - swer'd him, 'Be gone ye hal - lan - shak - er! Jog
I'm a pi - per to my trade, My name is Rob the Ran - ter, The



III.

Piper, quo' Meg, hae ye your bags?
  Or is your drone in order?
If ye be Rob, I've heard of you,
  Live you upon the border?
The lasses a', baith far and near,
  Have heard o' Rob the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' richt gude will,
  Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

IV.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
  About the drone he twisted;
Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
  For brawly could she frisk it.
Weel done, quo' he—play up, quo' she,
  Weel bobb'd, quo' Rob the Ranter;
'Tis worth my while to play, indeed,
  When I hae sic a dancer.

V.

Weel hae ye played your part, quo' Meg,
  Your cheeks are like the crimson;
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel
  Since we lost Habbie Simson:
I've lived in Fife, baith maid and wife,
  These ten years and a quarter;
Gin ye should come to Anster fair,
  Speir ye for Maggie Lauder.

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

Author of Words unknown. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

mf *p*

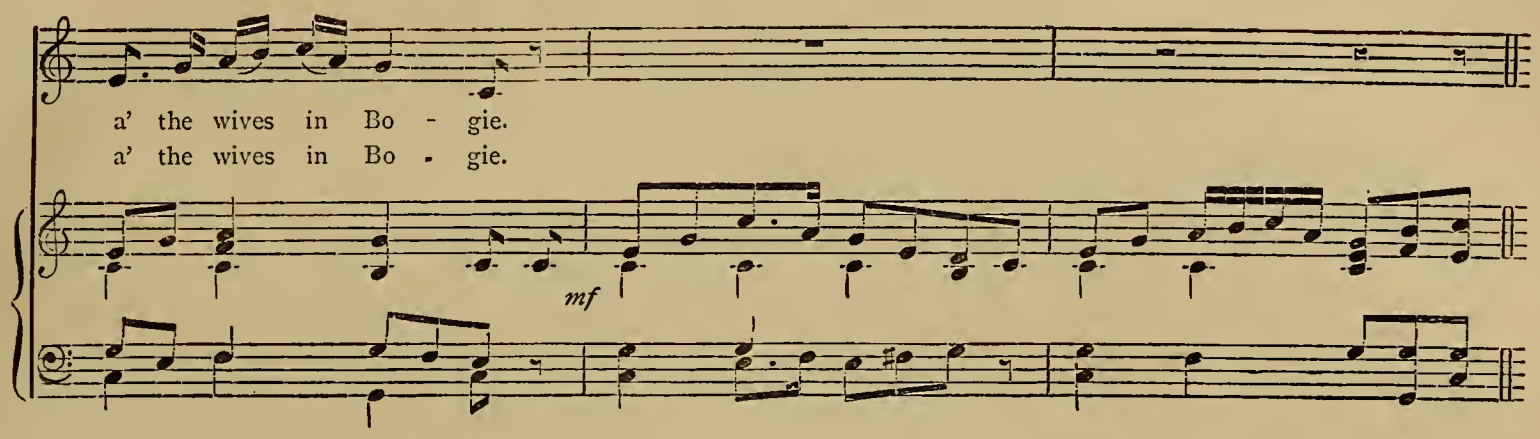
1. There's cauld kail in
2. There's Johnnie Smith has

A - ber - deen, An' cus - tocks in Stra'-bo - gie, Where il - ka lad maun hae his lass, But
got a wife, Wha' scrimps him o' his co - gie; But were she mine, up - on my life, I'd

I maun ha'e my co - gie. For I maun ha'e my co - gie, sirs, I
dook her in a bo - gie. For I maun ha'e my co - gie, sirs, I

mf

can - na want my co - gie; I wad na gie my three - gir'd cog For
can - na want my co - gie; I wad na gie my three - gir'd cog For



III.

An' twa three todlin' weans they ha'e,
The pride o' a' Stra'bogie;
Whene'er the totums cry for meat
She curses aye his cogie;
Crying, "Wae betide the three gir'd cog,
O wae betide the cogie;
It does mair skaith than a' the ills
That happen in Stra'bogie."

IV.

She found him ance at Willie Sharp's,
An' what they maist did laugh at,
She brak' the bicker, spilt the drink,
An' tightly cuff'd his haffet;
Crying, "Wae betide the three gir'd cog,
O wae betide the cogie;
It does mair skaith than a' the ills
That happen in Stra'bogie."

V.

Yet here's to ilka honest soul
Wha'll drink wi' me a cogie,
An' for ilk silly whinging fool
We'll dook him in a bogie.
For I maun hae my cogie, sirs,
I canna want my cogie;
I wadna gie my three gir'd cog
For a' the wives in Bogie.

I LO'E NA A LADDIE BUT ANE.

Words by HECTOR MACNEIL. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

p *f*

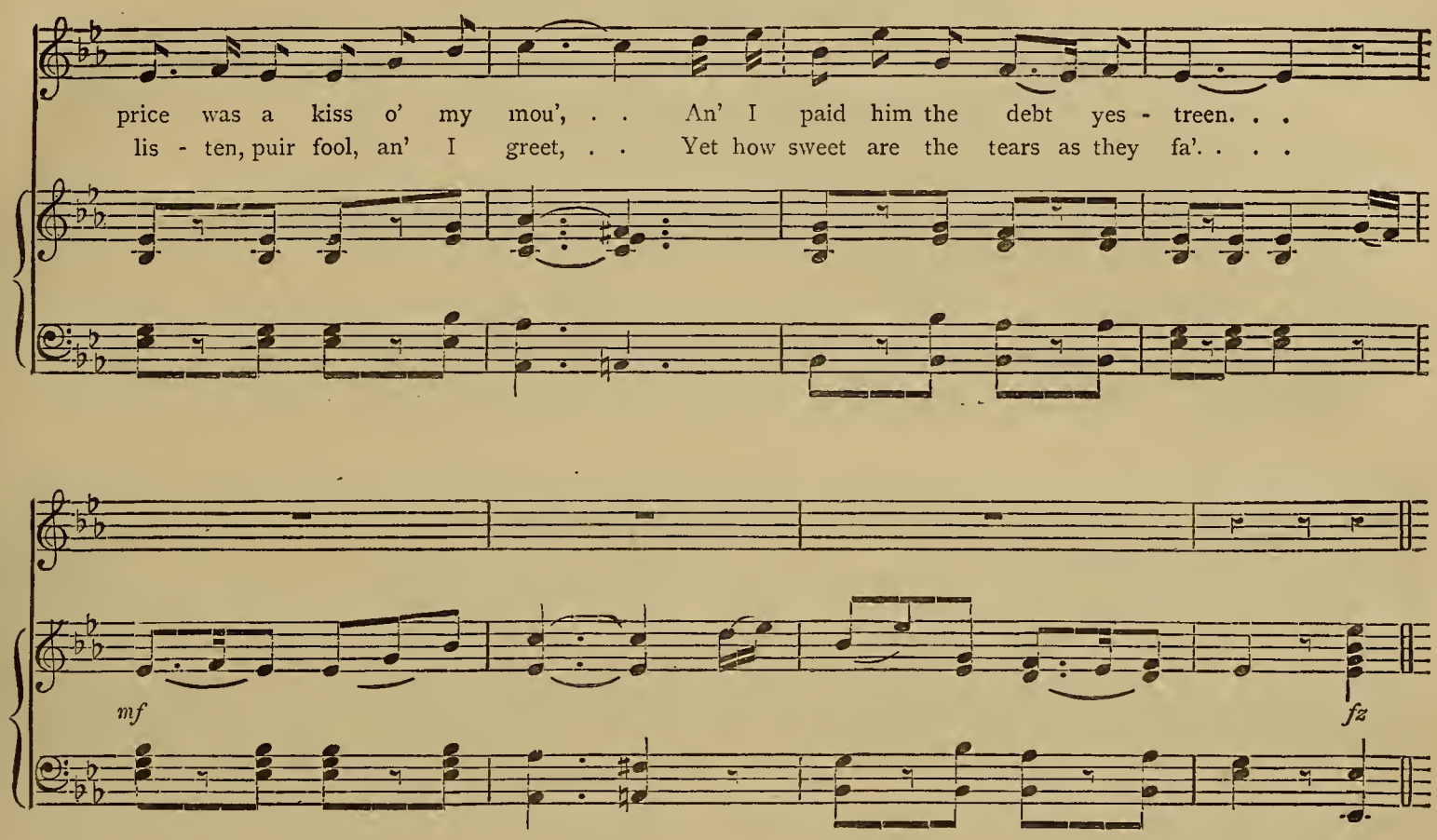
1. I
2. Let

lo'e na a lad - die but ane, . . He lo'es na a las - sic but me, . . He's
i - thers brag weel o' their gear, . . Their land, and their lord - ly de - gree; . . I

p

wil - lin' to mak me his ain, . . And his ain I am wil - lin' to be. . .
care na for aught but my dear, . . For he's il - ka thing lord - ly to me. . .

He coft me a roke - lay o' blue, . . An' a pair o' mit - tens o' green, . . The
His words are sae su - gar'd, sae sweet, . . His sense drives ilk fear far a - wa', . . I



III.

Dear lassie, he cries wi' a jeer,
  Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say;
Though we've little to brag o', ne'er fear,
  What's gowd to a heart that is wae?
Our lord has baith honours and wealth,
  Yet see how he's dwining wi' care;
How we, though we've naething but health,
  Are cantie an' leal evermair.

IV.

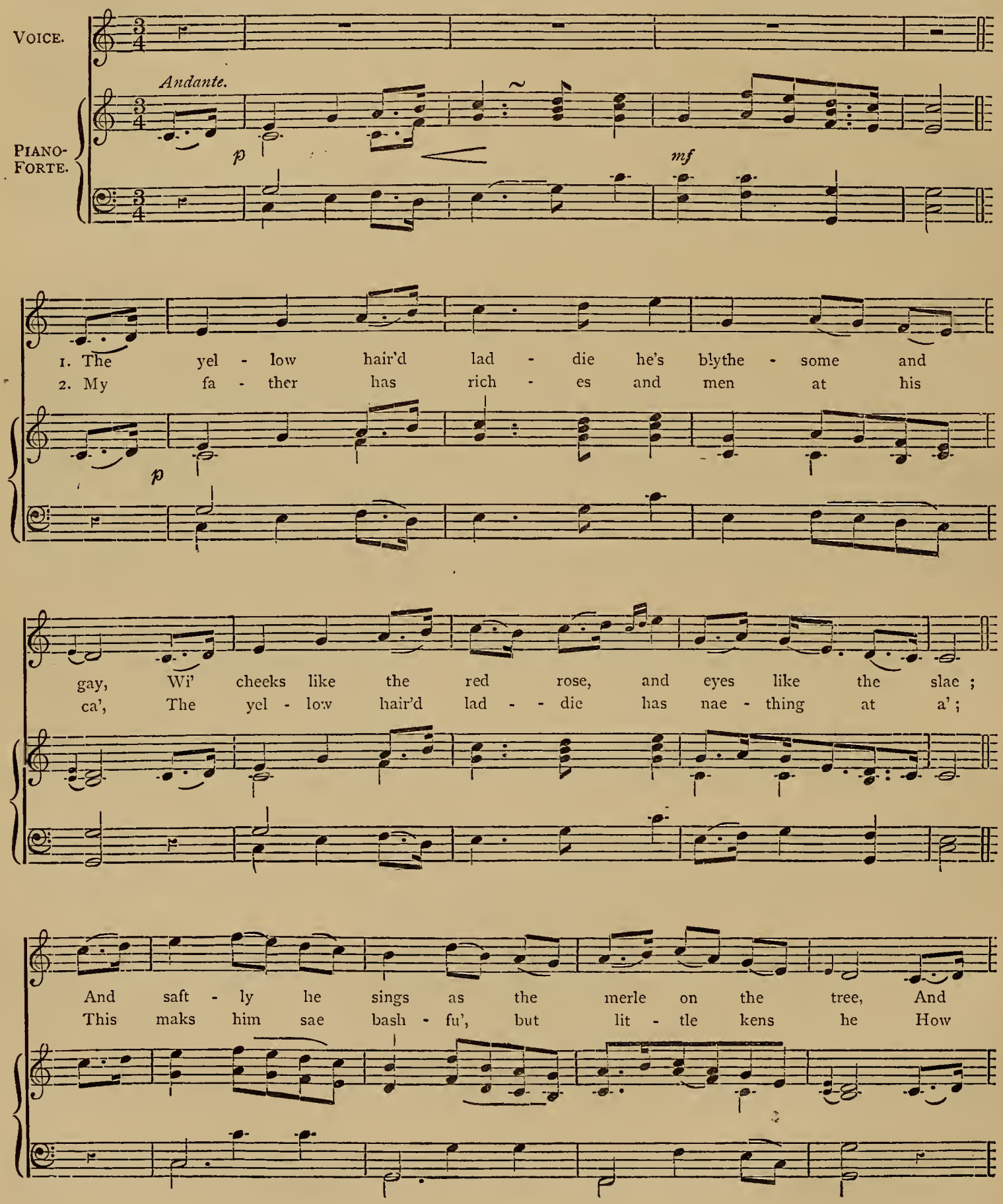
O Marion! the heart that is true
  Has something mair costly than gear;
Ilk e'en it has naething to rue,
  Ilk morn' it has naething to fear.
Ye warldlings, gae hoard up your store,
  And tremble for fear ought ye tyne;
Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, an' door,
  While here in my arms I lock mine.

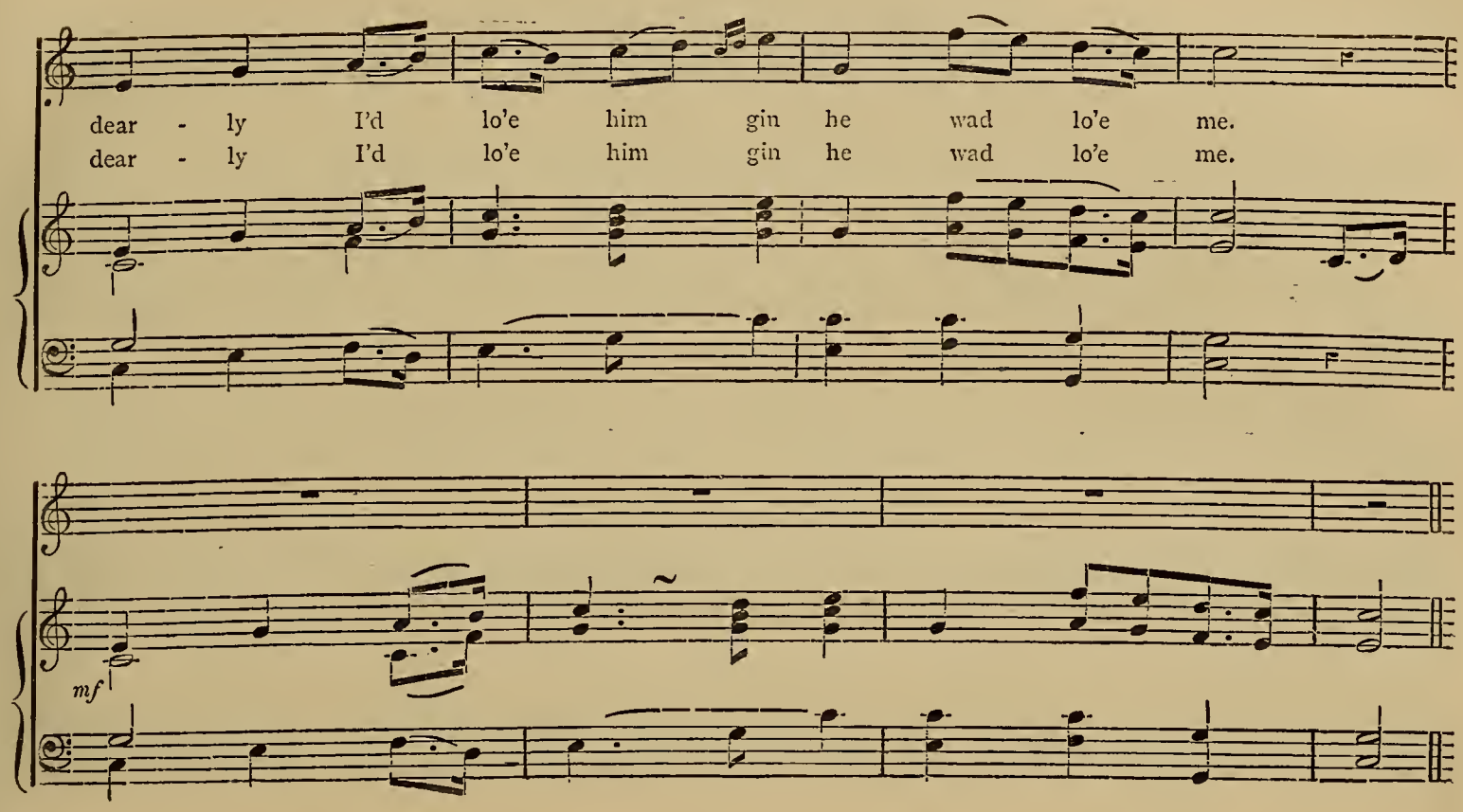
V.

He ends wi' a kiss an' a smile—
  Waes me, can I tak' it amiss?
My laddie's unpractis'd in guile,
  He's free aye to daut an' to kiss.
Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment
  Your wooers wi' fause scorn an' strife,
Play your pranks; I hae gi'en my consent,
  An this nicht I am Jamie's for life.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

Words by ALLAN RAMSAY. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.





III.

There's mealy mou'd Andrew comes up frae the mill,
And lang Will, the farmer, comes down frae the hill;
They crack wi' my faither o' markets an' kye,
As gin they thocht love wi' their siller to buy.

IV.

There's Adam, the factor, he scrapes an' he bows,
And ca's on the stars a' to witness his vows;
But he courts my tocher, and sae he is free
To marry my tocher—he'll ne'er marry me.

IN THE GARB OF OLD GAUL.

Words by Sir Henry Erskine.

Music by General Reid.
Arranged by T. S. Gleadhill.

Voice.

Piano-Forte.

Maestoso.

mf *f*

1. In the garb of old Gaul, With the fire of old Rome, From the heath - co - ver'd moun - tains of Sco - tia we come, Where the Ro - mans en - dea - vour'd our coun - try to gain, But our an - ces - tors fought and they fought not in vain.

2. No ef - fe - mi - nate cus - toms our si - news un - brace, No lux - u - ri - ous ta - bles e - ner - vate our race; Our loud soun - ding pipe breathes the true mar - tial strain, And our hearts still the old Scot - tish va - lour re - tain.

mf

f

Such our love of li - ber- ty, our coun - try and our laws, That, like our an - cestors of old, we

mf

stand by free-dom's cause ; We'll brave - ly fight, like he - roes bright, for hon-our and ap - plause, And de -

f

- fy the French with all their art to al - ter our laws.

ff

III.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
So are we enraged when we rush on our foes;
We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.
Such our love, &c.

IV.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
Are swift as the roe which the hound doth assail;
As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear,
Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.
Such our love, &c.

V.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance;
But when our claymores they saw us produce,
Their courage did fail, and they sued for a truce.
Such our love, &c.

VI.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease;
May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase;
And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find
That our friends still prove true, and our beauties prove kind.
Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our laws,
And teach our late posterity to fight in freedom's cause,
That they like our bold ancestors, for honour and applause,
May defy the French with all their art to alter our laws.

THE KAIL BROSE OF AULD SCOTLAND.

Words by ALEX. WATSON. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

mf

1. When our
2. When

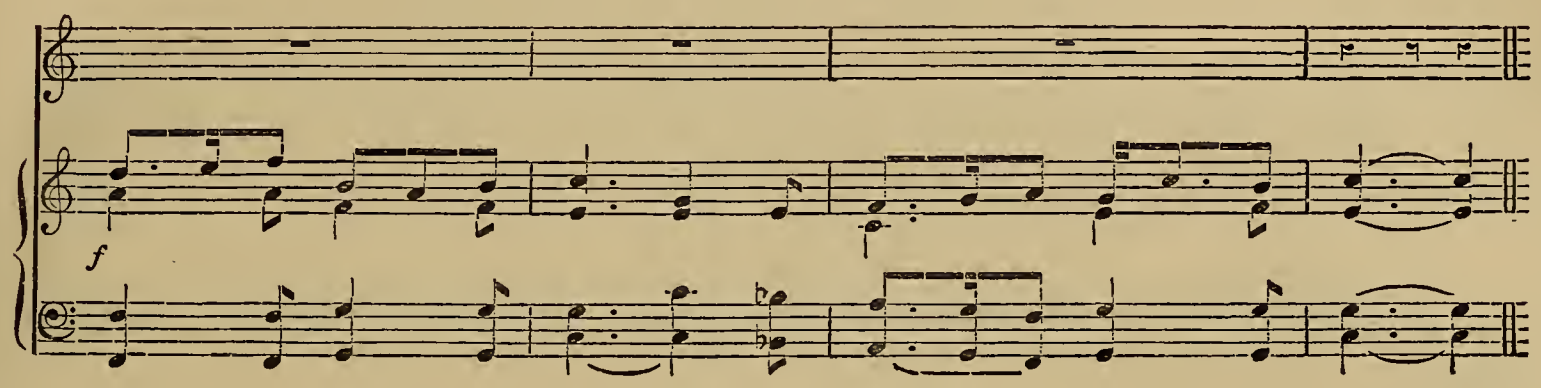
an - cient fore - fa - thers a - greed wi' the laird For a spot o' guid ground for to
Fer - gus, the first of our kings, I sup - pose, At the head of his no - bles had

p

be a kail - yard, It was to the brose that they paid their re - gard.
van - quish'd our foes.— Just be - fore they be - gan they'd been feast - ing on brose.

Oh, the kail brose of auld Scot - land, And oh, for the Scot - tish kail brose. . .

f



III.

Then our sodgers were dress'd in their kilts and short hose,
With bonnet and belt, which their dress did compose,
And a bag of oatmeal on their back to make brose.
Oh, the kail brose, &c.

IV.

In our free early ages, a Scotsman could dine
Without English roast beef, or famous French wine;
Kail brose, when weel made, he aye thocht it divine
Oh, the kail brose, &c.

V.

At our annual election of bailies, or mayor,
Nae kickshaws of puddin's or tarts were seen there
But a cog o' kail brose was the favourite fare.
Oh, the kail brose, &c.

VI.

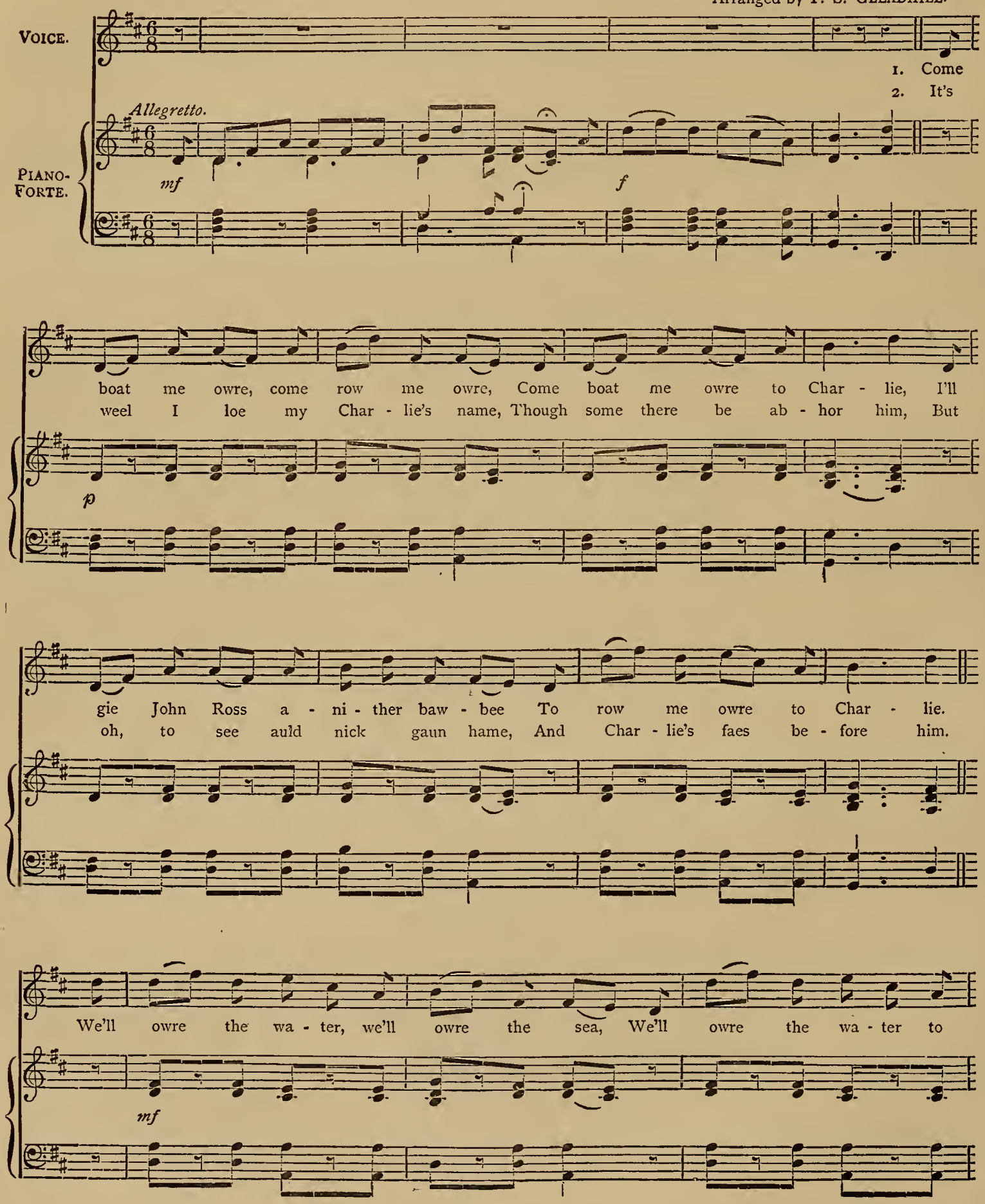
But now since the thistle is joined to the rose,
And the English nae langer are counted our foes,
We've lost a good part of our relish for brose.
Oh, the kail brose, &c.

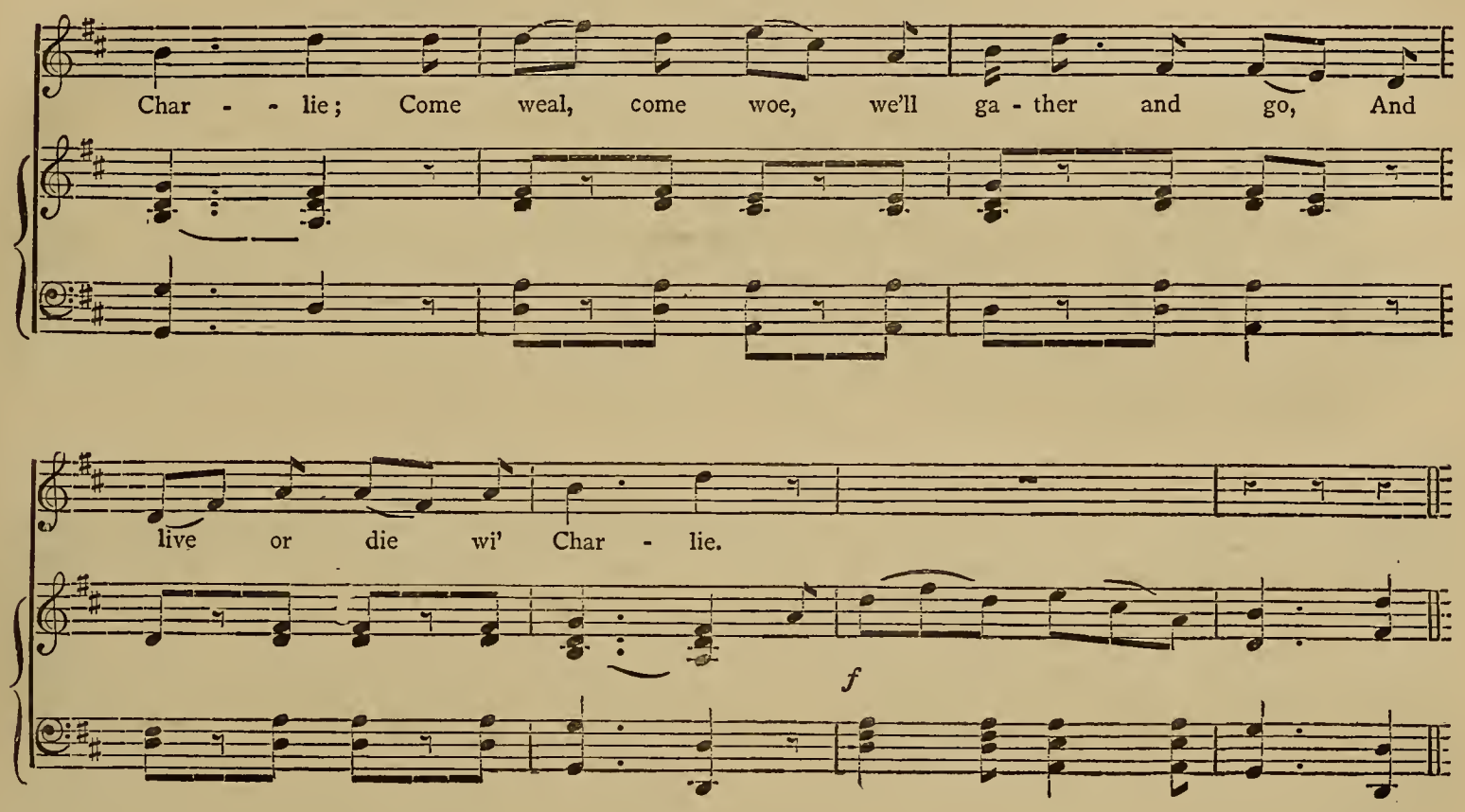
VII

But each true-hearted Scotsman, by nature jocose,
Can cheerfully dine on a dishful of brose,
And the grace be a wish to get plenty of those.
Oh, the kail brose, &c.

OWRE THE WATER TO CHARLIE.

Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.





III.

I swear by moon and stars sae bright,
And the sun that glances early,
If I had twenty thousand lives
I'd gie them a' for Charlie.
We'll owre the water, &c.

IV.

I ance had sons, I now hae nane—
I bred them toiling sairly·
And I would bear them a' again,
And lose them a' for Charlie.
We'll owre the water, &c.

LASS GIN YE LO'E ME, TELL ME NOO.

Words by JAMES TYTLER. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

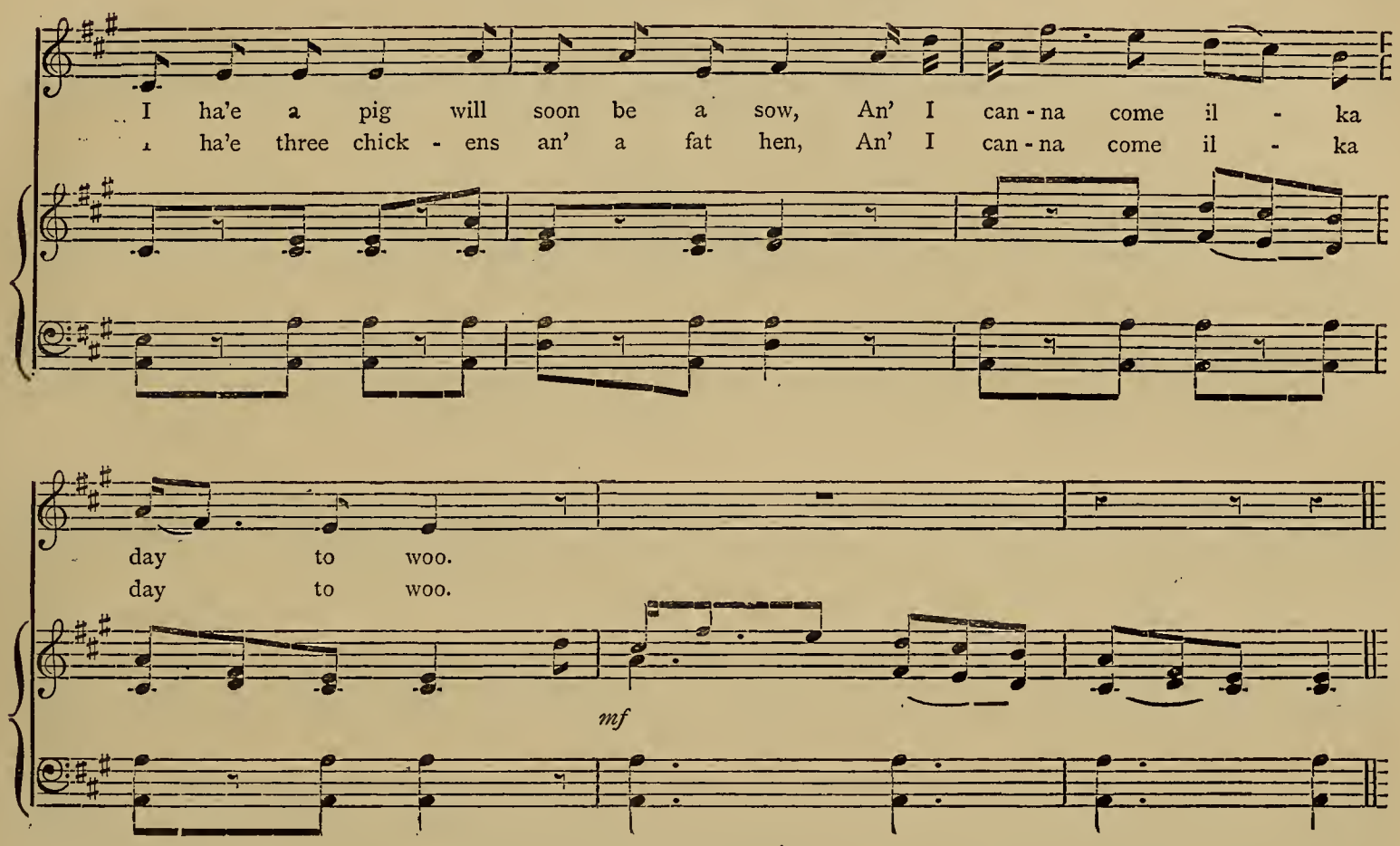
p *mf*

1. I ha'e laid a her-rin' in saut, Lass gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
2. I ha'e a house on yon - der muir, Lass gin ye lo'e me, tell me now; Three

p

I ha'e brew'd a for-pit o' maut, An' I can-na come il - ka day to woo.
sparrows may dance up - on the floor, An' I can-na come il - ka day to woo.

I ha'e a calf will soon be a cow, Lass gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
I ha'e a butt an' I ha'e a ben, Lass gin ye lo'e me, tell me now,



III.

I hae a hen wi' a happity leg,
  Lass gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
Which ilka day lays me an egg,
  An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
I hae a kebbuck upon my shelf,
  Lass gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
I downa eat it a' myself,
  An' I winna come ony mair to woo.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andantino.

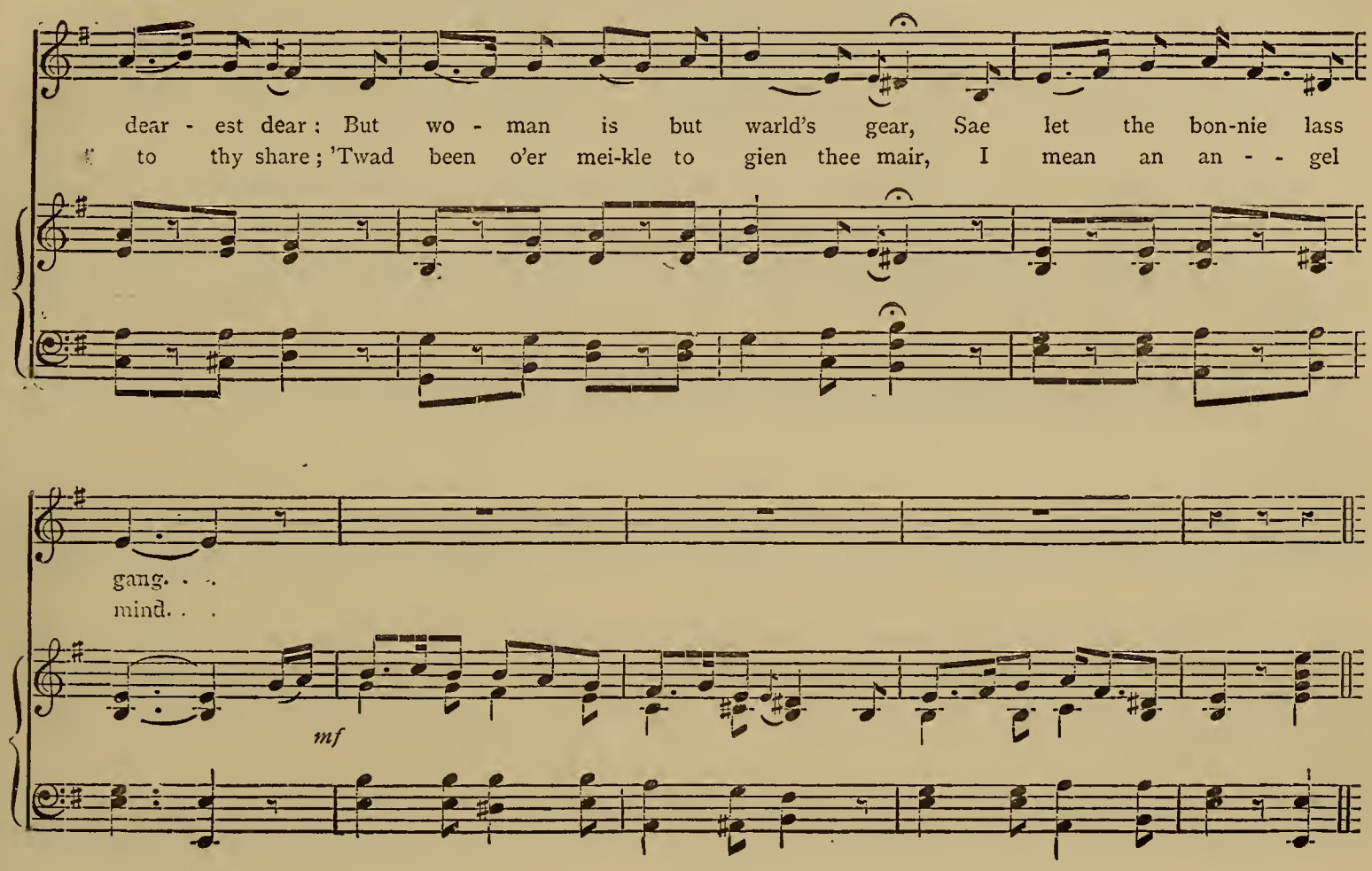
p

1. She's fair and fause that cau - ses my smart, I lo'ed her mei - kle and
2. Wha - e'er ye be that wo - - man love, To this be ne - - ver

p

lang; . . She's bro - ken her vow, she's bro - ken my heart, And I may e'en gae
blind; . . Nae fer - - lie 'tis though fic - kle she prove, A wo - man has't by

hang. . . A coof cam' in - wi' routh o' gear, And I hae tint my
kind. . . O wo - man love - ly, wo - man fair, An an - gel form's fa'n


dear - est dear: But wo - man is but warld's gear, Sae let the bon-nie lass
to thy share; 'Twad been o'er mei-kle to gien thee mair, I mean an an - - gel
gang. . .
mind. . .
mf

COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

Words by HECTOR MACNEIL. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

mf

1. Come
2. Gae

un - der my plai - die, the night's gaun to fa', Come in frae the cauld blast, the
'wa wi' your plai - die, auld Don - ald gae wa', I fear na the cauld blast, the

p

drift, and the snaw; Come un - der my plai - die and sit down be - side me, There's
drift, nor the snaw; Gae 'wa wi' your plai - die, I'll no sit be - side ye, Ye

room in't, dear las - sie, be - lieve me for twa. Come un - der my plai - die and
micht be my gut - cher! auld Don - ald gae wa. I'm gaun to meet John - nie, he's

sit down be - side me, I'll hap ye frae ev' - ry cauld blast that can blaw; Come
young and he's bon - nie, He's been at Meg's bri - dal, fu' trig and fu' braw! Nane

un - der my plai - die and sit down be - side me, There's room in't, dear las - sie, be -
dan - ces sae licht - ly, sae grace - fu' or ticht - ly, His cheek's like the new rose, his

- lieve me for twa.
brow's like the snaw.

mf

III.

Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa',
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava;
The haill o' his pack he has now on his back;
He's thretty, and I am but threescore an' twa.
Be frank now and kindly—I'll busk ye aye finely,
To kirk or to market there'll few gang sae braw;
A bien house to bide in, a chase for to ride in,
And flunkies to tend ye as aft as ye ca'.

IV.

My faither aye tell'd me, my mither an' a',
Ye'd mak' a gude husband, an' keep me aye braw;
It's true I lo'e Johnnie, he's gude and he's bonnie,
But waes me! ye ken he has naething ava!
I hae little tocher, you've made a gude offer,
I'm now mair than twenty, my time is but sma';
Sae gie me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye,
I thocht you'd been aulder than threescore an' twa.

V.

She crap in ayont him beside the stane wa',
Whar Johnnie was listenin' an' heard her tell a';
The day was appointed, his proud heart it dunted,
And struck 'gainst his side as if burstin' in twa.
He wander'd hame weary, the nicht it was dreary
And thowless, he tint his gate deep 'mang the snaw;
The howlet was screamin', while Johnnie cried "Women
Would marry Auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw!"

VI.

"O the deil's in the lasses, they gang now sae braw,
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore an' twa;
The haill o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage,
Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw!
But lo'e them I canna, nor marry I winna
Wi' ony daft lassie as fair as a queen;
Till love hae a share o't, the never a hair o't
Shall gang in my wallet at mornin' or e'en."

O DINNA THINK, BONNIE LASSIE.

Words by HECTOR MACNEIL. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Animato.

mf

1. O din - na think, bon - nie las - sie, I'm gaun to leave you;
2. It's but a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dear - ie,

Din-na think, bon - nie las - sie, I'm gaun to leave you; Din-na think, bon - nie las - sie,
But a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dear - ie, But a night an' half a day that

I'm gaun to leave you; I'll tak' a stick in - to my hand An' come a - gain and see you.
I'll leave my dea - rie; When-e'er the sun gaes west the loch I'll come a - gain and see you.

Slowly.

Far's the gate ye hae to gang, dark's the night an' ee - rie, Far's the gate ye hae to gang,
Din - na gang, my bon - nie lad, din - na gang an' leave me, Din - na gang, my bon - nie lad,

p

dark's the night an' ee - rie, Far's the gate ye hae to gang, dark's the night an' ee - rie; O
din - na gang an' leave me; When a' the lave are sound a - sleep, I am dull an' ee - rie, An'

stay this ae night wi' your love, an' din - na gang an' leave me.
a' the lee lang night I'm sad wi' thinking o' my dea - rie.

mf

III.

Brisk.—O dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you,
Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you,
Whene'er the sun gaes out o' sicht I'll come again an' see you.
Slow.—Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds blaw loud an' fear me,
Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds blaw loud an' fear me;
While the waves and winds do roar I am wae an' dreary,
And gin ye lo'e me as ye say, ye winna gang an' leave me.

IV.

Brisk.—O never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang an' leave you;
Never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang an' leave you;
Never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang an' leave you;
E'en let the warld gang as it will, I'll stay at hame an' cheer thee.
Frae his hand he cuist his stick, I winna gang an' leave you;
Threw his plaid into the neuk; never can I grieve you;
Drew his boots an' flang them by, cried my lass be cheerie,
I'll kiss the tear frae aff thy cheek, and never leave my dearie.

O WHA'S FOR SCOTLAND AND CHARLIE?

Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Animato.

mf *f*

1. O
2. It's

wha's for Scot-land and Char - - lie? O wha's for Scot-land and Char - - - lie? He's
up in the morn - ing ear - - ly, It's up in the morn - ing ear - - - ly; The

mf

come o'er the sea to his ain coun - trie, Now wha's for Scot-land and Char - lie?
bon - nie white rose, the plaid, and the hose, Are on for Scot-land and Char - lie.

A - - wa', a - wa', auld car - - - lie, A - wa', a - wa', auld
The swords are drawn now fair - - - ly, The swords are drawn now

car - - lie, Gi'e Char - lie his crown, and let him sit down Whaur
fair - - ly, The swords they are drawn, and the pipes they hae blawn A

ye've been sae lang, auld car - - lie.
pi - broch for Scotland and Char - - lie.

f

III.

The flags are fleeing fu' rarely,
The flags are fleeing fu' rarely;
And Charlie's awa'
To see his ain ha',
And to bang his faes right sairly.
Then wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
Then wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
He's come o'er the sea
To his ain countrie;
Then wha's for Scotland and Charlie?

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

Words by KING JAMES V. of Scotland. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Animato. *mf* *f* *rit.* *p*

1. There was a jol - ly beg-gar and a
2. He wad nei-ther lie in - to the barn nor

beg-ging he was bound, And he took up his quar - ters in - to a land-wart town. } And we'll
yet wad he in byre, But in a - hint the ha' door or else be - yont the fire. }

gang nae mair a ro - vin' sae late in - to the night, And we'll gang nae mair a ro - vin' let the

moon shine e'er sae bright, And we'll gang nae mair a ro - vin.'

rit. *mf* *f* *rit.*

III.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en wi' gude clean straw and hay,
Just in ahint the ha' door, and there the beggar lay.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

IV.

Up raise the gudeman's dochter, and a' to bar the door,
And there she saw the beggar man was standing on the floor.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

V.

He took the lassie in his arms, and to the neuk he ran;
Oh! hooly, hooly wi' me sir, ye'll wauken our gudeman.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

VI.

He took a horn frae his side and blew baith loud and shrill,
And four-and-twenty belted knights came skipping o'er the hill.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

VII.

And he took out his little knife, loot a' his his duddies fa',
And he stood the brawest gentleman that was amang them a'.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato

mf *p*

1. First when Maggie was my care,
2. How we live my Meg an' me,

Heav'n I thought was in her air; Now we're married speir nae mair, But whistle o'er the lave o't.
How we love and how we gree, I care - na by how few may see; Sae whistle o'er the lave o't.

Meg was meek and Meg was mild, Sweet and harm - less as a child; Wi - ser men than me's beguil'd; Sae
Wha I wish were mag - got's meat, Dish'd up in her wind - ing sheet, I could write but Meg maun see't; Sae

whistle o'er the lave o't.
whistle o'er the lave o't.

mf

WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

Author of Words unknown. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Animato.

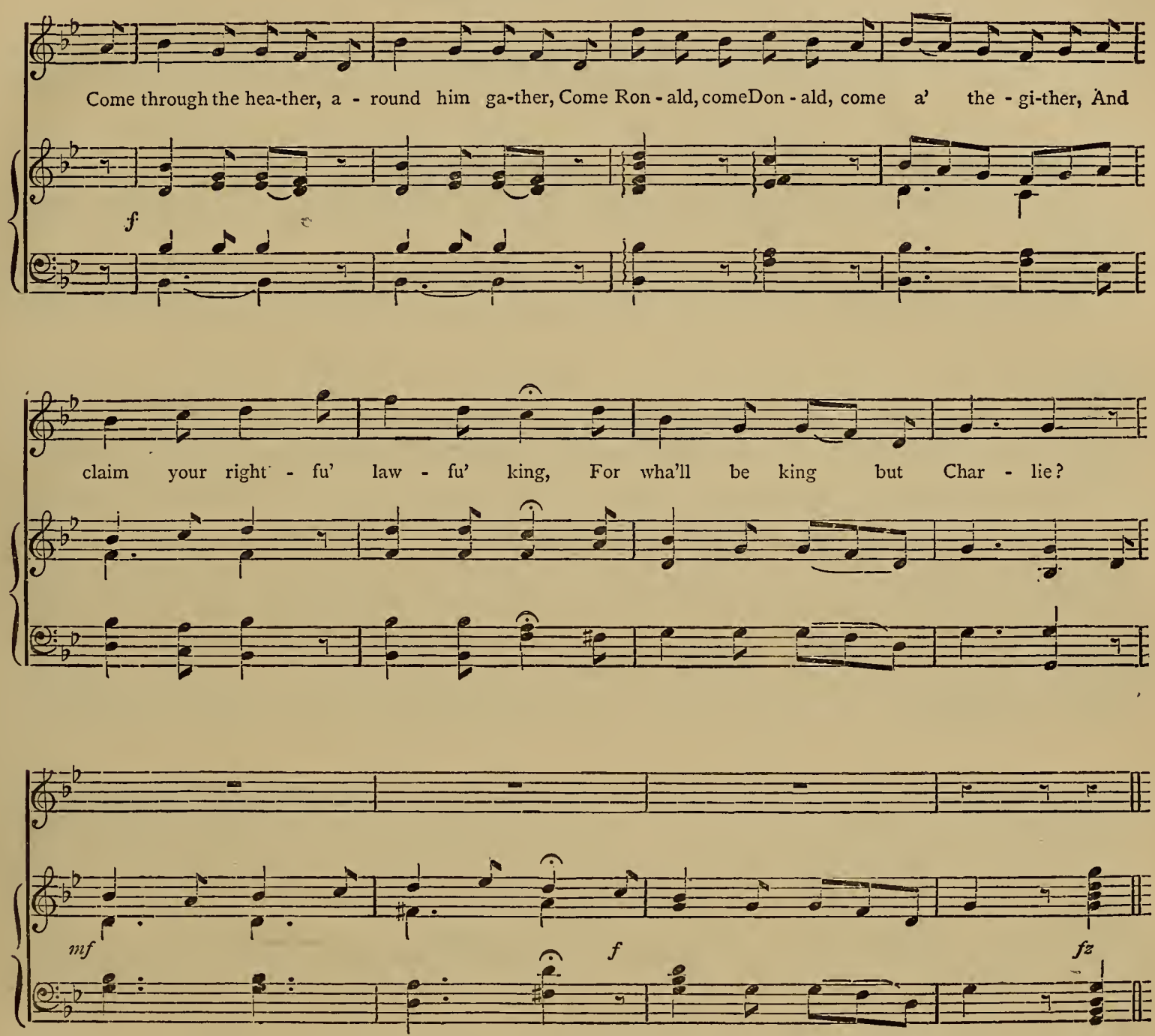
mf *f* *fz* *mf*

1. The news frae Moi-dart
2. The Highland clans wi'

cam' yes-treen, Will soon gar mo - ny fer - lie, For ships o' war ha'e just come in, And
sword in hand, Frae John o' Groats to Air - ly, Ha'e to a man de - clared to stand Or

lan - ded roy - al Char - lie.
fa' wi' roy - al Char - lie.
} Come through the hea-ther, a -round him gather, Ye're a' the wel - comer

ear - ly; A - round him cling wi' a' your kin', For wha'll be king but Char - lie?



III.

The Lowlands a', baith great an' sma',
Wi' mony a lord an' laird, hae
Declared for Scotia's king an' law,
An' speir ye wha but Charlie?
Come through the heather, &c.

IV.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land
But vows, baith late an' early,
To man she'll ne'er gie heart or han'
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.
Come through the heather, &c.

V.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
An' be't complete an' early;
Her very name our heart's blood warms—
To arms for Royal Charlie
Come through the heather, &c.

FAREWELL TO LOCHABER.

Words by ALLAN RAMSAY. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andante.

p *rit.* *p*

1. Fare - well to Loch - a - - ber, fare - well to my Jean, Where heart - some wi' her I hae mo - ny day been; For Loch - a - ber no more, Loch - a - ber no more, We'll - may be re - turn to Loch - a - ber no more.

2. Though hur - ri - canes rise, though rise ev' - ry wind, No tem - pest can e - - qual the storm in my mind; Though loud - est of thun - ders or loud - er waves roar, There's nae - thing like leav - in' my love on the shore.

These tears that I shed they are all for my dear, And no for the
To leave thee be - hind me my heart is sair pain'd, But by ease that's in

dan - gers at - tend - in' on weir; Tho' borne on rough seas to a
- glo - rious no fame can be gain'd; And beau - ty and love's the re -

far dis - tant shore, May - be to re - turn to Loch - a - ber no more.
ward of the brave; And I maun de - serve it be - fore I can crave.

mf *rit.*

III.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee;
And losing thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
And, if I should chance to come glorious hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

HEATHER JOCK.

Author of Words unknown. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

f *mf*

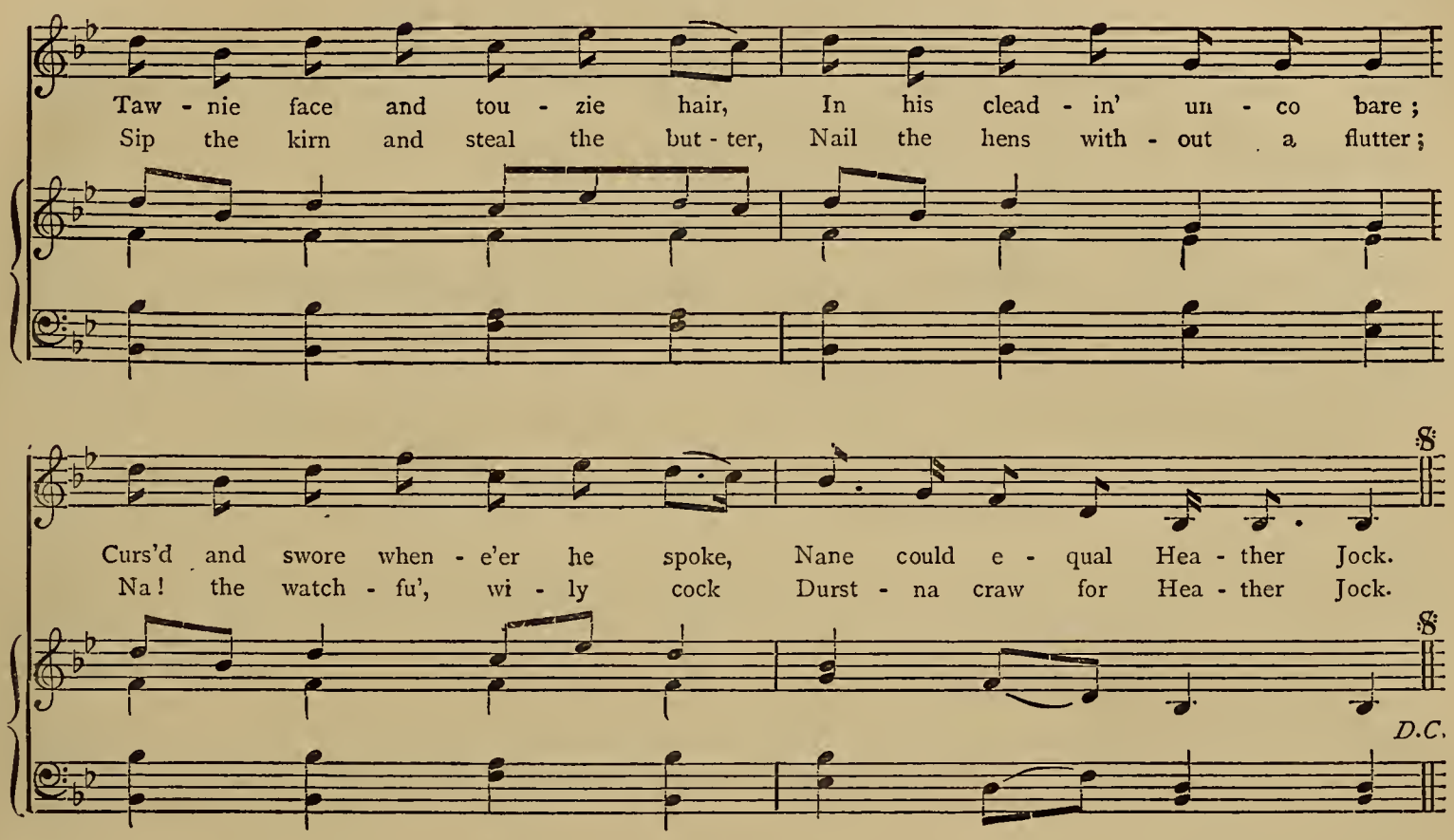
Hea - ther Jock's noo a - wa',

Hea - ther Jock's noo a - wa'; The muir - cock noo may crouse-ly craw, Since Heather Jock's noo a - wa'.

f *p*

1. Hea-ther Jock was stark and grim, Fought wi' a' would fecht wi' him,
2. Jock kent il - ka bore and bole, Could creep through a wee bit hole,

Swank and sup - ple, sharp and thin, Fine for gaun a - gainst the win.'
Quiet - ly pil - fer eggs and cheese, Dunts o' ba - con, skeps o' bees.



III.

Eppie Blaikie lost her gown,
She coft sae dear at borough town;
Sandy Tamson's Sunday wig
Left the house to run the rig.
Jenny Baxter's blankets a'
Took a thocht to gang awa',
And a' the weans' bit printed frocks—
Wha was the thief but Heather Jock.

IV.

Jock was nae religious youth,
For at the priest he thraw'd his mouth;
He wadna say a grace, nor pray,
But play'd his pipes on Sabbath day.
Robb'd the kirk o' bann an' book,
Everything would lift he took;
He didna leave the weathercock,
Sic a thief was Heather Jock.

V.

Nane wi' Jock could draw a tricker,
'Mang the muirfowl he was sicker;
He watched the wild ducks at the springs,
And hanged the hares in hempen' strings;
Blaz'd the burns and spear'd the fish,
Jock had mony a dainty dish—
The best o' muirfowl an' blackcock
Aye graced the board of Heather Jock.

VI.

Nane wi' Jock had ony say
At the neive or cudgel play;
Jock for bolt or bar e'er staid,
Till ance the jail his courage laid.
Then the judge without delay
Sent him aff to Botany Bay,
And bade him mind the laws he broke,
And never mair play Heather Jock.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

Words by JAMES HOGG. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

mf

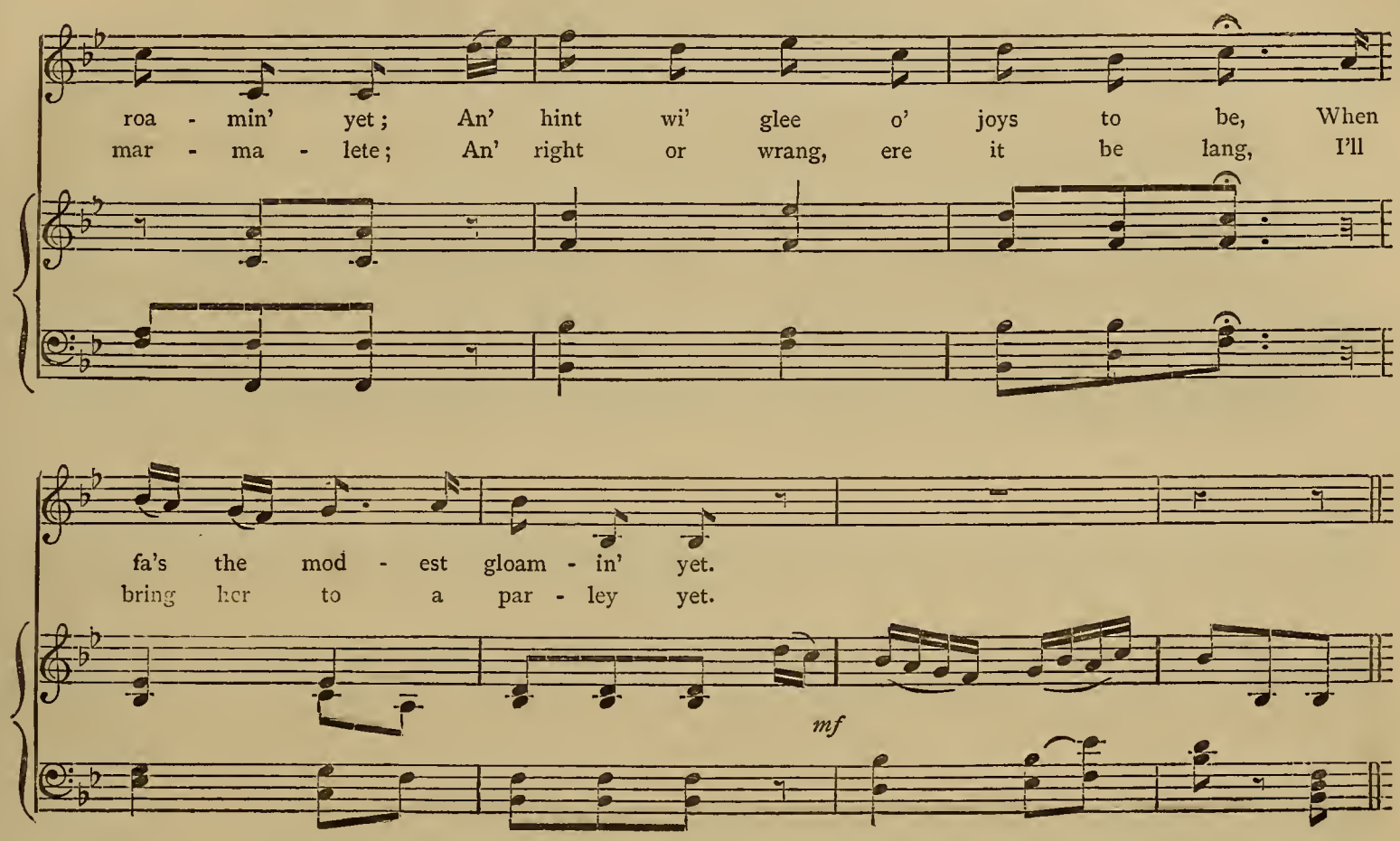
1. My
2. She's

love she's but a las - sie yet, A light - some love - ly las - sie yet; It
nei - ther proud nor sau - cy yet, She's nei - ther plump nor gau - cy yet; But

p

scarce wad do to sit an' woo, Down by the stream sae glas - sy yet.
just a jin - kin', bon - nie blin - kin', Hil - ty - skil - tie las - sie yet.

But there's a braw time com - in' yet, When we may gang a
But O her art - less smile's mair sweet Than hin - ny or than



III.

I'm jealous o' what blesses her,
The very breeze that kisses her;
The flow'ry beds on which she treads,
  Though wae for ane that misses her.
Then O to meet my lassie yet,
Up in yon glen sae grassy yet;
For a' I see are nought to me
  Save her that's but a lassie yet.

BLYTHE, BLYTHE AND MERRY WAS SHE.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

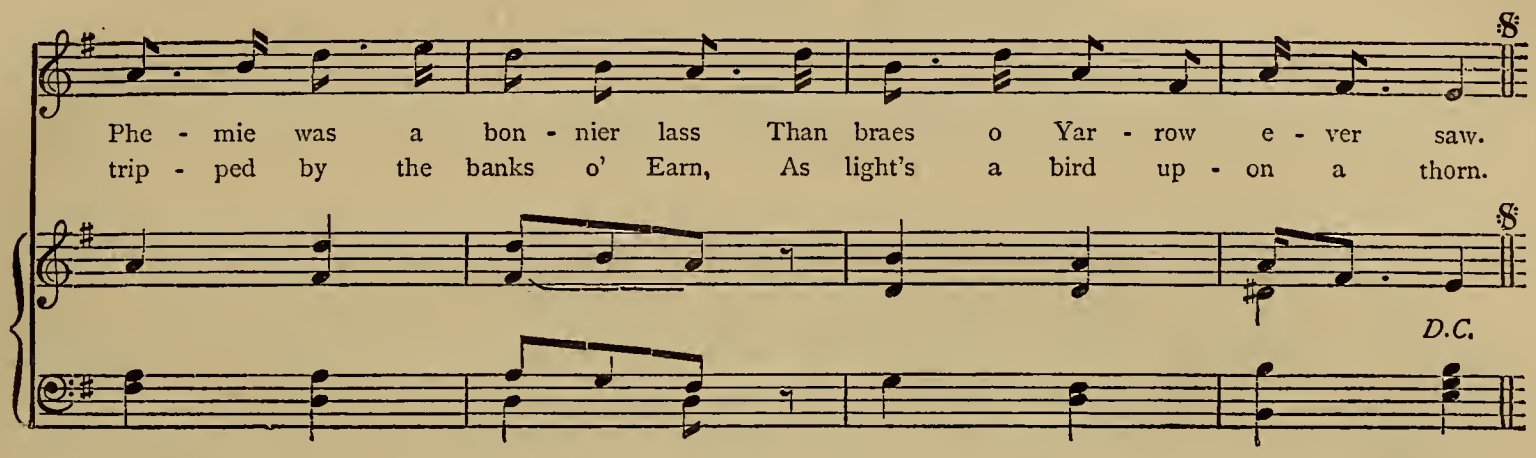
f *mf*

Blythe, blythe and mer - ry was she, Blythe was she but and ben; Blythe by the banks of Earn, And blythe in Glen - tur - rit glen.

f

1. By Och - ter - tyre there grows the aik, On Yar - row braes the bir - ken shaw; But
2. Her looks were like a flow'r in May, Her smile was like a sum - mer morn; She

mf



III.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lea;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
As the blink o' Phemie's e'e.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

IV.

The Highland hills I 've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lowlands I ha'e been;
But Phemie was the blythest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

Words by W. CRAWFORD, Esq. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andante.

mf

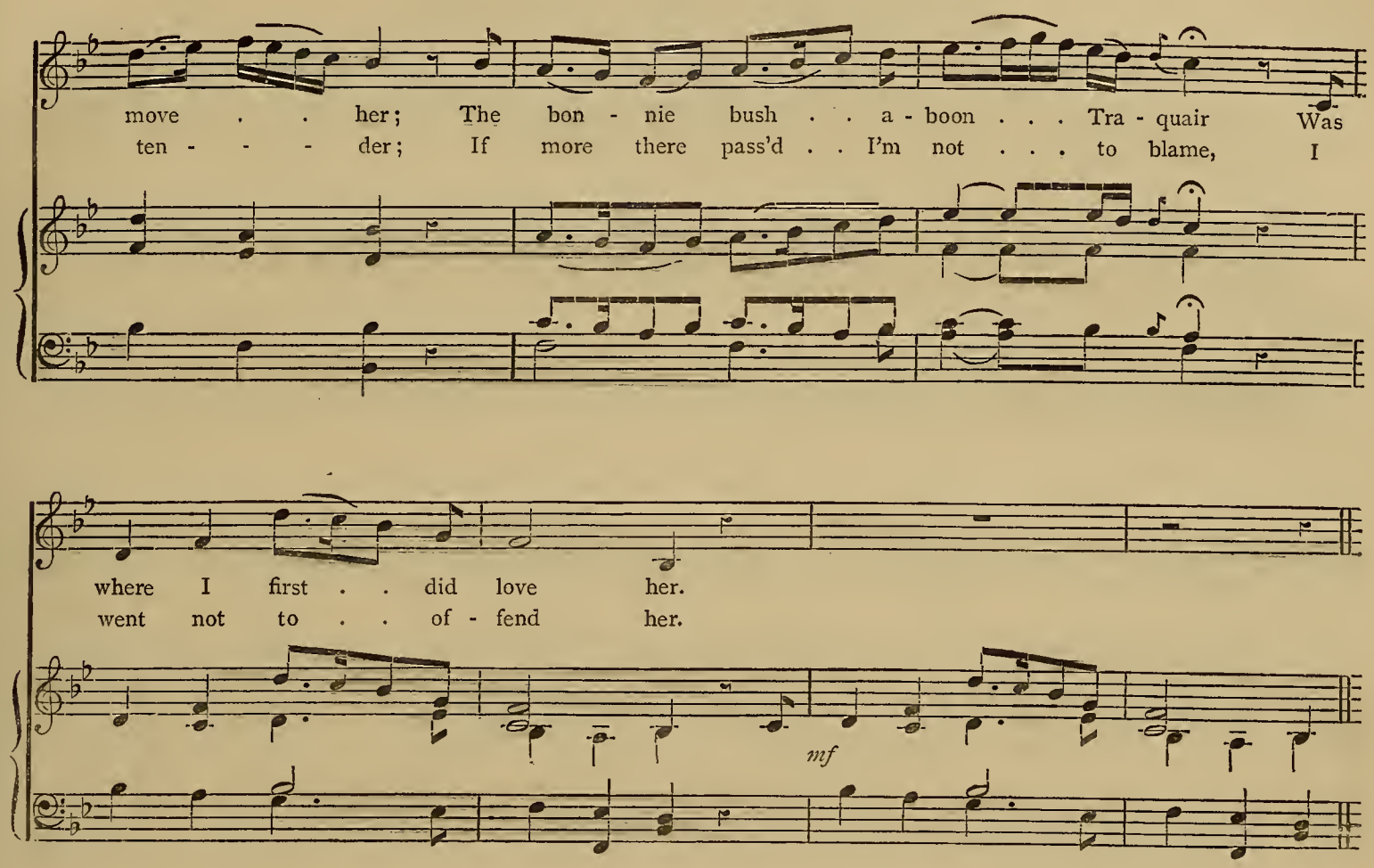
1. Hear
2. That

me ye nymphs, and ev' - - - ry swain, I'll tell how Peg - gy grieves me; Tho'
day she smiled and made me glad, No maid seem'd e - - ver kind - er; I

p

thus I lan - guish and . . . complain, A - las! she ne'er . . be - lieves me.
thought my - self the luck - - - iest lad, So sweet - ly there . . to find her.

My vows . . and sighs, like si - lent air, Un - heed - ed ne - - ver
I tried to soothe my am' - rous flame, In words that I thought



III.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet she shows disdain,
And looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonnie bush bloom'd fair in May,
Its sweets I'll aye remember,
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

IV.

Ye rural pow'rs who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender;
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander

O THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

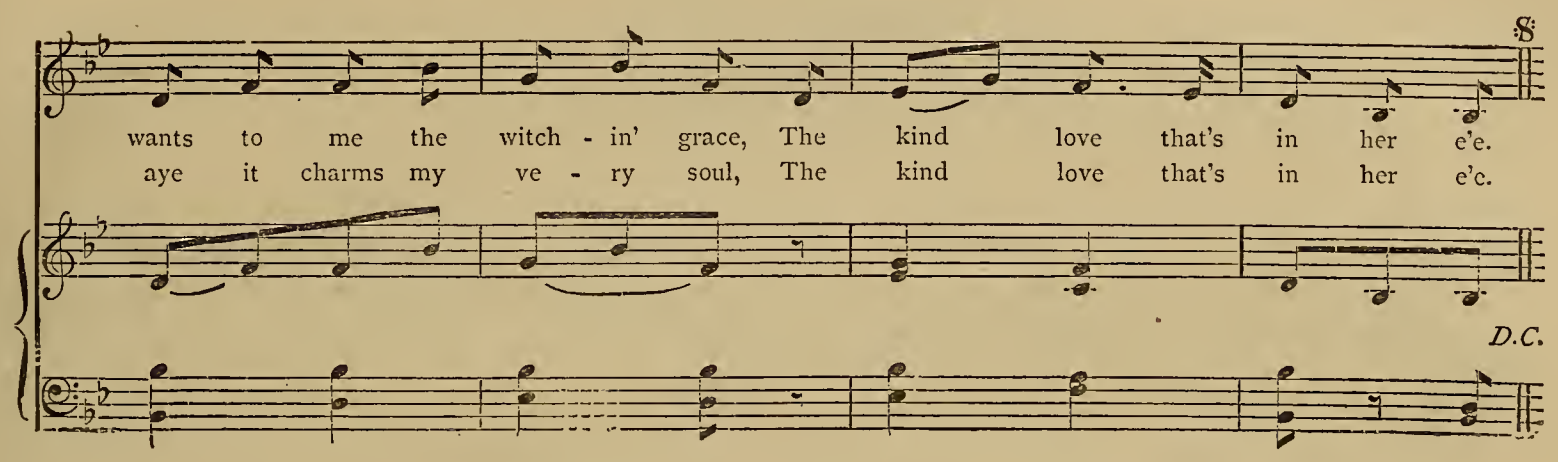
Allegretto.

mf *p*

O this is no my ain las - sie, Fair . . tho' the las - sie be; O weel ken I my ain las - sie, Kind . . love is in her e'e.

mf *Fine.*

1. I see a form, I see a face, Ye weel may wi' the fair - est place; It
2. She's bon - nie, bloom - in', straight, and tall, An' lang has had my heart in thrall; An'



III.

A thief sae pawky is my Jean,
She'll steal a blink by a' unseen ;
But gleg as light are lovers' een
When kind love is in the e'e.
O this is no my ain lassie, &c.

IV.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But weel the watchin' lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O this is no my ain lassie, &c.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

Words by RICHARD HEWITT. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Larghetto.

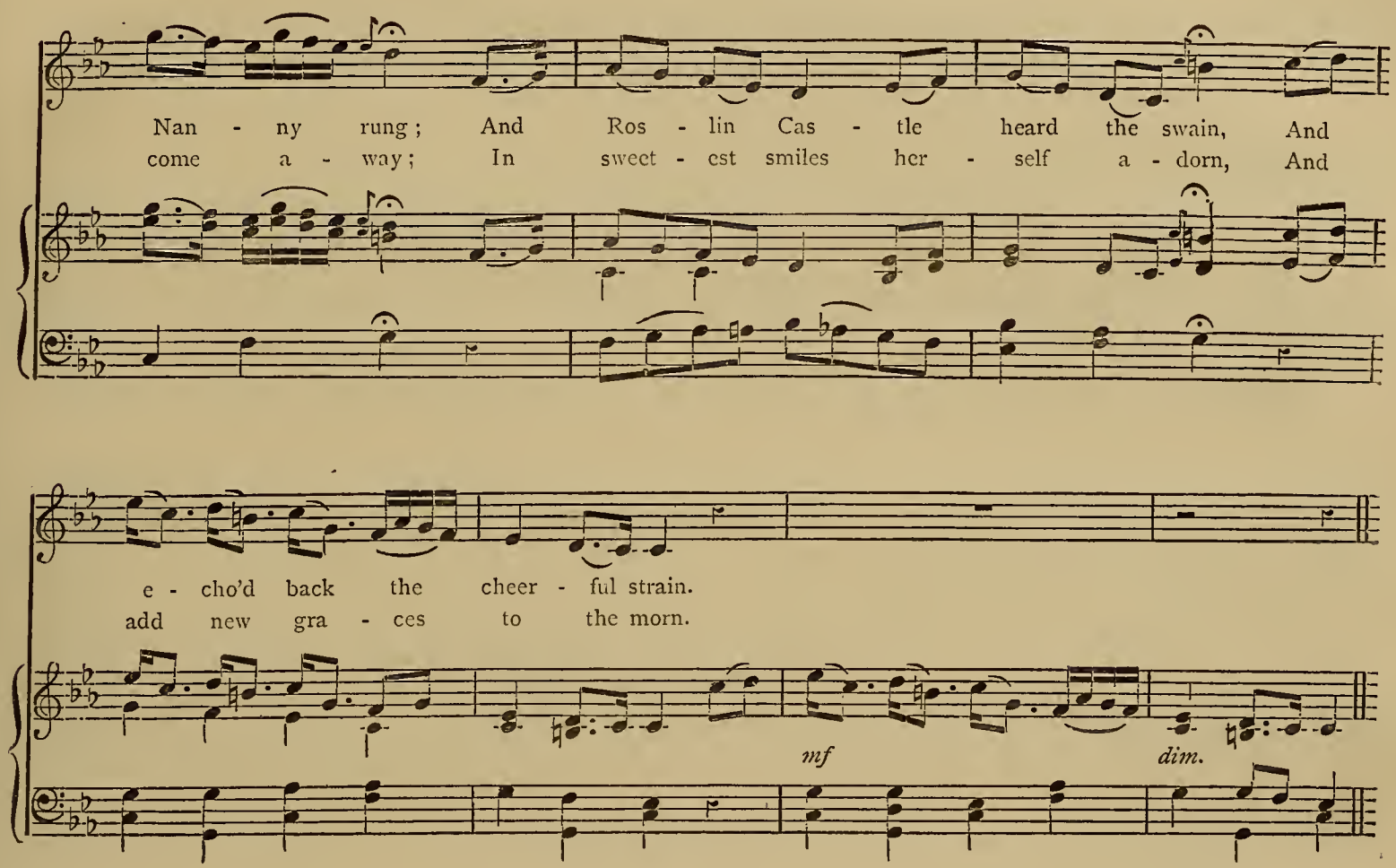
p

1. 'Twas
2. A -

in the sea - son of the year, When all things gay and sweet ap-pear, That
- wake, sweet muse, the breath - ing spring With rap - ture warms, a - wake and sing; A -

Co - lin with the morn - ing ray A - rose and sung his ru - ral lay.
- wake and join the vo - cal throng Who hail the morn - ing with a song.

Of Nan - ny's charms the shep - herd sung, The hills and dales with
To Nan - ny raise the cheer - ful lay, O bid her haste and



III.

O hark, my love, on every spray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song.
Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

IV.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away!
Come while the muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine.
O hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring;
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd breast of mine.

O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA', WILLIE.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

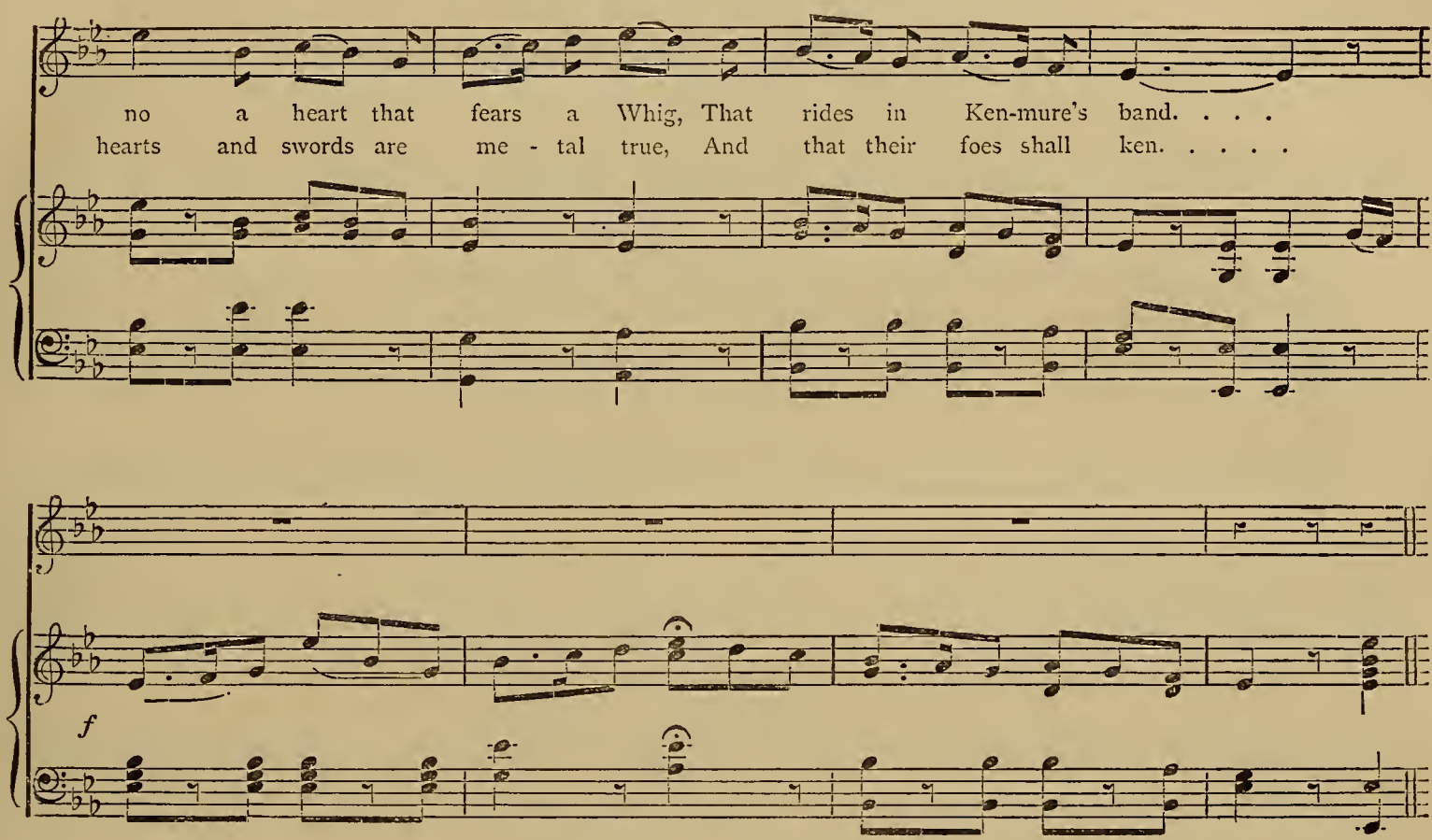
mf

1. O Kenmure's on and a - wa', Wil-lie, O Kenmure's on and a - wa, ... And
2. Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Wil-lie, Here's Kenmure's health in wine, ... There

mf

Kenmure's lord's the bra - vest lord That e - ver Gal - loway saw. . . . . .
ne'er was a coward o' Ken-mure's blude, Nor yet o' Gor - don's line. . . . . .

Suc - cess to Kenmure's band, Wil-lie, Suc - cess to Kenmure's band, . . . There's
O Ken - mure's lads are men, Wil-lie, O Ken - mure's lads are men, . . . Their



III.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie,
They'll live or die wi' fame;
But soon wi' sounding victorie
May Kenmure's lord come hame.
Here's him that's far awa', Willie,
Here's him that's far awa';
And here's the flower that I lo'e best,
The rose that's like the snaw.

O WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

Words by W. WALKINSHAW. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

mf *f*

1. O
2. He

Wil-lie was a wan-ton wag, The blythest lad that e'er I saw; At bri-dals still he bore the brag, And
was a man with-out a clag, His heart was frank without a flaw; And aye what-e-ver Wil-lie said, It

p

car-ried aye the gree a-wa'. His doub-let was o' Zet-land shag, And vow! but Wil-lie he was braw; And
still was hal-den as a law. His boots they were made o' the jag, When he gaed to the wap-pin-shaw, Up-

mf

at his shouther hung a tag That pleased the lasses best o' a'.
-on the green nane durst him brag, The fient a ane a-mang them a'.

mf *f*

O WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

III.

And was na Willie weel worth gowd,
  He wan the love o' great an' sma';
For, after he the bride had kiss'd,
  He kiss'd the lassies halesale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
  When by the hand he led them a';
And smack on smack on them bestow'd
  By virtue o' a standing law.

IV.

And was na Willie a great loon,
  As shyre a lick as e'er was seen;
When he danced wi' the lassies round
  The bridegroom spier'd where he had been.
Quoth Willie, I've been at the ring,
  Wi' bobbin', faith, my shanks are sair;
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
  For Willie he dow do nae mair.

V.

Then rest ye, Willie, I'll gae out
  And for a wee fill up the ring;
But shame light on his supple snout,
  He wanted Willie's wanton fling.
Then straight he to the bride did fare,
  Says, weel's me on your bonnie face
Wi' bobbin' Willie's shanks are sair,
  And I'm come out to fill his place.

VI.

Bridegroom, says she, you'll spoil the dance,
  And at the ring you'll aye be lag,
Unless, like Willie, you advance
  (O Willie has a wanton leg.)
For wit he learns us a' to steer,
  And foremost aye bears up the ring;
We will find nae sic dancin' here,
  If we want Willie's wanton fling.

WE'RE A' NODDIN'.

Author of Words Unknown. Arranged by T. S. Gleadhill.

Voice.

Piano-Forte.

Allegretto

mf

p

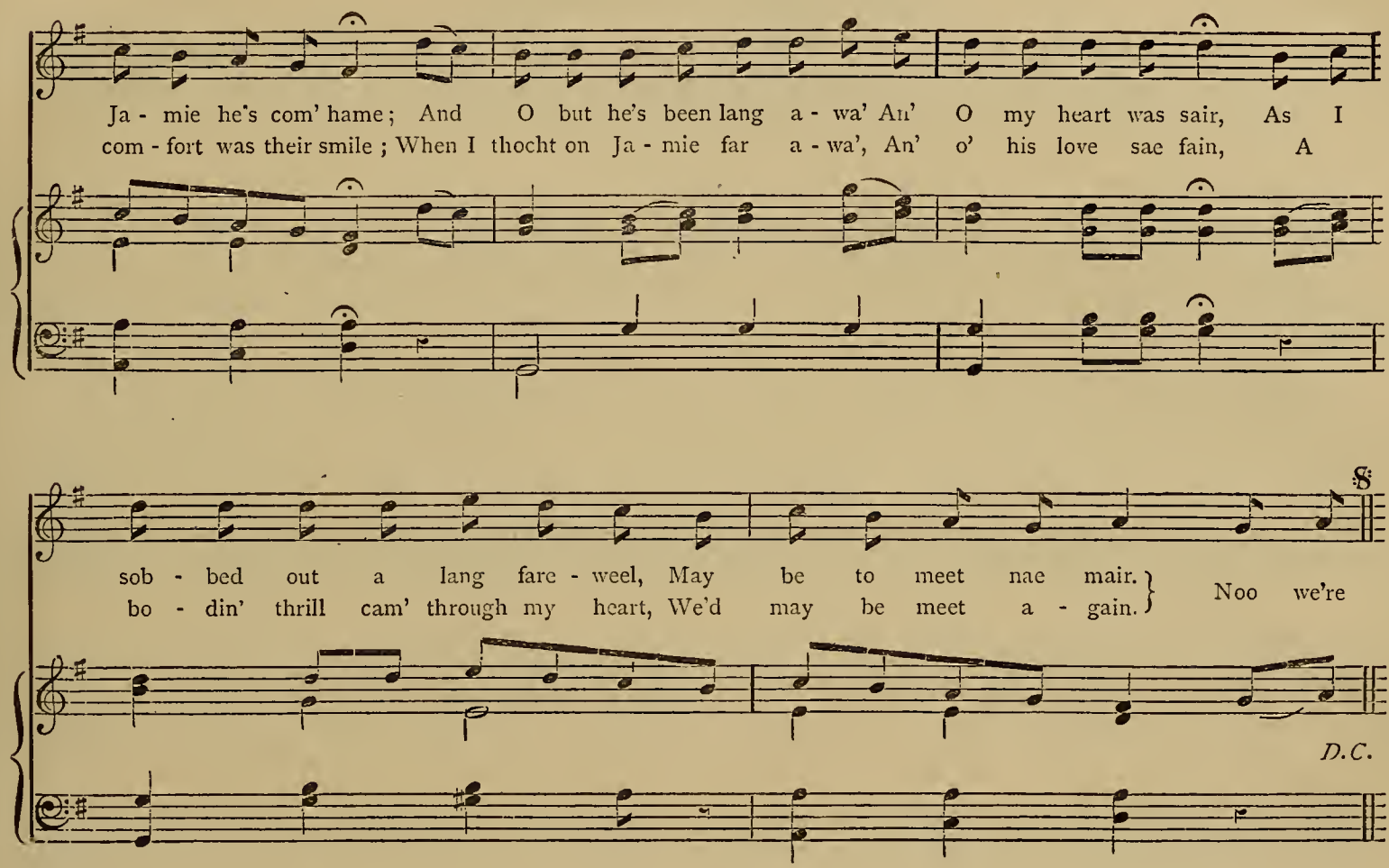
And we're a' nod - din' nid, nid, nod - in', An' we're a' nod - in' at our house at hame.

mf

Fine.

1. Gude e'en to ye, kim - mer, And are ye a - lane? O come and see how blythe are we, For
2. O sair hae I fought, Ear' and late did I toil, My bair-nies for to feed and clead, My

p



III.

When he knocket at the door,
I thocht I kent the rap,
And little Katie cried aloud,
"My daddie has come back"!
A stoun' gaed through my anxious breast
As thoughtfully I sat,
I raise—I gazed—fell in his arms
And bursted out and grat.
Noo we're a' noddin', &c.

THE PIPER O' DUNDEE.

Air.—"Aiken Drum."

Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

Allegretto.

PIANO-FORTE.

mf

1. The
2. He

pi - per cam' to our town, To our town, to our town, The
play'd "The wel - come o'er the main," And "Ye'se be fou and I'se be fain," And

p

pi - per cam' to our town, And he play'd bon - ni - lie. He
"Auld Stu - art's back a - gain," Wi' muc - kle mirth and glee. He

play'd a spring, the laird to please, A spring brent new frae yont the seas, And
play'd "The Kirk," he play'd "The Queen," "The Mul - lin Dhu" and "Che - va - lier," And

then he ga'e his bags a squeeze, And play'd a - ni - ther key.
"Lang a - wa' but wel - come here," Sae sweet, sae bon - ni - lie.

And was na he a ro - gie, a ro - gie, a ro - gie; And

mf

was na he a ro - gie, The pi - per o' Dun - dee? . . .

f

III.

It's some gat swords, and some gat nane,
And some were dancin' mad their lane;
And mony a vow o' weir was ta'en
That nicht at Amulrie.
There was Tullibardine and Burleigh,
And Struar, Keith, and Ogilvie,
And brave Carnegie, wha but he,
The piper o' Dundee?
And was nae he, &c

THE ROCK AND THE WEE PICKLE TOW.

Words by A. Ross. Arranged by T. S. Gleadhill.

Voice.

Piano-Forte.

Moderato.

mf

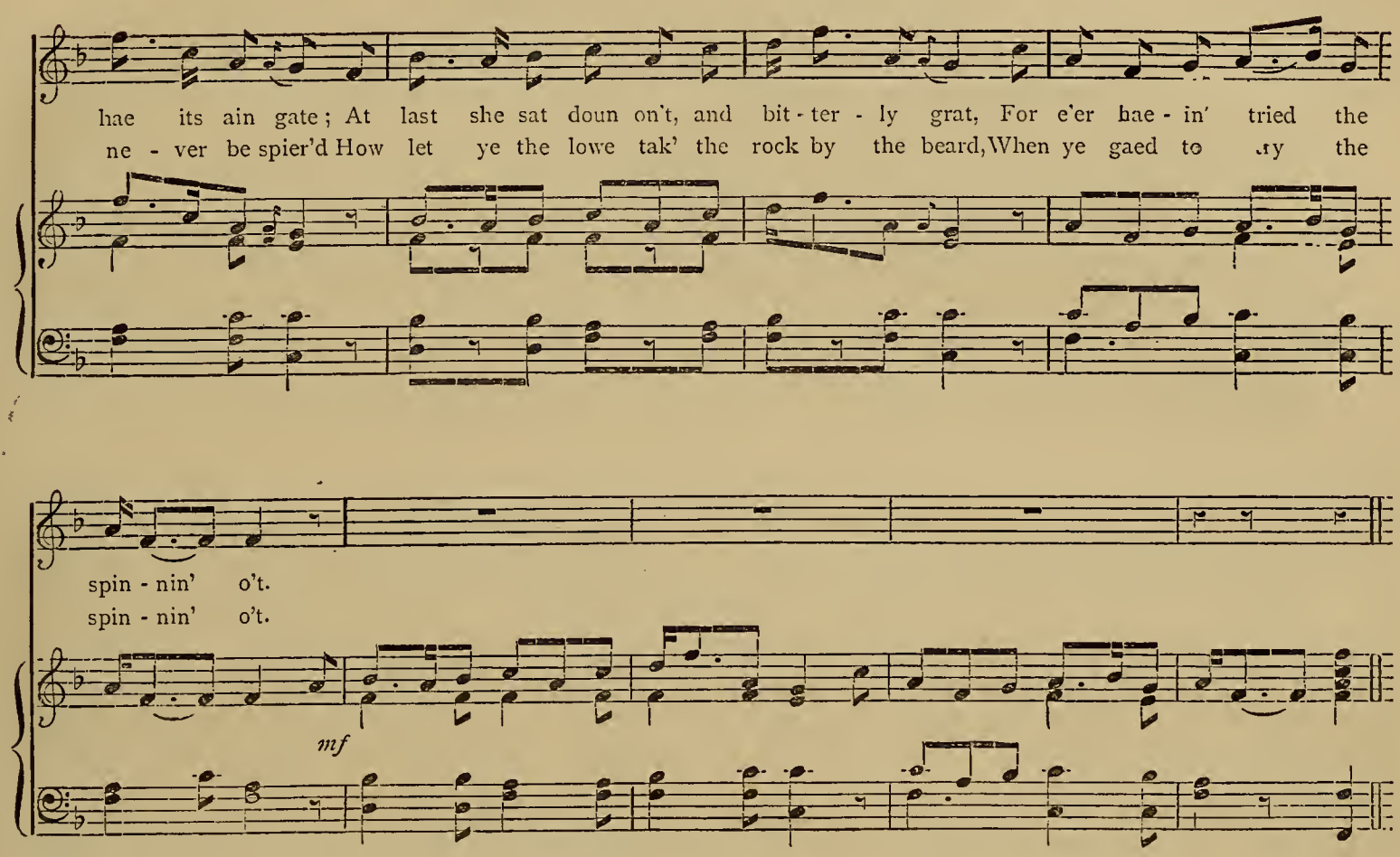
1. There
2. Foul

was an auld wife had a wee pic - kle tow, And she wad gae try the spin - nin' o't; But
fa' them that e - ver ad - vis'd me to spin, It minds me o' the be - gin - nin' o't; I

p

loot - in' her doun, her rock took a lowe, And that was an ill be - gin - nin' o't.
weel might hae end - ed as I had be - gan, And ne - ver hae tried the spin - nin' o't.

She spat on't, she flat on't, and tramp'd on its pate, But a' she could do it wad
But she's a wise wife wha kens her ain weird, I thought ance a day it wad



III.

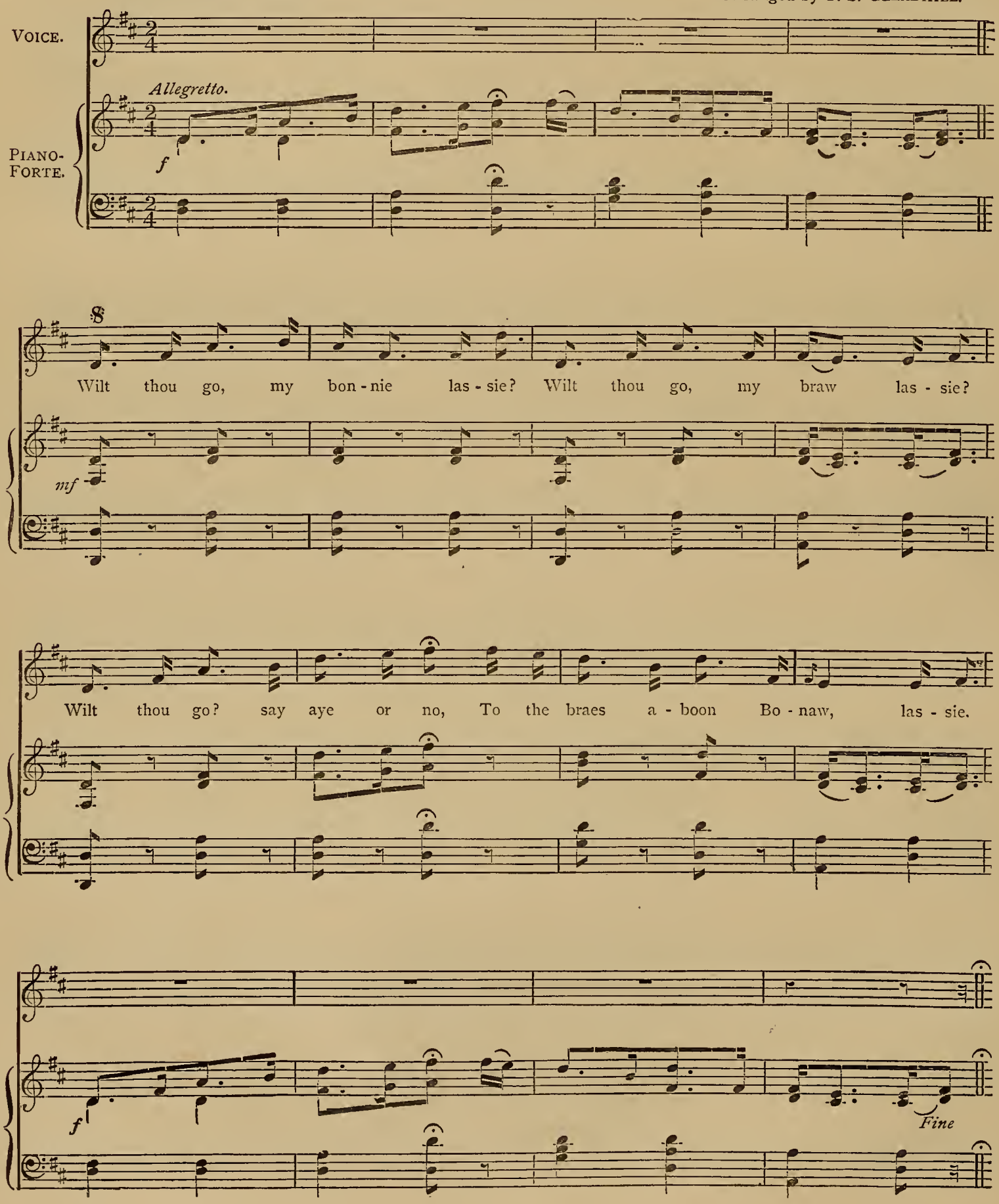
The spinnin', the spinnin', it gars my heart sab
  To think on the ill beginnin' o't;
I took't in my head to make me a wab,
  And that was the first beginnin' o't.
But had I nine daughters, as I hae but three,
  The safest and soundest advice I wad gie,
That they wad frae spinnin' aye keep their heads free,
  For fear o' an ill beginnin' o't.

IV.

But if they in spite o' my counsel wad run
  The dreary sad task o' the spinnin' o't,
Let them find a lown seat by the light o' the sun,
  And syne venture on the beginnin' o't.
For wha's done as I've done, alake and avow!
  To busk up a rock at the cheek o' a lowe;
They'll say that I had little wit in my pow,
  O the muckle black deil tak' the spinnin' o't.

THE BRAES ABOON BONAW.

Author of Words unknown. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.



1. Though Do - nald hae nae mei - kle frase, Wi' Law - land speech - es fine, las - sie, What
2. When sim - mer days clead a' the braes Wi' blos - som'd broom sae fine, las - sie, At

mf

he'll im - part comes frae the heart, Sae let it be frae thine, las - sie.
mil - kin' shiel we'll join the reel, My flocks shall a' be thine, las - sie.

rall. *D.C.*

III.

I'll hunt the roe, the hart, the doe,
The Ptarmigan sae shy, lassie;
For duck and drake I'll beat the brake,
Nae want shall thee come nigh, lassie.
Wilt thou go, &c.

IV.

For trout and par, wi' cannie care,
I'll wily skim the flee, lassie;
Wi' sic like cheer I'll please my dear,
Then come awa' wi' me, lassie.
Yes I'll go, my bonnie laddie,
Yes I'll go, my braw laddie;
Come weel, come wae, I'll kilt and gae
To the braes aboon Bonaw, laddie.

ROBIN TAMSON'S SMIDDY.

Old Ballad. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

mf

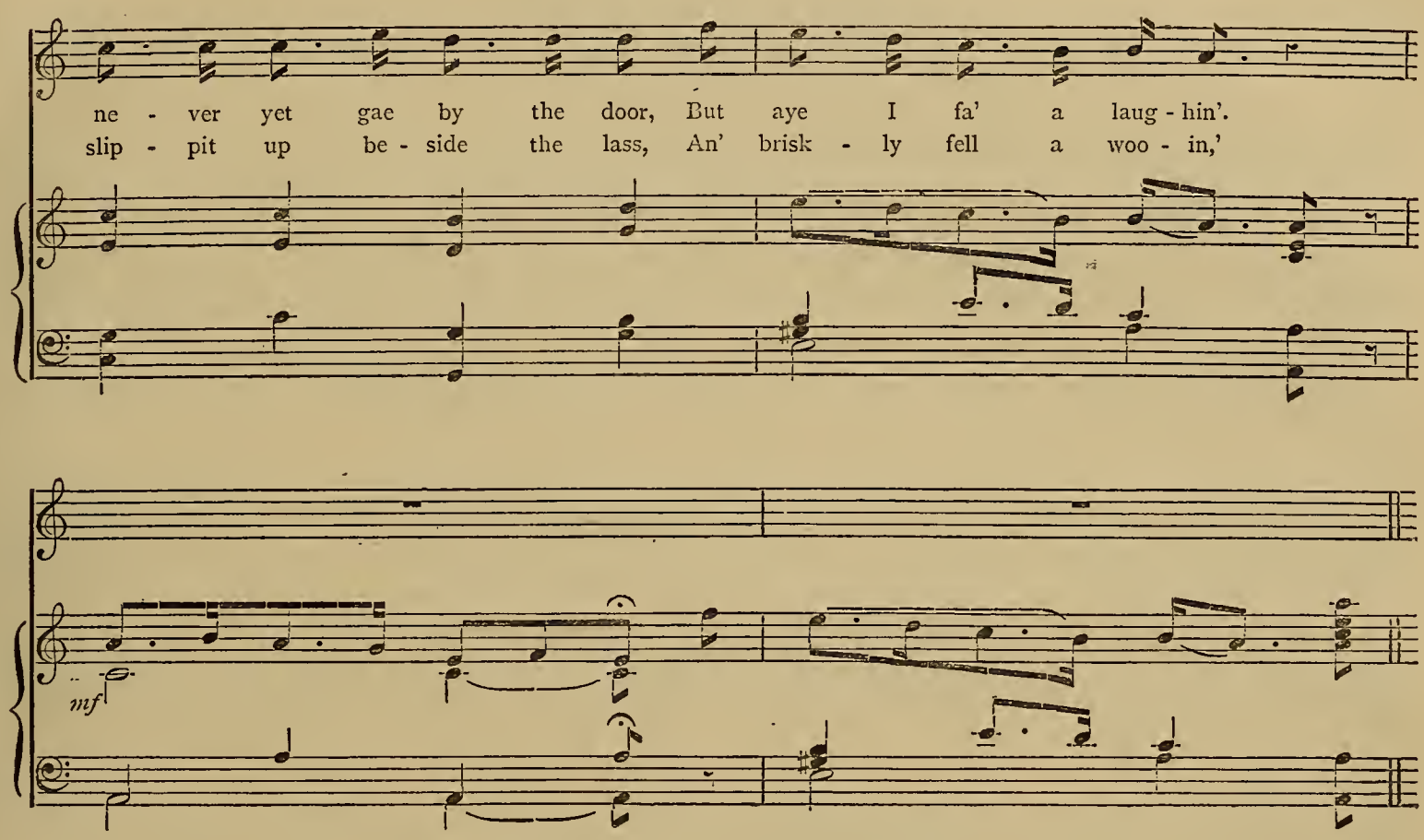
1. My
2. For

mi - ther ment my auld brecks, An' wow! but they were dud - dy, An'
Ro - bin was a wal - thy carle, An' had ae bon - nie doch - ter, Yet

p

sent me to get shod our mare, At Ro - bin Tam - son's smid - dy.
ne'er wad let her tak' a man, Though mo - ny lads had socht her.

The smid - dy stands be - side the burn That wim - ples thro' the clac - han; I
But what think ye o' my ex - ploit The time our mare was shoe - ing? I



III.

An' aye she e'ed my auld breeks
The time that we sat crackin';
Quo' I, my lass, ne'er mind the clouts,
I've new anes for the makin'.
But gin ye'll just come hame wi' me
An' lea' the carle your faither,
Ye'se get my breeks to keep in trim,
Mysel' and a' thegither.

IV.

'Deed lad, quo' she, your offer's fair,
I'll really think I'll tak' it;
Sae gang awa', get out the mare,
We'll baith slip on the back o't.
For gin I wait my faither's time,
I'll wait till I be fifty;
But na, I'll marry in my prime
An' mak' a wife fu' thrifty,

V.

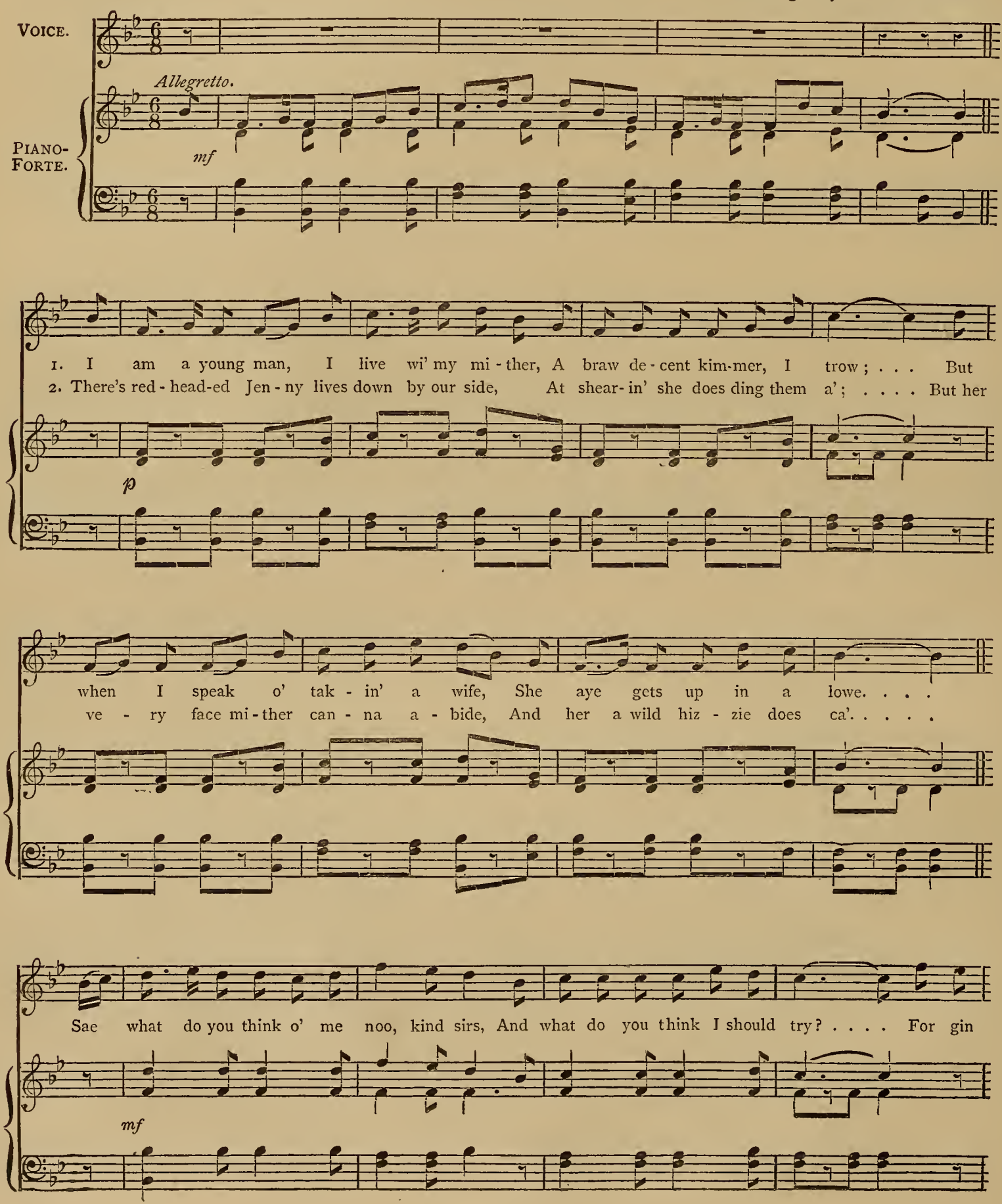
Wow, Robin was an angry man
At losing o' his dochter;
Thro' a' the kintra side he ran,
An' far an' near he socht her.
But when he came to our fire end,
An' fand us baith thegither,
Quo' I, gudeman, I've ta'en your bairn,
An' ye may tak' my mither.

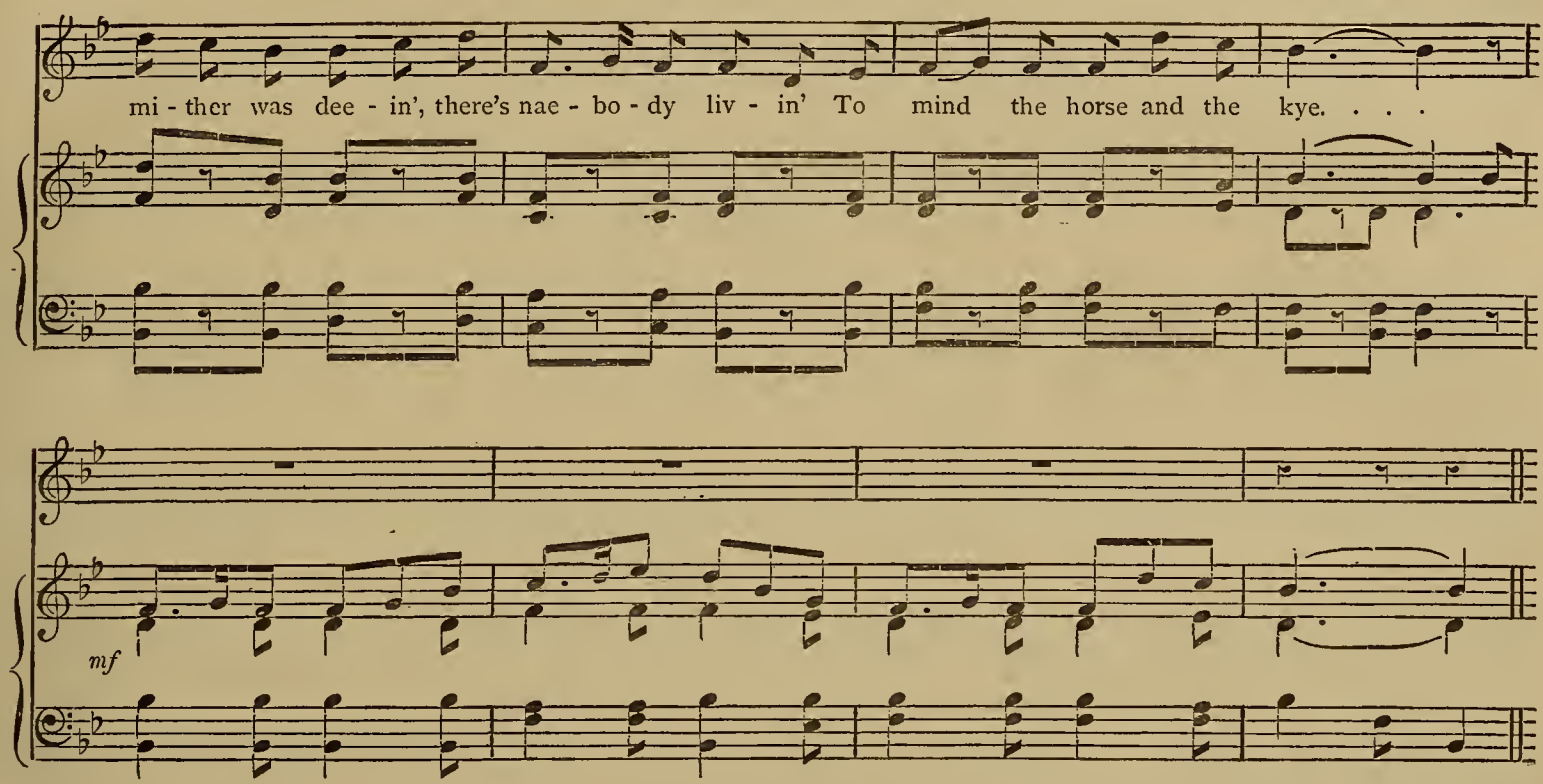
VI.

Auld Robin girn'd and sheuk his pow,
Gude sooth, quo' he, you're merry,
But I'll just tak' ye at your word
An' end this hurry burry.
So Robin an' our auld gudewife
Agreed to creep thegither;
Noo I hae Robin Tamson's pet,
An' Robin has my mither.

I AM A YOUNG MAN.

Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.





III.

Yestreen my mither she pouther'd my wig
As white as the driven snaw,
She took an auld mutch an' shot in my gravat,
Beside a big breast-pin an' a'.
Sae what dae you think, &c.

IV.

Noo gang awa' Sandie, ye're gaun to the waddin',
Ye ken ye're to be the best man,
And Bettie M'Haffie's to be the best maid,
Mak' up to her noo like a man.
Sae what do you think, &c.

V.

I gaed to the waddin', and Betty was there,
And losh! but she was buskit braw,
She had ribbons and lace a' set round her face,
And necklaces twa or three raw.
Sae what do ye think, &c.

VI.

Sae to please my mither, an' speak up till her,
At last I thocht I might try;
So I speer'd at Betty if ever she heard
That we had twa dizzen o' kye.
Sae what do ye think o' me noo kind sirs,
And what do you think I should try?
But wi' a toss o' her head she answer'd, "Indeed
Wha cares for you or your kye."

THE LAMENT OF FLORA MACDONALD.

Words by JAMES HOGG. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

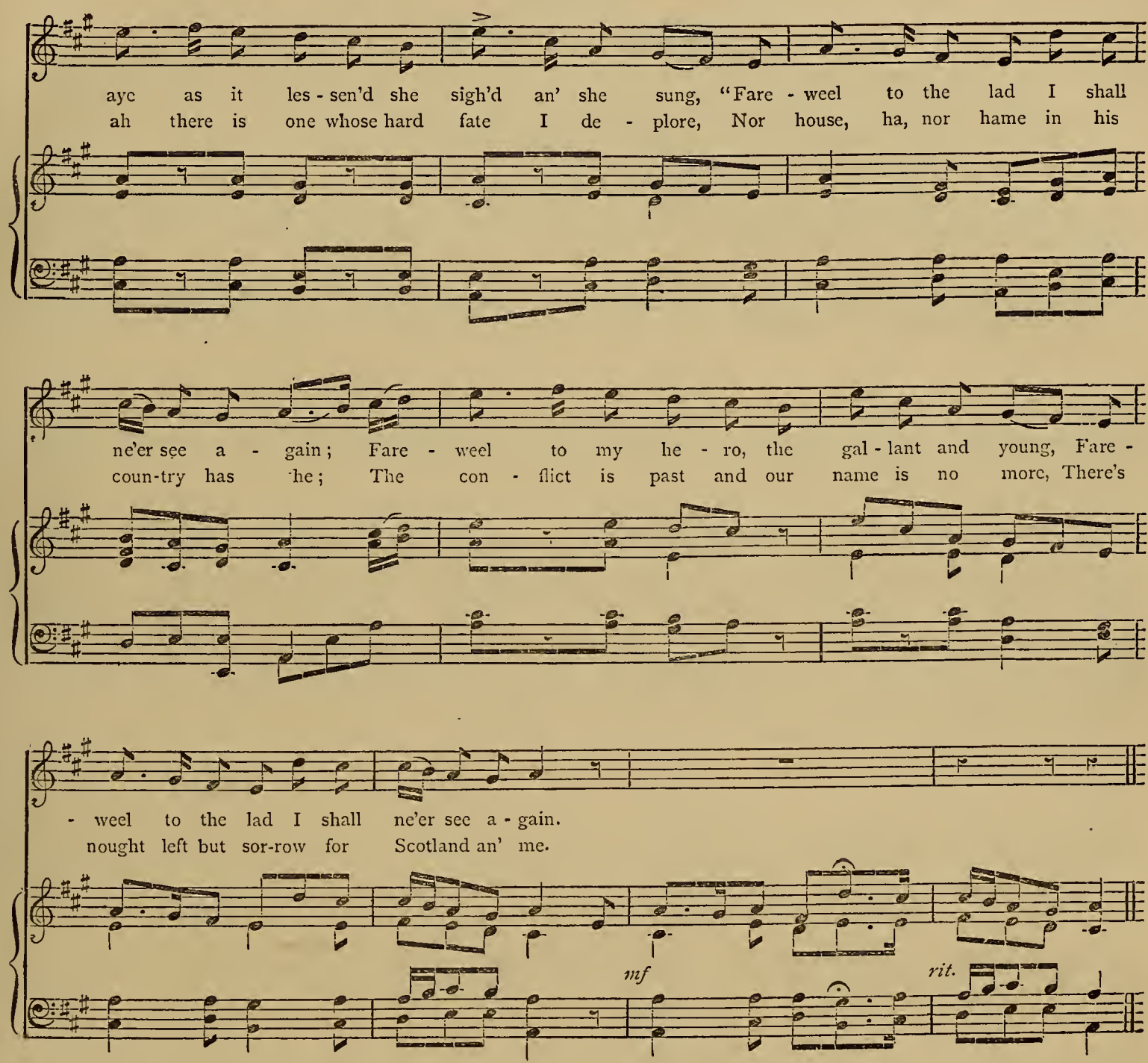
Andante.

p

1. Far o - ver yon hills of the hea-ther sae green, An' down by the Cor-rie that sings to the sea, The bon - nie young Flo-ra sat sigh - ing her lane, The dew on her plaid an' the tear in her e'e. She look'd at a boat wi' the bree - zes that swung, A - way on the wave, like a bird on the main, An'

2. The moor-cock that crows on the brows o' Ben Connal, He kens o' his bed in a sweet mos-sy hame; The ea - gle that soars o'er the cliffs o' Clan Ronald Un - aw'd and un - hunt - ed his ey - rie can claim; The so - lan can sleep on the shelves of the shores; The cor - mo - rant roost on his rock of the sea; But

mf



III.

The target is torn from the arm of the just,
  The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave;
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,
  But red is the sword of the stranger and slave;
The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,
  Have trode o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue:
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud
  When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true?
Fareweel my young hero, the gallant and good,
  The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow

MARY MORISON.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

p

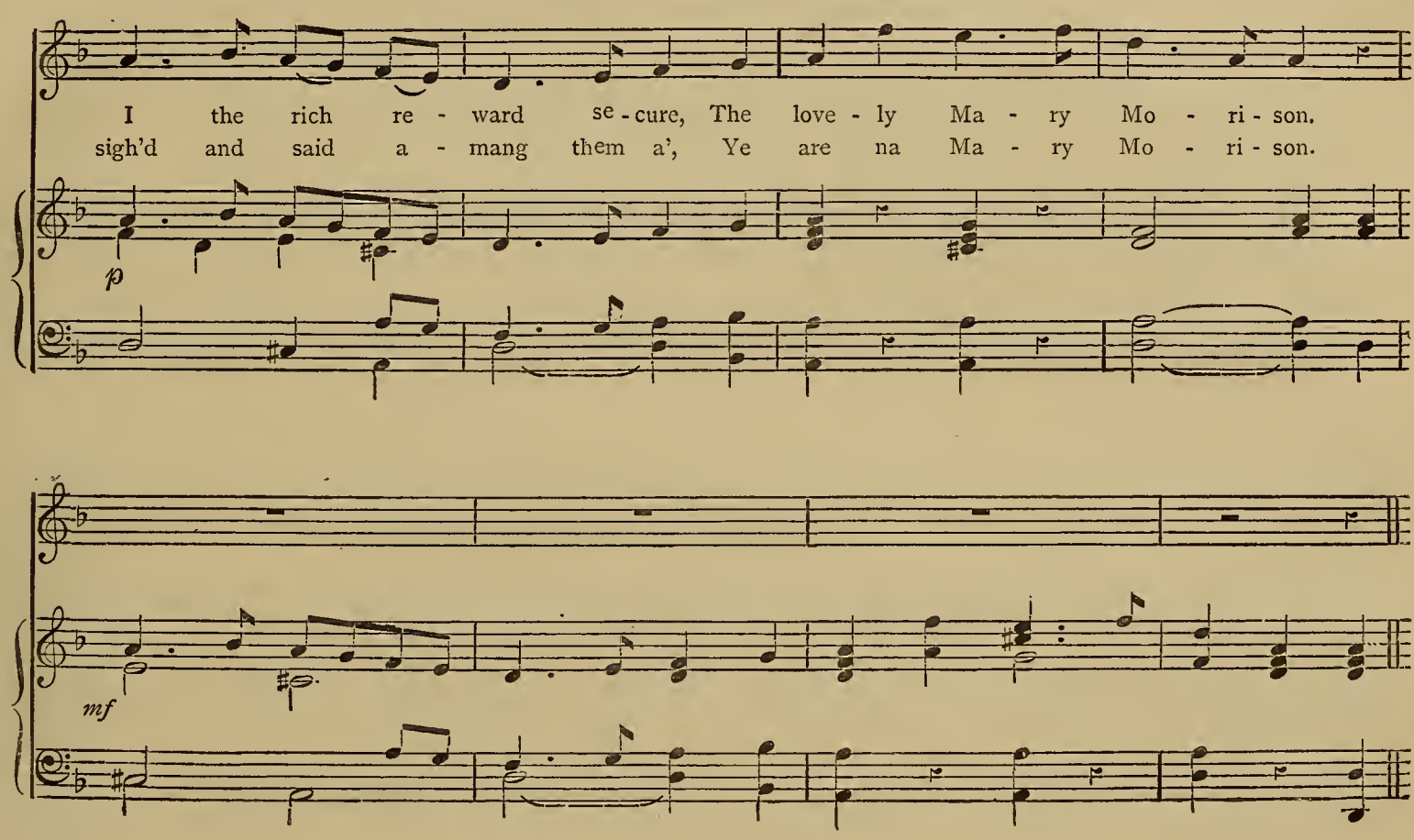
1. O Ma - ry at thy win - dow be, It is the wish'd, the trys - ted hour; Those
2. Yes - treen when to the sten - ted string, The dance gaed thro' the lich - tit ha'; To

p

smiles and glan - ces let me see, That make the mi - ser's trea - sure poor.
thee my fan - cy took its wing,— I sat, but nei - ther heard nor saw.

How blythe - ly wad I bide the stoure, A wea - ry slave frae sun to sun, Could
Though this was fair, and that was braw, And you the toast o' a' the town, I

mf



III.

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
  Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
  Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt nae gie,
  At least be pity to me shown,
A thocht ungenial canna be
  The thocht o' Mary Morison

CALLUM O' GLEN.

Words by JAMES HOGG. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andante.

p

1. Was e - ver old war - rior of suf-f'ring so wea - ry? Was e - ver the wild beast so
2. The homes of my kins - men are blaz-ing to Hea-ven, The bright sun of morn - ing has

p

bayed in his den? The South - ren blood-hounds lie in ken - nel so near me That
blush'd at the view; The moon has stood still on the verge of the e - ven, To

death would be wel - come to Cal - lum o' Glen. My sons are all slain, and my
wipe from her pale cheek the tint of the dew. For the dew it lies red on the

daugh - ters have left me, No child to pro - tect me, where once I had ten; My
vales of Loch - a - ber, It sprin - kles the cot, and it flows in the pen; The

chief they have slain, and of stay hath be - reft me, And wo to the grey hairs of
pride of my coun - try is fall - en for e - ver, O death hast thou no shaft for

mf *p*

Cal - lum o' Glen.
Cal - lum o' Glen.

mf

III.

The sun in his glory has look'd on our sorrow,
The stars have wept blood over hamlet and lea;
O is there no dayspring for Scotland, no morrow
Of bright renovation for souls of the free?
Yes! One above all has beheld our devotion,
Our valour and faith are not hid from his ken;
The day is abiding of stern retribution
On all the proud foemen of Callum o' Glen.

THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLIE.

Old Ballad. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

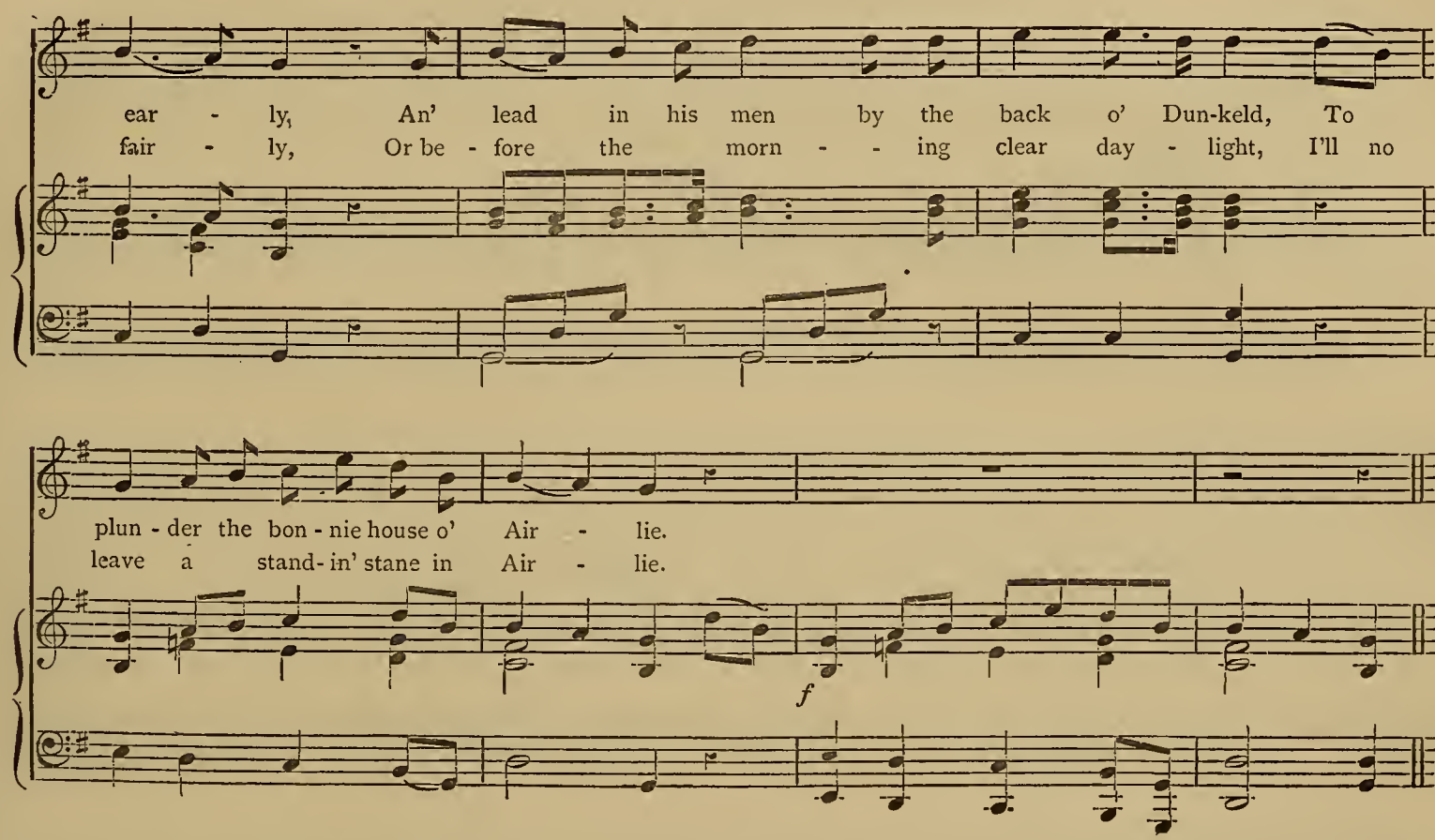
mf

1. It fell on a day, and a bon - nie summer day, When the corn grew ripe and yel - low, That
2. The la - dy look'd o'er her win - dow sae hie, And oh! but she look'd wea ry, And

p

there fell out a great dis - pute, Be - tween Ar - gyll and Air - lie.
there she espied the great Ar - gyll Come to plun - der the bon - nie house o' Air - lie.

The Duke o' Montrose has written to Ar - gyll To come in the morn - ing
Come down, come down, Lady Mar - ga - ret, he says, Come down and kiss me



III.

I wadna kiss thee, great Argyll,
  I wadna kiss thee fairly;
I wadna kiss thee, great Argyll,
  Gin you shouldna leave a standin' stane in Airlie.
He has ta'en her by the middle sae sma',
  Says, Lady, where is your dowry?
It's up and down the bonnie burnside,
  Amang the planting o' Airlie.

IV.

They sought it up, they sought it down,
  They sought it late and early,
And found it in the bonnie balm-tree
  That shines on the bowling-green o' Airlie.
He has ta'en her by the left shoulder,
  And oh! but she grat sairly,
And led her down to yon green bank
  Till he plunder'd the bonnie house o' Airlie.

V.

O it's I ha'e seven braw sons, she says,
  And the youngest ne'er saw his daddie;
And although I had as mony mair
  I wad gie them a' to Charlie.
But gin my lord had been at hame
  As this night he is wi' Charlie,
There durst na a Campbell in a' the west
  Ha'e plunder'd the bonnie house o' Airlie.

CAN YE LOE ME WEEL, LASSIE.

Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato. *mf* *p*

Can ye loe me weel, las - sie, To this heart then swift - ly flee; There ye aye shall dwell, las - sie, Mair than a' this world to me.

1. When the moonbeams shine sae clear, At that hour by lo - vers blest; At the gloam-in', las - sie dear, Haste to meet this faith - ful breast. . .

2. Where the bur - nie flows, lassie, Gent - ly by the moun-tain's side, Where the wild flow'rs grow, lassie, Wa - ter'd by the stream-let's tide. . .

mf *Fine.* *p* *D.C.*

III.

As the harebell blossoms shine
O'er yon bleak and barren brae,
Let that brilliant eye of thine
Guide me on my lonely way.
Can ye loe me weel, lassie, &c.

O! ARE YE SLEEPING, MAGGIE?

Words by ROBERT TANNAHILL. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

mf *p*

1. Mirk and rai- ny is the night,
2. Fearfu' soughs the boortree bank, The

No a star'n in a' the car- ry; Lightnings gleam athwart the lift, And winds drive wi' win-ter's fu- ry.
rif - ted wood roars wild and dreary; Loud the ir - on yett does clank, And cry o' how - lets mak's me ce-rie.

O are ye slee-pin,' Mag-gie, O are ye sleepin,' Mag - gie, Let me in for loud the linn Is

p *mf*

roar - ing o'er the war-lock crai-gie.

f

III.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak,
For fear I rouse your waukrife daddie;
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,
O rise, rise, my bonnie lady!
O are ye sleepin', Maggie, &c.

IV.

She op't the door, she let him in;
He cuist aside his dreepin' plaidie;
Blaw your warst ye rain an' win',
Since Maggie now I'm in aside ye.

Now since ye're wakin', Maggie!
Now since ye're wakin', Maggie!
What care I for howlets' cry,
For boortree bank or warlock craigie.

HOW BLYTHELY THE PIPE.

Air—"Kinloch of Kinloch".

Arranged by T. S. Gleadhill.

Voice.

Piano-Forte.

Moderato.

mf

1. How blythe - ly the pipe thro' Glen - ly - on was sound - ing, At morn when the clans to the mer - ry dance hied; And gay were the love notes o'er hearts fond - ly bound - ing, When Ron - ald woo'd Flo - ra and made her his bride. But war's ban-ner stream - ing soon

2. Poor Flo - ra a - while on his bo-som hung sob - bing, But not to al - lure him from bat - tle a - larms; O heed not, she mur-mur'd, this poor heart's wild throb - bing, 'Twould break ere 'twould woo thee from fame to my arms. Bless, bless thee, my dear - est, when

p

mf

chang'd their fond dream-ing, The bat - tle cry e - cho'd a - round and a - bove; Bright
dan - ger is near - est, Those words and those tears my proud dar - ing shall move; Where

clay-mores were glanc - ing, and war - steeds were pranc - ing, Up Ron - ald to arms for your
war - steeds are pranc - ing, and clay - mores are glanc - ing, I'll con-quer or die for my

home and your love.
home and my love.

f

III.

All was hush'd on the hill where love tarried despairing,
With her bridesmaids still deck'd in their gay bridal gear;
And she wept as she saw them fresh garlands preparing
That might laurel love's brow, or be strewed o'er his bier.
But cheer, thee, dear maiden, each wild breeze is laden
With victory's slogan from mountain and grove;
Where war-steeds were prancing, and claymores were glancing,
Lord Ronald had conquered for home and for love.

THE MARRIED MAN'S LAMENT.

Words by ROBERT NICOLL. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

mf

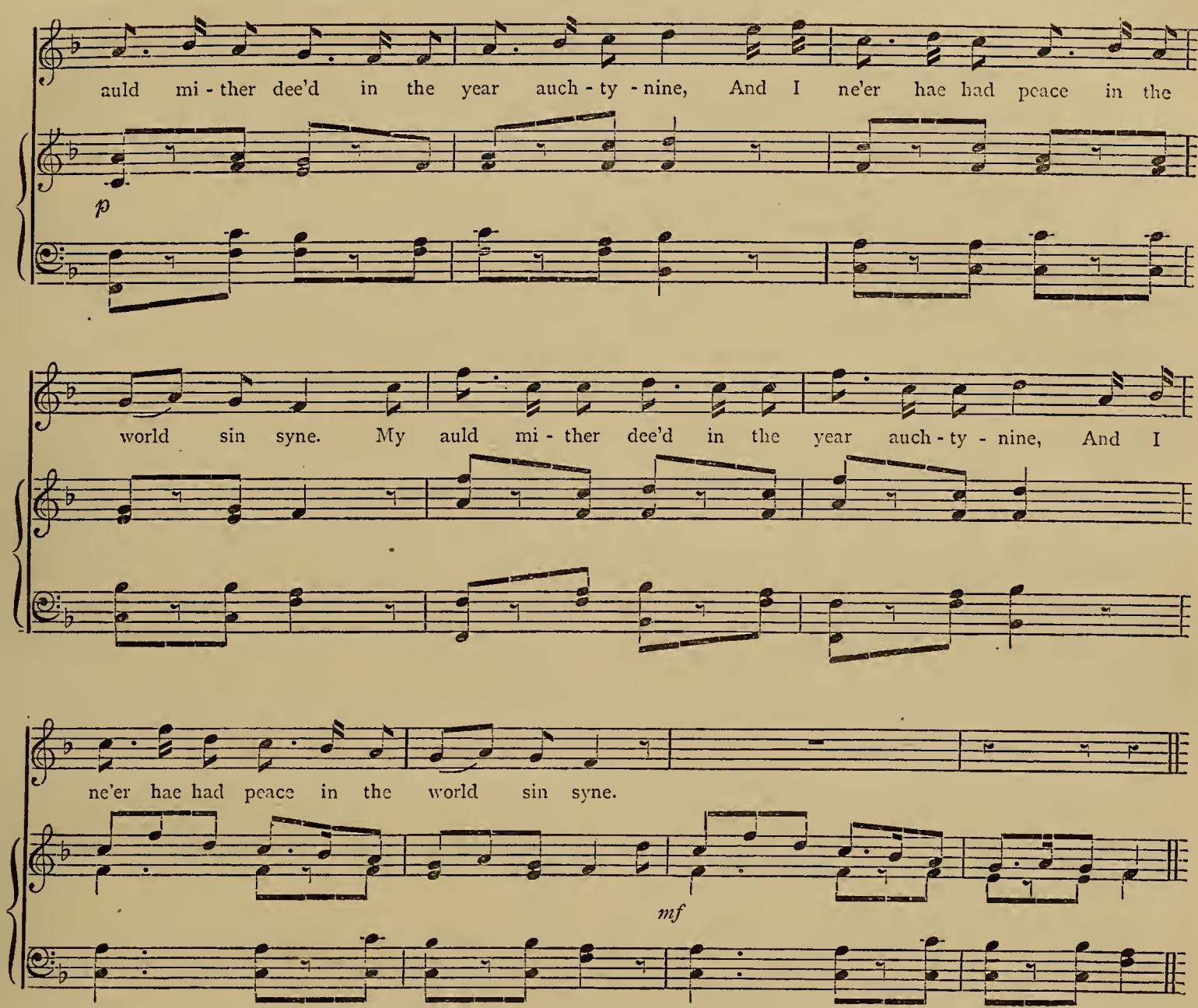
1. I ance was a wan - ter as hap - py's a bee. I med-dled wi' nane, an' nane med-dled wi' me; I
2. Fu' soun may she sleep, a douce wo - man was she, Wi'her wheel, and her eat, and her cup - pie o' tea; My

p

whiles had a crack o'er a cog o' gude yill, Whiles a biek - er o' swats, whiles a heart-heaz- ing gill.
in - gle she keep - it as trig as a preen, And she ne'er speer'd ques-tions as where hae ye been?

And I aye had a groat, if I had - na a pound, On this earth there was nane meikle hap - pi - er found.
As what were ye do - ing? or wha was ye wi'? We were hap - py the-gi - ther, my mi - ther and me. } But my

mf



III.

When mither was gane for a while I was wae,
But a young chap was I, and a wife I maun hae;
A wife I soon got, and I aye hae her yet,
An' the folks think thegither we're unco weel fit;
But my ain mind hae I, tho' I daurna speak o't,
For mair than her gallop, I like my ain trot.
But my auld mither, &c.

IV.

When I wi' a crony am taking a drop,
She'll yammer an' ca' me an auld drucken sot;
If an hour I bide out she greets and she yowls,
And bans a' gude fellows, baith bodies and souls;
And yet what a care she has o' her gudeman,
You'd think I was doated—I canna but ban.
But my auld mither, &c.

V.

Now my gilpie young dochters are lookin' for men,
And I'll be a grandsire or ever I ken;
The laddies are thinking on ruling the roast,
Their faither, puir body,'s as deaf as a post,
But he sees their upsetting sae crouse and sae bauld,
O why did I marry, and wherefore grow auld.
But my auld mither, &c.

WANDERING WILLIE.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andante.

p *f* *p*

1. Here a - - wa',
2. Rest ye wild

there a - wa', wan - der - in' Wil - lie, Here a - wa', there a - wa',
storms in the cave of your slum - bers, How your dread howl - ing a

haud a - wa' hame; Come to my bo - som, my ain on - ly
lo - ver a - larms! Wau - ken ye bree - zes, row gent - ly ye

mf *p*

dea - rie, Tell me thou bring'st me my Wil - lie the same.
bil - lows, And waft my dear lad - - die ance mair to my arms.

mf

Win - ter winds blew loud and cauld at our part - - - ing, Fears for my
But oh! if he's faith - less and minds nae his Nan - - - nie, Flow still be -

Wil - lie brought tears in my e'e; Wel - come now sim - mer, and
- tween us thou wide roar - ing main; May I . . . never see it, may

wel - come my Wil - lie, The sim - mer to na - ture, my Wil - lie to
I ne - ver trow it, But dy - ing be - lieve that my Wil - lie's my

mf

me.
ain.

p *f*

HAIL TO THE CHIEF!

Words by SIR WALTER SCOTT. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderate.

mf *f*

1. Hail to the chief who in tri-umph ad - van - ces! Hon-our'd and bless'd be the e - vergreen pine,
2. Ours is no sap - ling chance sown by the foun - tain, Bloom-ing at Bel - tane, in win - ter to fade; When the

mf

Long may the tree in his ban - ner that glan - ces Flou - rish the shel-ter and grace of our line!
whirl-wind has stript ev' - ry leaf on the mountain, The more shall clan Al-pine ex - ult in her shade.

Heav'n send it hap - py dew, Earth lend it sap a - new, Gai - ly to bour - geon, and
Moor'd in the rift - ed rock, Proof to the tem - pest shock; Firm - er he roots him the

broad - ly to grow; While ev' - ry High - land glen Sends our shout back a - gain,
ru - der it blows; Mon - teith and Bread - al - bin' then E - cho his praise a - gain,

Rode - rich Vich Al - pine dhu ho! ie - roe!
Rode - rich Vich Al - pine dhu ho! ie - roe!
Rode - rich! Rode - rich! Rode - rich! Rode - rich!

f

Rode-rich Vich Al - pine dhu ho! ie - roe!

ff

III.

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
Stretch to your oars for the evergreen pine!
O that the rosebud that graces yon island
Were wreath'd in a garland around him to twine!
O that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan Alpine then
Ring from her deepmost glen
Roderich Vich Alpine dhu, &c

KIND ROBIN LOES ME.

Author of Words unknown. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

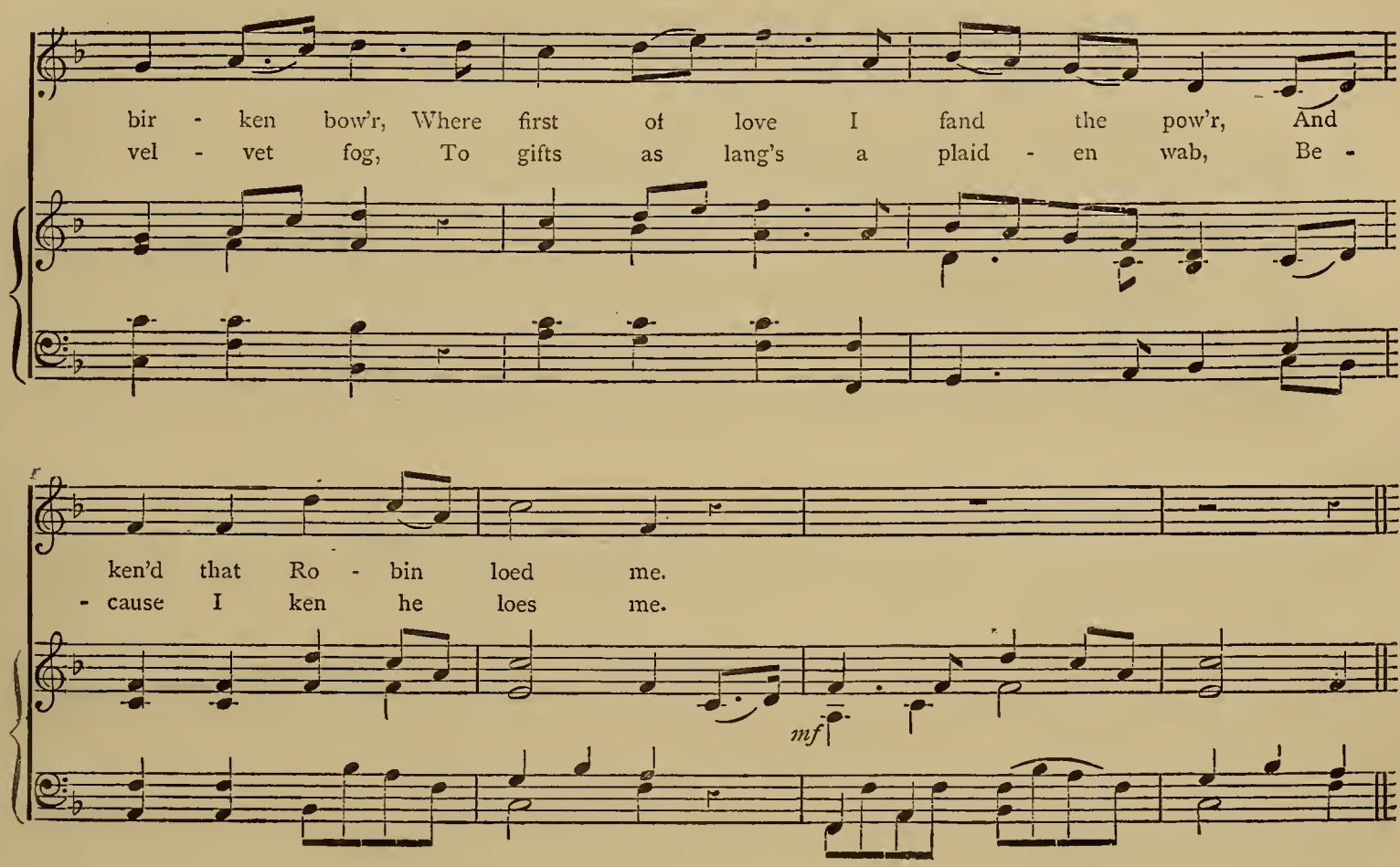
p

1. Ro - bin is my on - - ly joe, For Ro - bin has the heart to loe, So
2. They speak of nap - kins, speak . . of rings, Speak of gloves and kiss - ing strings, And

p

to his suit I mean to bow, Be - cause I ken he loes me.
name a thou - sand bon - nie things, And ca' them signs he loes me.

Hap - py, hap - py was the show'r That led me to his
But I'd pre - fer a smack of Rob, Sport - ing on the



III.

He's tall and soncy, frank and free,
Loed by a' and dear to me;
Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd dee,
Because my Robin loes me!
My sister Mary said to me
Our courtship but a joke wad be,
And I or lang be made to see
That Robin did na loe me.

IV.

But little kens she what has been
Me and my honest Rob between;
And in his wooing, O sae keen,
Kind Robin is that loes me!
Then fly ye lazy hours away,
And hasten on the happy day,
When "Join your hands," Mess John shall say.
And mak' him mine that loes me.

MY MITHER'S AYE GLOWRIN' OWRE ME.

Words by ALLAN RAMSAY. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

mf

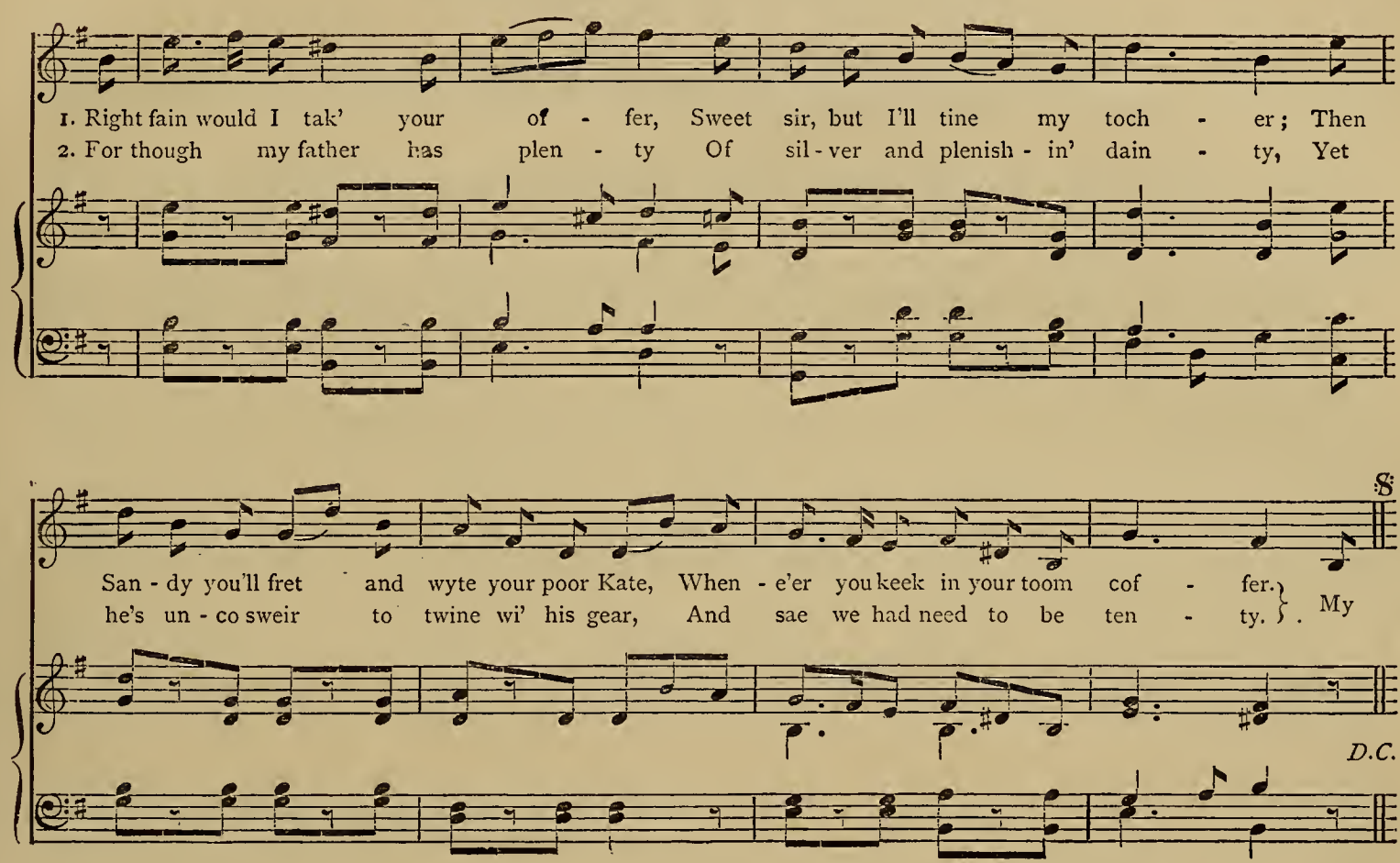
My mi - ther's aye glow - rin' owre me, Though she did the same be - fore me; I

p

can - na get leave to look at my love, Or else she'd be like to de - vour me.

mf

Fine.



III.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion;
Brag weel o' your land,
And there's my leal hand;
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.
My mither's aye glowrin', &c.

BONNIE WOOD OF CRAIGIELEA.

Words by ROBERT TANNAHILL. SONG AND CHORUS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

mf

Thou bon - nie wood of Crai - gie - lea, Thou bon - nie wood of Crai - gie - lea, Near thee I've spent life's ear - ly day, And won my Ma - - ry's heart in thee.

1. The broom, the brier, the bir - ken bush, Bloom bon-nie o'er thy flow - 'ry lea; And
2. Far ben thy dark green plan - tin's shade, The cush -at croo - dles am' - rous - ly; The

p

a' the sweets that ane can wish Frae na - ture's hand are strew'd on thee.
ma - vis down thy bugh - ted glade Gars e - cho ring frae ev' - ry tree.

Segue Chorus.

AIR. *f*

Thou bon - nie wood of Crai - gie - lea, Thou bon - nie wood of Crai - gie - lea, Near

ALTO. *f*

Thou bon - nie wood of Crai - gie - lea, Thou bon - nie wood of Crai - gie - lea, Near

TENOR. *f*

Thou bon - nie wood of Crai - gie - lea, Thou bon - nie wood of Crai - gie - lea, Near

BASS. *f*

Thou bon - nie wood of Crai - gie - lea, Thou bon - nie wood of Crai - gie - lea, Near

PIANO-FORTE. *f*

thee I've spent life's ear - ly day, And won my Ma - ry's heart in thee.

thee I've spent life's ear - ly day, And won my Ma - ry's heart in thee

thee I've spent life's ear - ly day, And won my Ma - ry's heart in thee.

thee I've spent life's ear - ly day, And won my Ma - ry's heart in thee.

III.

Awa' ye thoughtless, murd'ring gang,
Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee;
They'll sing you yet a canty sang,
Then O in pity let them be!
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

IV.

When winter blaws in sleety show'rs,
Frae aff the norlan' hills sae hie,
He lightly skiffs thy bonnie bow'rs,
As laith to harm a flow'r as thee.
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

V.

Though fate should drag me south the line,
Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,
The happy hours I'll ever min'
That I in youth hae spent in thee.
Thou bonnie wood, &c

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

Author of Words unknown. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Animato.

mf

1. O
2. On

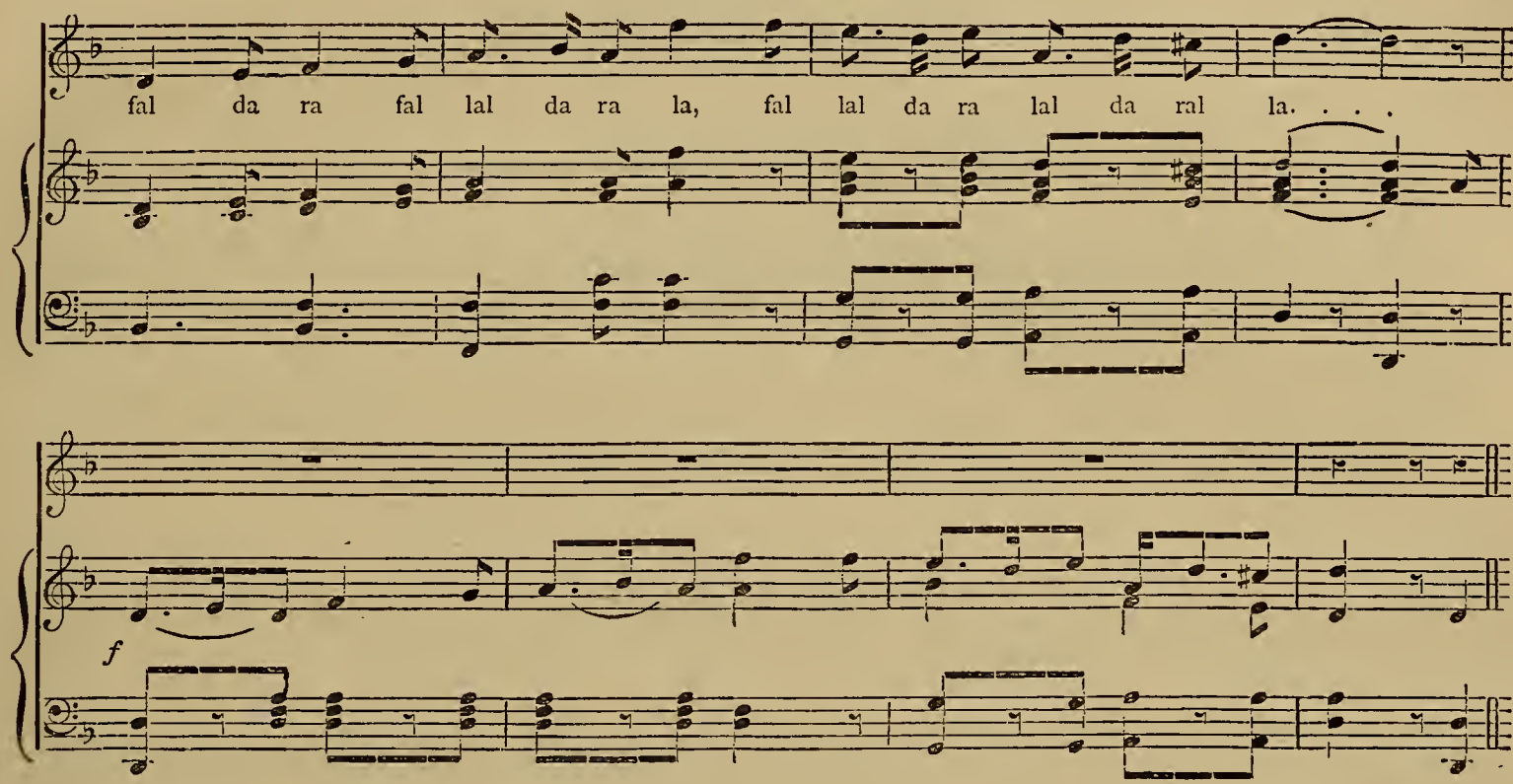
hear - ken, and I will tell you how Young Muir - land Wil - lie cam' here to woo; Tho'
his grey yade as he did ride, Wi' dirk and pis - - tol by his side, He

p

he could nei - ther say or do, The truth I tell to you. . . .
prick'd her on wi' mei - kle pride, Wi' mei - kle mirth and glee, . . .

But aye he cries what - e'er be-tide, Mag - gie I'se hae to be my bride,
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir, Till he cam to her dad - die's door. } With a

mf



III.

Gudeman, quoth he, be ye within?
I'm come your dochter's love to win;
I care na for making meikle din,
What answer gie ye me?
Now wooer, quoth he, would ye light doun,
I'll gie ye my dochter's love to win.
With a fal, da, ra, &c.

IV.

Now wooer, sin' ye are lighted down,
Where do ye won on in what town?
I think my dochter winna gloom
On sic a lad as ye.
The wooer he stepp'd up the house,
And wow but he was wondrous crouse.
With a fal, da, ra, &c.

V.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the town;
I wat on him she didna gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.
The lover he stended up in haste,
And gript her hard aboot the waist.
With a fal, da, ra, &c.

VI.

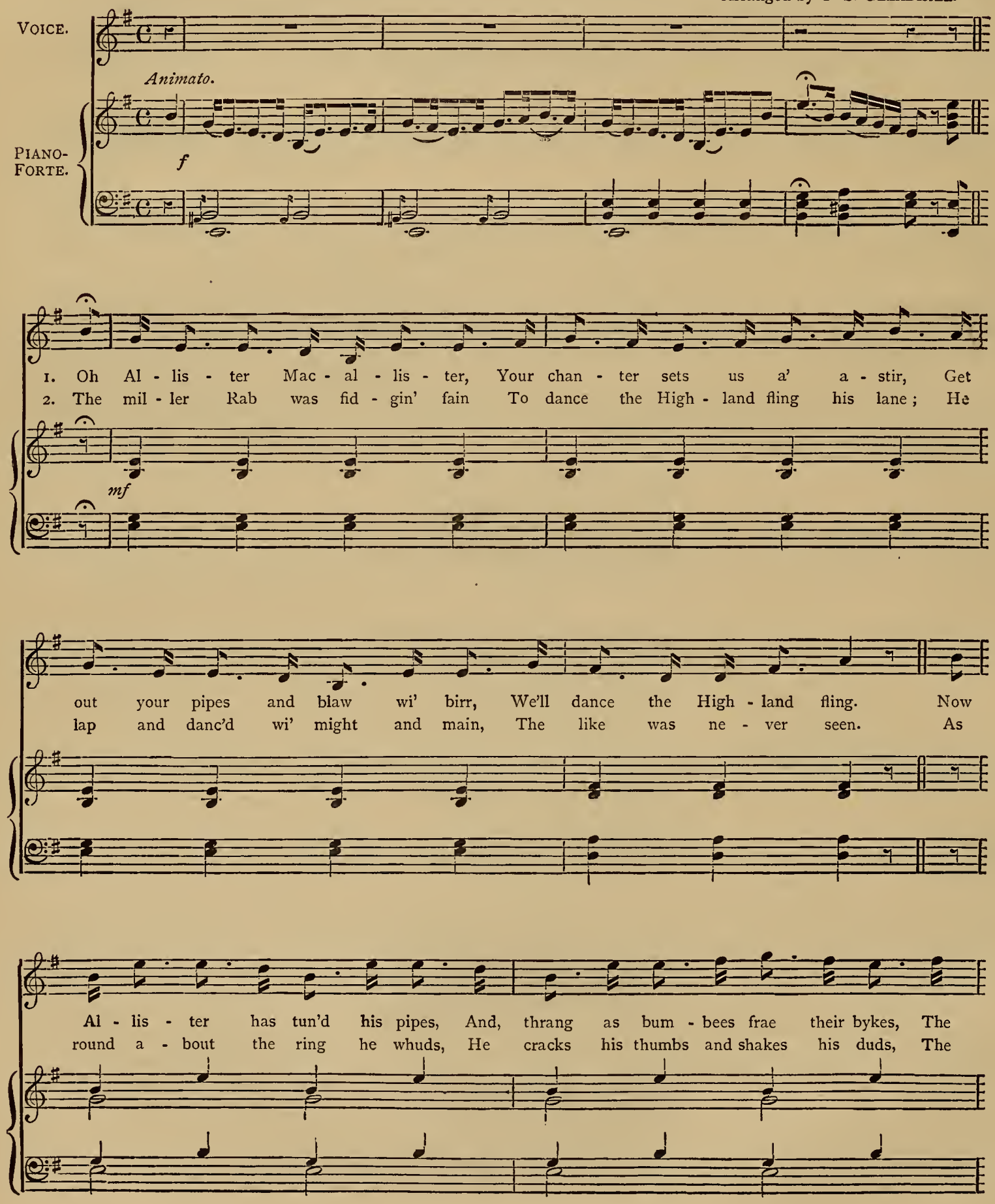
The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu' law,
She hadna will to say him na;
But to her daddie she left it a',
As they twa could agree.
The lover gied her the tither kiss,
Syne ran to her daddie and tell'd him this.
With a fal, da, ra, &c.

VII.

The bridal day it came to pass
Wi' mony a blythesome lad and lass;
But siccan a day there never was,
Sic mirth was never seen.
The winsome couple straked hands,
Mess John tied up the marriage bands.
With a fal, da, ra, &c.

OH ALLISTER MACALLISTER.

Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.



lads and lass - es loup the dykes, An' ga - ther on the green.
meal flew frae his tail in cluds, And blind - ed a' their een. } Oh

Al - lis - ter Mac - al - lis - ter, Your chan - ter sets us a' a - stir, Then

to your bags and blaw wi' birr, We'll dance the High-land fling.

f

III.

Neist rackle-handed smithy Jock,
A' blacken'd owre wi' coom and smoke,
Wi' bletherin', bleer-e'ed Bess did yoke,
That harum scarum quean.
He shook his doublet in the wind,
His feet like hammers strak the grund,
The very moudiwarts were stunn'd,
Nor kenn'd what it could mean.
Oh Allister Macallister, &c.

IV.

Now Allister has done his best,
And weary stumps are needin' rest,
Besides wi' drouth they're sair distressed
Wi' dancin' sae, I ween.
I trow the gauntrees got a lift,
An' round the bickers flew like drift,
An' Allister that very nicht
Could scarcely stand his lane.
Oh Allister Macallister, &c.

TWA BONNIE MAIDENS.

Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

mf

1. There are twa bon-nie mai - dens, and three bon-nie mai - dens, Cam' owre the Minch and
2. There is Flo - ra my ho - ney, sae dear and sae bon - nie, And ane that's sae tall and sae

p

cam' owre the main, Wi' the wind for their way and the cor - ry for their hame, And
hand - some with - al, Put the one for my king and the o - ther for my queen, And

they are dear - ly wel - come to Skye a - gain. Come a - long, come a - long wi' your
they are dear - ly wel - come to Skye a - gain. Come a - long, come a - long wi' your

mf

boa - tie and your song, My ain bon - nie mai - dens, my twa bon - nie mai-dens, For the
boa - tie and your song, My ain bon - nie mai - dens, my twa bon - nie mai-dens, For the

p

night it is dark, and the red coat is gone, And ye are dear - ly wel - come to
La - dy Mac - ou - lain, she dwell - eth her lane, And she'll wel - come you dear - ly to

Skye a - gain.
Skye a - gain.

f

III.

Her arm it is strong, and her petticoat is long,
My ain bonnie maidens, my twa bonnie maidens;
The sea moulit's nest I will watch o'er the main,
And ye are bravely welcome to Skye again.
Come along, come along wi' your boatie and your song,
My ain bonnie maidens, my twa bonnie maidens;
And saft sall ye rest where the heather it grows best,
And ye are dearly welcome to Skye again.

IV.

There's a wind on the tree and a ship on the sea,
My ain bonnie maidens, my twa bonnie maidens;
Your cradle I'll rock on the lea of the rock,
And ye'll aye be welcome to Skye again.
Come along, come along wi' your boatie and your song,
My ain bonnie maidens, my twa bonnie maidens;
Mair sound sall ye sleep as ye rock o'er the deep,
And ye'll aye be welcome to Skye again.

O NANNY WILT THOU GANG WI' ME?

Words by Bishop Percy. Arranged by T. S. Gleadhill.

Voice.

Piano-Forte.

Andante.

p

1. O
2. O

Nan - ny wilt thou gang wi' me, Nor sigh to leave the flaun - ting town? Can
Nan - ny when thou'rt far a - way Wilt thou not cast a wish be - hind? Say

p

si - lent glens have charms for thee, The low - ly cot and rus - set gown? No
canst thou face the scorch - ing ray, Nor shrink be - fore the win - try wind? O

lon - ger dress'd in sil - ken sheen, No lon - ger deck'd wi' jew - els rare,
can that soft and gen - tle mien Extremes of hard - ships learn to bear?

mf

Say cans't thou quit each court - ly scene Where thou wert fair - est of the fair?
Nor sad re - gret each court - ly scene Where thou wert fair - est of the fair?

p

Say canst thou quit each court - ly scene Where thou wert fair - est of . . . the fair.
Nor sad re - gret each court - ly scene Where thou wert fair - est of . . . the fair. } Where

p

thou . . . wert fair-est, where thou . . . wert fair-est, where thou . . . wert fair - est

of the fair.

mf

III.

O Nanny canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen wi' me to go?
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue
To share wi' him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care?
Nor wistful, those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

IV.

And when at last thy love shall die
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

Arranged by T. S. Gleadhill.

Voice.

Piano-Forte.

Andantino.

p *mf*

1. In win - ter when the rain rain'd cauld, And frost and snaw on il - ka hill; And Bo - reas, wi his blast sae bauld, Was threat - 'nin' a' our kye to kill.
2. My Crum - mie is a use - fu' cow, An' she is come o' a gude kin'; Aft has she wet the bair - nies' mou', An' I am laith that she should tyne.

p

Then Bell my wife wha lo'es nae strife, She said to me right Get up gude - man, it is fu' time, The sun shines in the

mf

has - ti - lie, Get up gude - man, save Crum-mie's life, An'
lift sae hie; Sloth ne - ver made a gra - cious end, Gae

tak' your auld cloak a - bout ye.
tak' your auld cloak a - bout ye.

mf

III.

HE.—My cloak was ance a gude grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's scanty worth a groat,
For I hae worn't this thretty year.
Let's spend the gear that we hae won,
We little ken the day we'll dee;
Then I'll be proud, sin' I hae sworn
To hae a new cloak about me.

IV.

SHE.—In days when gude King Robert rang,
His trews they cost but half-a-crown;
He said they were a groat owre dear,
And ca'd the tailor thief and loon.
He was the king that wore the crown,
An' thou'rt a man of laigh degree;
It's pride puts a' the country doun,
Sae tak your auld cloak about ye.

V.

HE.—Ilka land has its ain lauch,
Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool;
I think the world has a' gane wrang,
When ilka wife her man maun rule.
Do ye no see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
How they are girded gallantlie;
While I sit hurkling i' the ase?
I'll hae a new cloak about me.

VI.

SHE.—Gudeman, I wat it's thretty year
Sin' we did ane anither ken;
An' we hae had atween us twa
Of lads an' bonnie lasses ten.
Now they are women grown an' men,
I wish an' pray weel may they be,
An' if you'd prove a gude husband,
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

VII.

HE.—Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,
But she wad guide me if she can;
An' to maintain an easy life
I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman.
Nocht's to be won at woman's han',
Unless ye gie her a' the plea;
Then I'll leave aff where I began
An' tak my auld cloak about me.

HE'S OWRE THE HILLS.

Author of Words unknown. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

mf *f*

He's owre the hills that I loe weel, He's owre the hills we

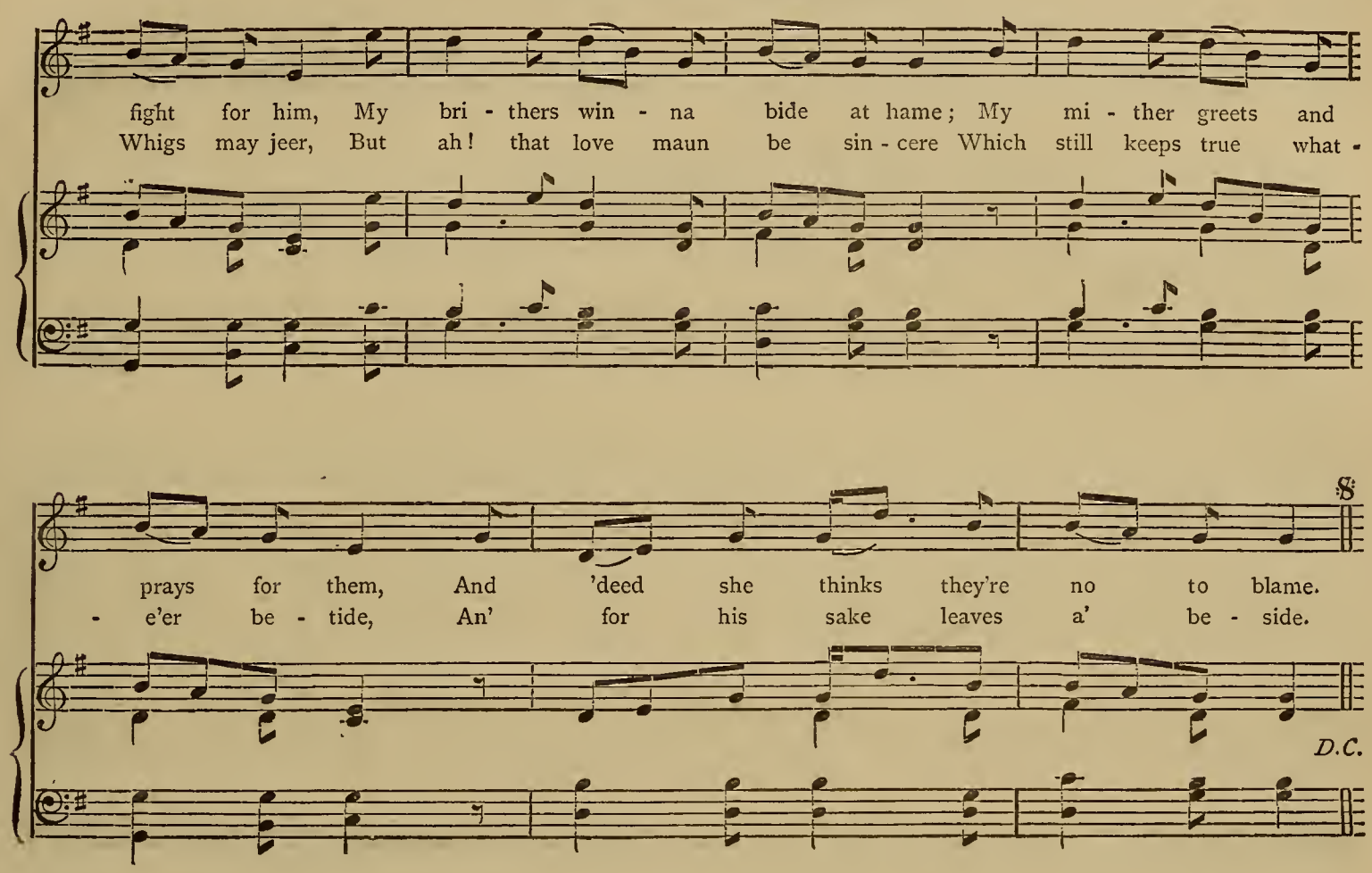
mf

daur - na name; He's owre the hills a - yont Dun-blane, Wha soon will get his

wel - come hame.

1. My fa - ther's gane to
2. The Whigs may scoff, the

f *Fine.* *p*



III.

His right these hills, his right these plains,
O'er Highland hearts secure he reigns;
What lads e'er did our lads will do;
Were I a lad I'd follow him too.
He's owre the hills, &c.

IV.

Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,
Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair;
Oh did you but see him ye'd do as ye've done;
Hear him but ance to his standard you'll run.
He's owre the hills, &c.

WILLIE WI' HIS WIG AJEE.

Words by WILLIAM CHALMERS.

Music Composed and Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

mf *p*

1. Oh saw ye Wil-lie frae the west? Oh saw ye Wil-lie in his glee? Oh saw ye Wil-lie frae the west, When he had got his wig a-jee? There's
2. To hear him sing a can-ty air, He lilts it o'er sae charm-ing-ly That in a mo-ment aff flies care, When Wil-lie gets his wig a-jee. Let

"Scots wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled" He towers it up in sic a key, Oh saw ye Wil-lie, heart-ty lad, When
drones croon o'er a win-ter night, A fig for them whate'er they be, For I could sit till morn-ing light Wi'

he had got his wig a-jee?
Wil-lie and his wig a-jee.

mf

III.

At kirk on Sundays sic a change
Comes o'er his wig and mou' and e'e;
Sae douce, you'd think a cannon ba'
Wad scarce ca' Willie's wig a-jee.
But when on Mondays he begins
And rants and roars continually
Till ilk owk's end, the very weans
Gang daft when Willie's wig's a-jee.

O CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andantino.

mf *f* *mf*

O Charlie is my darling, my darling, my dar-ling, O

Char-lie is my dar - ling, The young Che - va-lier.

f *mf* *f*

1. 'Twas on a Mon - day morn - ing, Right car - ly in the year, That
2. As he cam' march - in' up the street, The pipes play'd loud and clear, And

mf

Char - lie cam' to our . . town, The young . . Che - - va - - lier.
a' the folk cam' runnin' . . out, To meet the Che - - va - - lier. O

rit. *D.C.*

III.

Wi' Highland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores long and clear,
They cam' to fight for Scotland's right
And the young Chevalier.
O Charlie is, &c.

IV.

Now haud awa', ye Lowland lads,
And court nae lasses here,
The Highland men are back again
Wi' the young Chevalier.
O Charlie is, &c.

V.

It's up yon heath'ry mountain,
And down yon scroggy glen,
We daurna gang a-milkin'
For Charlie and his men.
O Charlie is, &c.

THE THORN TREE.

Words from *Tait's Magazine*, Sept. 1838.

Music Composed and Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

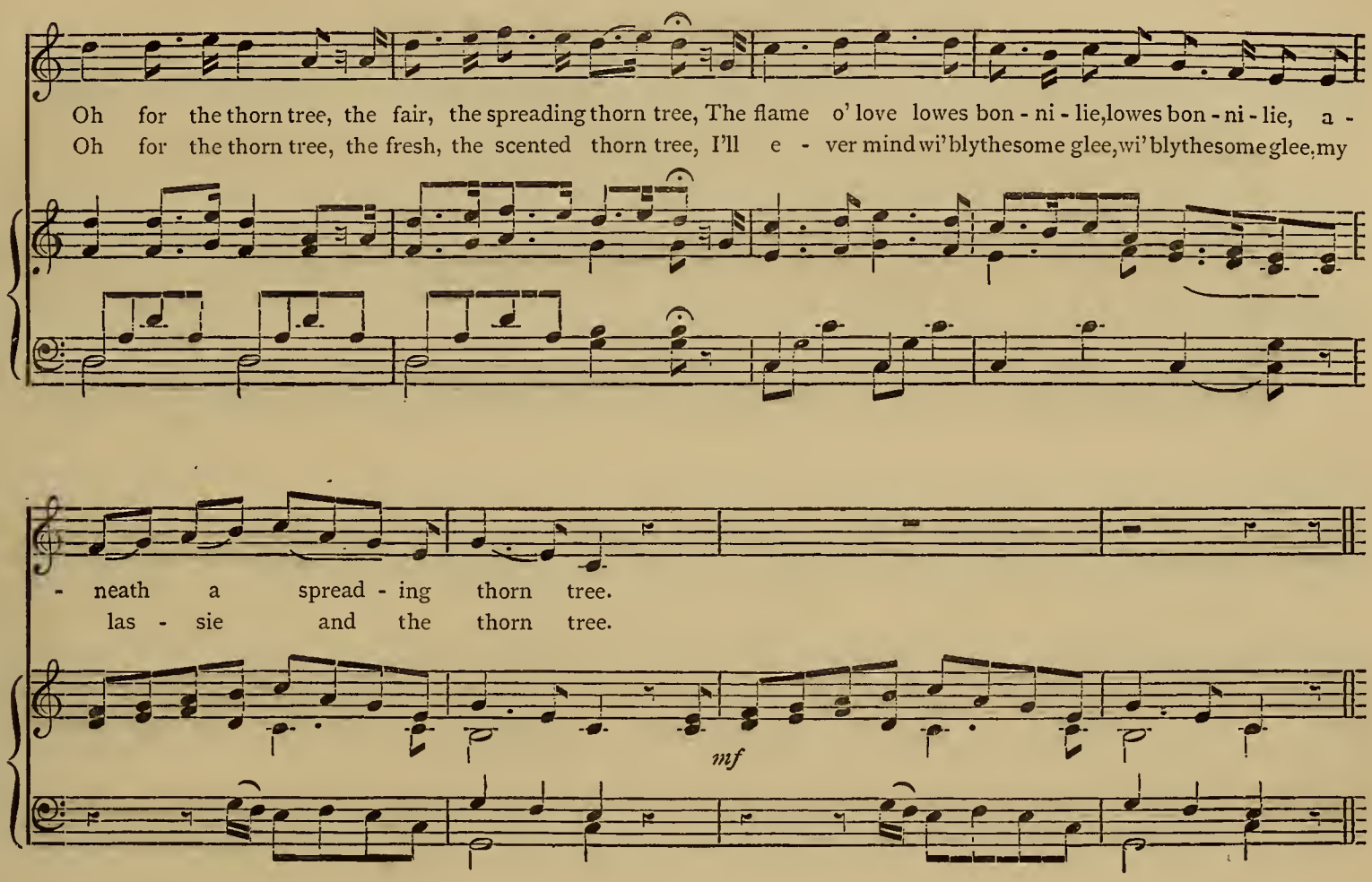
p

1. I watch'd the moon blink ower the hill, And oh she glin - tit
2. I clasp'd my las - sie to my heart, And vow'd my love should

bon - ni - lie, bon - ni - lie, Then met my lass when a' was still, Be -
las - ting be, las - ting be, And wussed ilk ill to be my part, When

- low the spread - ing thorn tree. Oh for the thorn tree, the fair, the spreading thorn tree,
I for - got the thorn tree. Oh for the thorn tree, the fresh, the scented thorn tree,

mf



III.

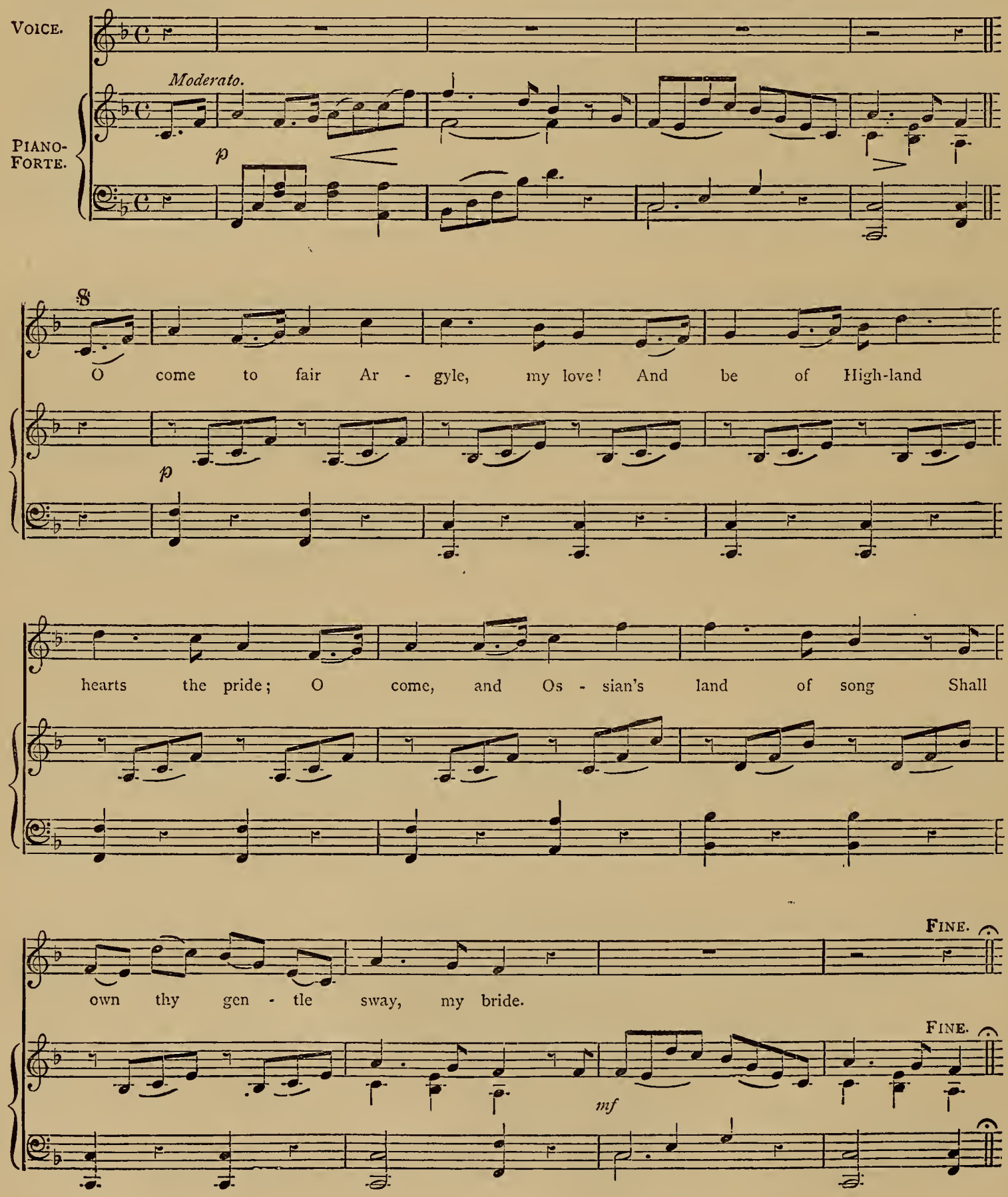
We met beneath the rising moon;
She bedded maist as soon as we,
She hung the westlin' heights aboon
When wc cam' frae the thorn tree.
Oh for the thorn tree, the fresh, the milk-white thorn tree;
'Twas past the midnight hour a wee when we cam frae the thorn tree.

IV.

I've seen the glass careerin' past,
I liked it too—I'll never lee;
ut oh its joys can ne'er be classed
Wi' love aneath the thorn tree.
Oh for the thorn tree, the fresh, the milk-white thorn trce;
Of a' the joys there's nane to me like lovc ancath the thorn tree.

THE CHIEFTAIN TO HIS BRIDE.

Words by W. HENDERSON. Music Composed and Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.



1. Thy home shall be our heath - clad hills, Wash'd by the clear At - lan - tic wave, Where
2. Thine own shall be I - o - na's Isle, The bright - est gem set in the sea, There

p

migh - ty Fin - gal liv'd of yore, Where sleep in death his war - riors brave.
rose Co - lum - ba's sa - cred pile, A Light to bid dark a - ges flee.

rit. *D.C.*

III.

Thy coming like yon sun shall be
When breaks she through the mists at morn;
When bathed in light our mountains free,
Oh what can match the Land of Lorne?
Da Capo al segno. Then come broad Scotland o'er, my love,
And be of loyal hearts the pride;
The land of Burns, the land of Scott,
Shall yield thee homage true, my bride.

JENNY'S BAWBEE.

Words by Sir ALEXANDER BOSWELL. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

mf *p*

1. I met four chaps yon birks amang, Wi' hing - in' lugs and fa - ces lang; I spier'd at nee-bour Baul - dy Strang Wha's they I see?
2. The first a cap - tain to his trade, Wi' skull ill - lin'd but back weel clad, March'd round the barn, and by the shed, And pappit on his knee.

Quo' he, Ilk cream fac'd paw - ky chiel Thocht he was cun - nin' as the deil, And here they come a - wa' to steal Jenny's baw - bee.
Quo' he, 'My god - dess, nymph and queen, Your beau - ty's daz - zled baith my e'en,' But deil a beau-ty he had seen But Jenny's baw - bee.

mf

III.

A lawyer neist, wi' blatherin' gab,
Wha speeches wove like ony wab,
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,
And a' for a fee.
Accounts he owed through a' the town,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could drown:
But now he thocht to clout his gown
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

IV.

A Norlan' laird neist trotted up,
Wi' bawsand naig and siller whup,
Cried, 'There's my beast, lad, haud the grup,
Or tie't till a tree.
What's gowd to me? I've walth o' lan';
Bestow on ane o' worth your han'!'
He thocht to pay what he was aw'n
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

V.

Dress'd up just like the knave o' clubs
A *thing* cam' neist (but life has rubs);
Foul were the roads and fu' the dubs,
And jaupit a' was he.
He danced up, squinting through a glass,
And grinned, 'I' faith a bonnie lass;'
He thought to win wi' front o' brass
Jenny's bawbee.

VI.

She bade the laird gae kame his wig,
The sodger no to strut sae big,
The lawyer no to be a prig;
The fool he cried, 'Tehee,
I kenn'd that I could never fail;
But she preen'd the dishclout to his tail
And soused him wi' the water pail,
And kept her bawbee.

VII.

Then Johnnie cam', a lad o' sense,
Although he had na mony pence,
And took young Jenny to the spence,
Wi' her to crack a wee.
Now Johnnie was a clever chiel,
And here his suit he press'd sae weel
That Jenny's heart grew saft as jeel,
And she birled her bawbee.

HAME CAM' OUR GUDEMAN AT E'EN.

Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

f *p*

1. Hame cam' our gude-man at e'en, And
2. Hame cam' our gude-man at e'en, And

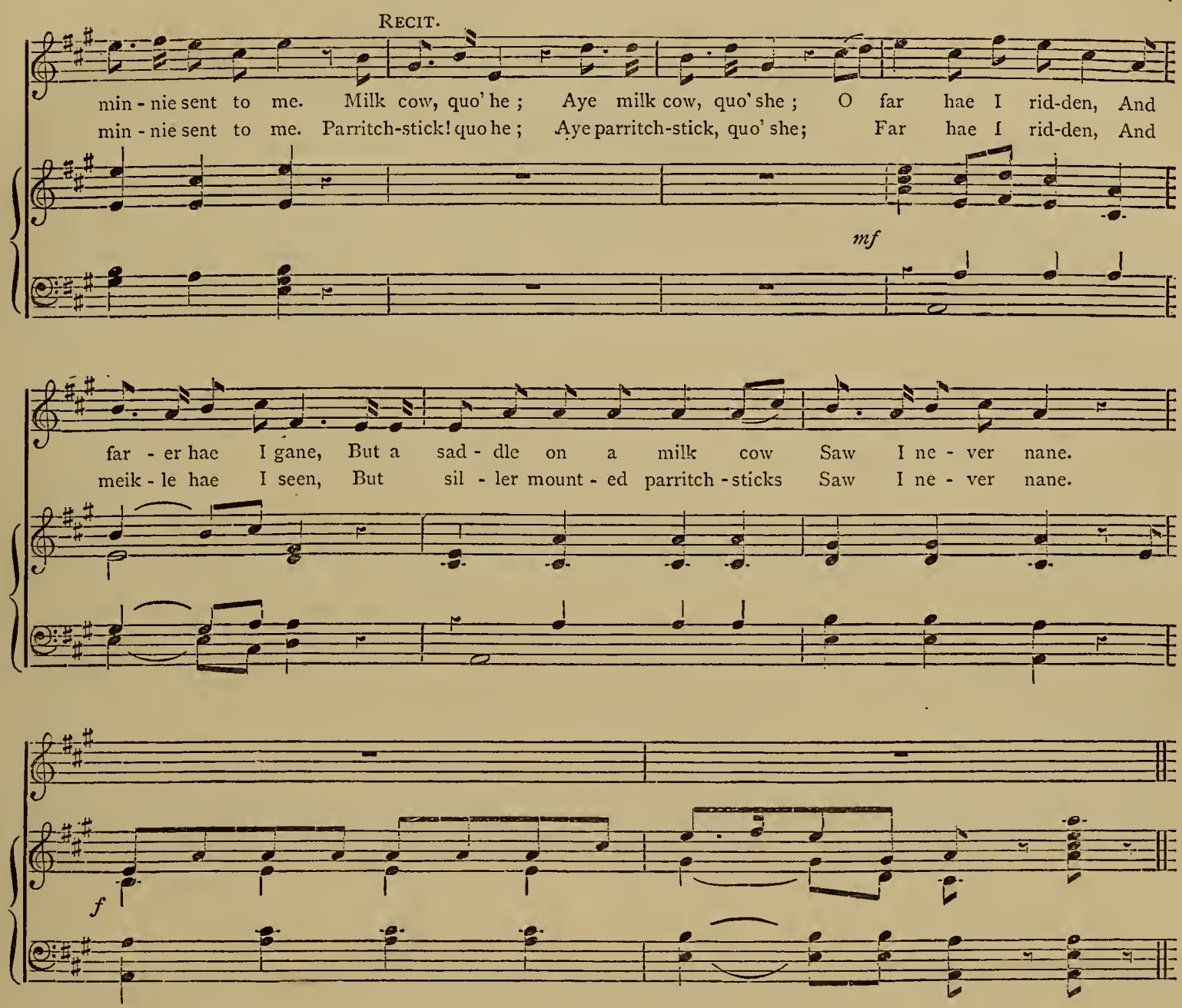
hame cam' he, And there he saw a sad - dle horse, Where horse sud na be. Oh!
hame cam' he, And there he saw a sil - ler gun, Where na sic gun sud be.

how's this? and what's this? and wha's may he be? How cam' this horse here with - out the leave o' me?
How's this? and what's this? and how cam' this to be? How cam' this gun here with - out the leave o' me?

mf

Ye sil - ly blind doit - ed carle, and blind - er may ye be, It's but a bon-nie milk-cow My
Ye stup - id auld doit - ed carle, ye're un - co blind I see, It's but a bon-nie parritch stick My

p



III.

Hame cam' our gudeman at e'en
  And hame cam' he;
And there he saw a feather cap,
  Where nae cap sud be.
How this? and what's this?
  And how cam' this to be?
How cam' this bonnet here
  Without the leave o' me?
Ye're a silly auld donard bodie,
  And unco blind I see;
It's but a tappit clocken hen
  My minnie sent to me!
A clocken hen, quo' he;
  A clocken hen, quo' she;
Far hae I ridden
  And farer hae I gane,
But white cockauds on clockin' hens
  Saw I never nane.

IV.

Ben the house gaed the gudeman,
  And ben gaed he;
And there he spied a Hieland plaid,
  Where nae plaid sud be.
How's this? and what's this?
  And how cam' this to be,
How cam the plaid here
  Without the leave o' me?
O hooly, hooly, my gudeman,
  And dinna anger'd be;
It cam' wi' cousin Mackintosh
  Frae the north country.
Your cousin, quo' he;
  Aye, cousin, quo' she;
Blind as ye may gibe me
  I've sight enough to see
Ye're hidin' Tories in the house
  Without the leave o' me.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOO AWA'.

Words by ROBERT TANNAHILL. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andante.

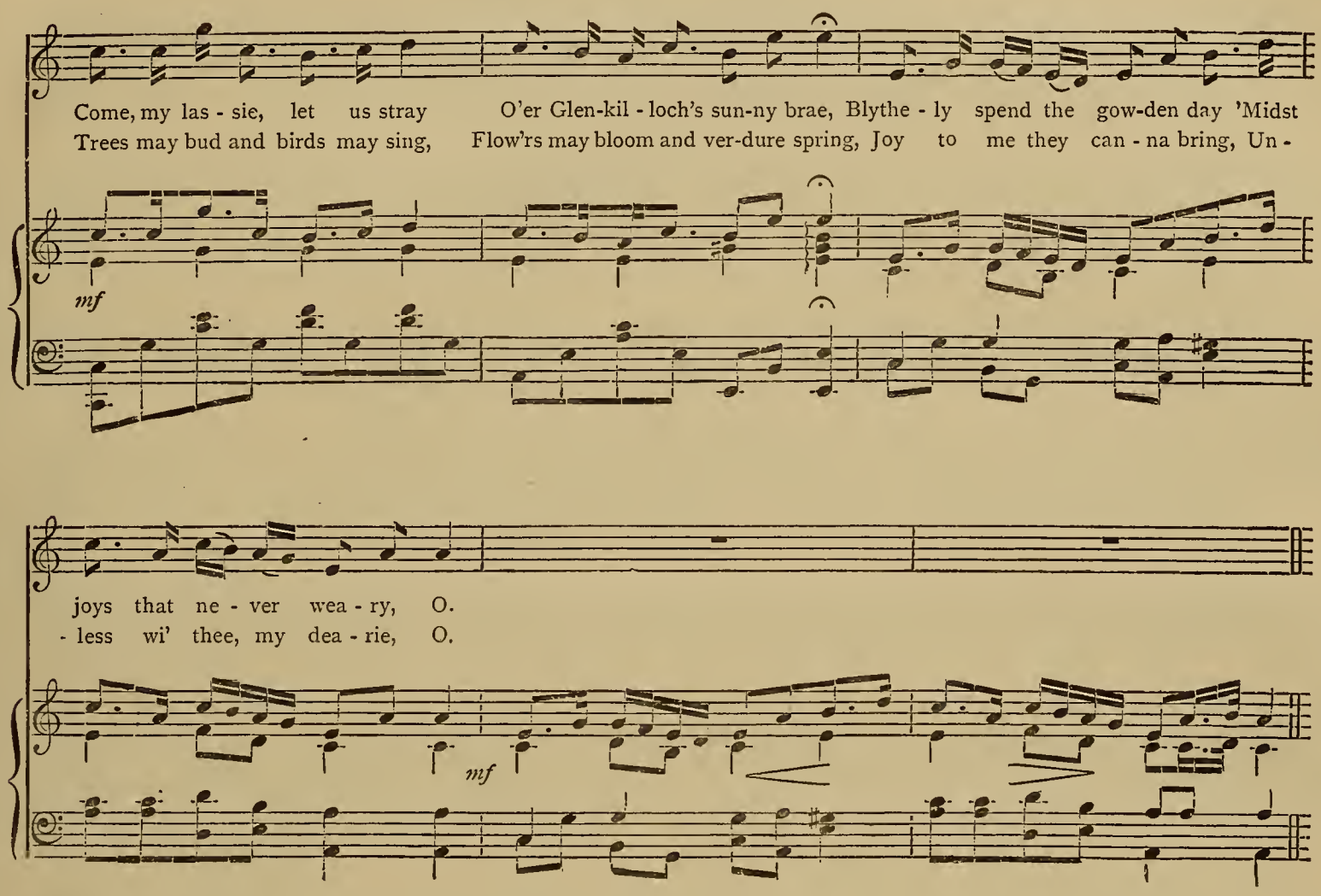
p *mf*

1. Gloo - my win - ter's noo a wa', Saft the west-lin' bree-zes blaw; 'Mang the birks o' Stan - ley shaw The
2. Tow' - ring o'er the New - ton woods Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white clouds; Sil - ler saughs wi' dow - ny buds A -

p

ma - vis sings fu' chee - rie, O. Sweet the craw - flowr's ear - ly bell Decks Glen - if - fer's dew - y dell,
- dorn the banks sae brie - ry, O. Round the syl - van fai - ry nooks Feath - ery breckans fringe the rocks,

Bloom - ing like thy bon - nie sel, My young, my art - less dea - rie, O.
'Neath the brae the bur - nie jouks, And il - ka thing is chee - rie, O.


Come, my las - sie, let us stray O'er Glen-kil - loch's sun-ny brae, Blythe - ly spend the gow-den day 'Midst
Trees may bud and birds may sing, Flow'rs may bloom and ver-dure spring, Joy to me they can - na bring, Un -
mf
joys that ne - ver wea - ry, O.
- less wi' thee, my dea - rie, O.
mf

YE BANKS AND BRAES.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. DUET. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL

1st. VOICE.

2nd. VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andante.

mf

1. Ye
2. Oft

1. Ye
2. Oft

banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How
hae I rov'd by bon - nie Doon, To see the rose and wood-bine twine; And

banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How
hae I rov'd by bon - nie Doon, To see the rose and wood - bine twine; And

p

can ye chant, ye lit - tle birds, And I sae wea - ry fu' o' care!
il - ka bird sang o' its love, And fond - ly sae did I o' mine.

can ye chant, ye lit - tle birds, And I sae wea - ry fu' o' care!
il - ka bird sang o' its love, And fond - ly sae did I o' mine.

Ye'll break my heart, ye war - bling birds, That wan - ton through the
Wi' light - some heart I pu'd a rose, Fu' sweet up - on its

Ye'll break my heart, ye war - bling birds, That wan - ton through the
Wi' light - some heart I pu'd a rose, Fu' sweet up - on its

flow' - ry thorn; Ye mind me o' de - part - ed joys, De -
thor - ny tree; But my fause lov - er stole my rose, And

flow' - ry thorn; Ye mind me o' de - part - ed joys, De -
thor - ny tree; But my fause lov - er stole my rose, And

ritard. *a tempo.*

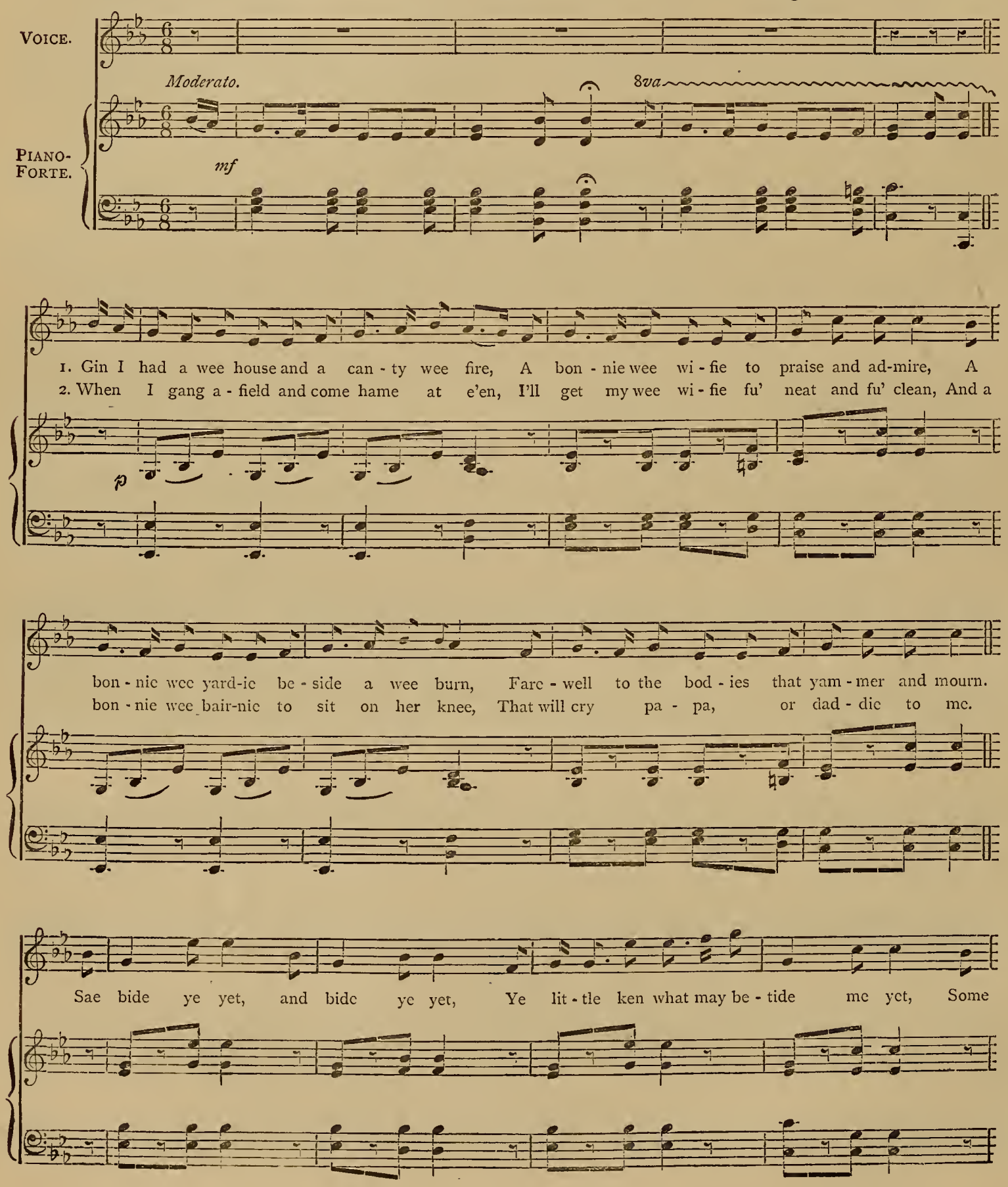
- - part - ed ne - ver to re - turn.
ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

- - part - ed ne - ver to re - turn.
ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

mf

BIDE YE YET.

Author of Words unknown. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.



bon-nie wee bo - die may fa' to my lot, And I'll aye be can-ty wi' think - in' o't, wi'

think - in' o't, wi' think - in' o't, I'll aye be can - ty wi' think - in' o't.

8va.

mf

III.

An' if there should happen ever to be
A difference atween my wee wifie an' me,
In hearty good humour, although she be teazed,
I'll kiss her and clap her until she be pleased.
Sae bide ye yet, &c.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

mf

1. Is
2. What

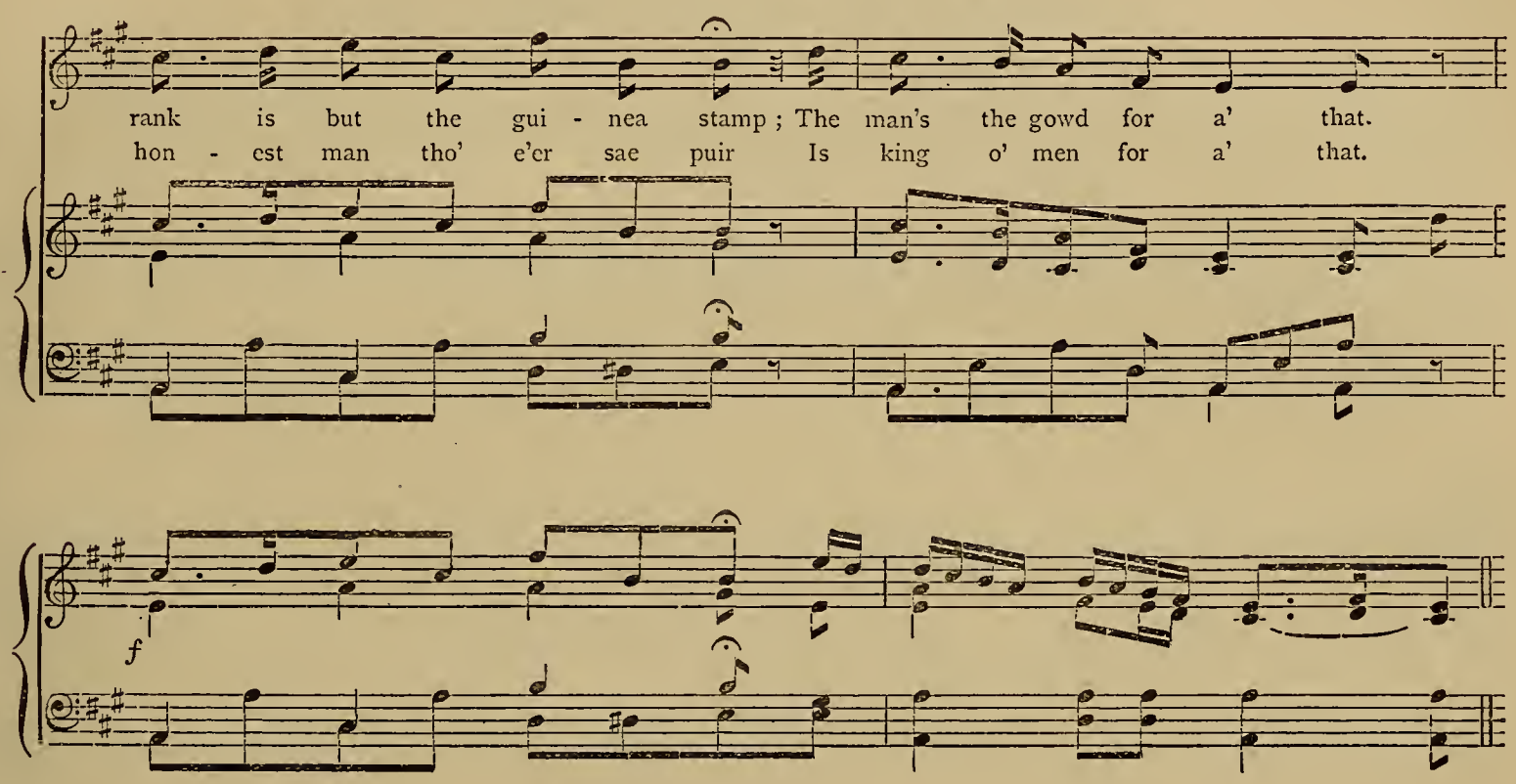
there for hon - est po - ver - ty, That hangs his head an' a' that, The
tho' on hame - ly fare we dine, Wear hod - den grey an' a' that, Gie

p

cow - ard slave we pass him by, We dare be puir for a' that.
fools their silks and knaves their wine, A man's a man for a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that, Our toils ob - scure an' a' that, The
For a' that, an' a' that, Their tin - sel, show, an' a' that, The

mf



III.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
  Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word
  He's but a cuif, for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
  His ribbon star, an' a' that,
The man of independent mind,
  He looks and laughs at a' that.

IV.

A king can mak' a belted knight,
  A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's abune his might—
  Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
  Their dignities, an' a' that,
The pith o' sense, the pride o' worth,
  Are higher ranks than a' that.

V.

Then let us pray that come it may,
  As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
  May bear the gree, an' a' that;
For a' that, an' a' that,
  Its comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
  Shall brothers be for a' that.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

Words by Mrs. GRANT of Carron. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andante. *mf*

Roy's wife of Al - dival-loch,

Roy's wife of Al - di-valloch, Wat ye how she cheated me, As I cam' o'er the braes o' Balloch.

1. She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine, She
2. O, she was a can - tie quean, And

f *p*

said she lo'ed me best of ony, But oh! the fickle, faith-less quean, She's ta'en the carle and left her Johnnie.
weel could dance the Hieland walloch, How hap -py I had she been mine, Or I'd been Roy of Al - di - valloch.

D.C.

III.

Her hair sae fair, her e'en sae clear,
Her wee bit mou', sae sweet and bonnie;
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife, &c.

O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER.

Words by JEAN GLOVER. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

f *p*

1. Com-in' thro' the craigs o' Kyle, A-
2. Says I, my dear, where is thy hame? In

- mang the bon- nie bloom-in' heather, There I met a bon - nie las - sie Keep-in' a' her ewes the-gith-er.
muir or dale pray tell me whether? Says she, I tent thae flee - cy flocks That feed a - mang the bloom-in' heather.

O'er the muir a-mang the heather, O'er the muir a-mang the heather, There I met a bon - nie las - sie

mf

Keep - in' a' her ewes the - gith - er.

f

III.

We sat us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunny was the weather;
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonnie, blooming heather.
O'er the muir, &c.

IV.

She charmed my heart, and aye sinsyne
I couldna think on ony ither;
By sea and sky! she shall be mine,
The bonnie lass amang the heather.
O'er the muir, &c.

THE WOODS O' DUNMORE.

Music by JAMES JAAP.
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

mf *p*

1. This lone heart is thine, las-sie,
2. O sweet is thy voice, las-sie,

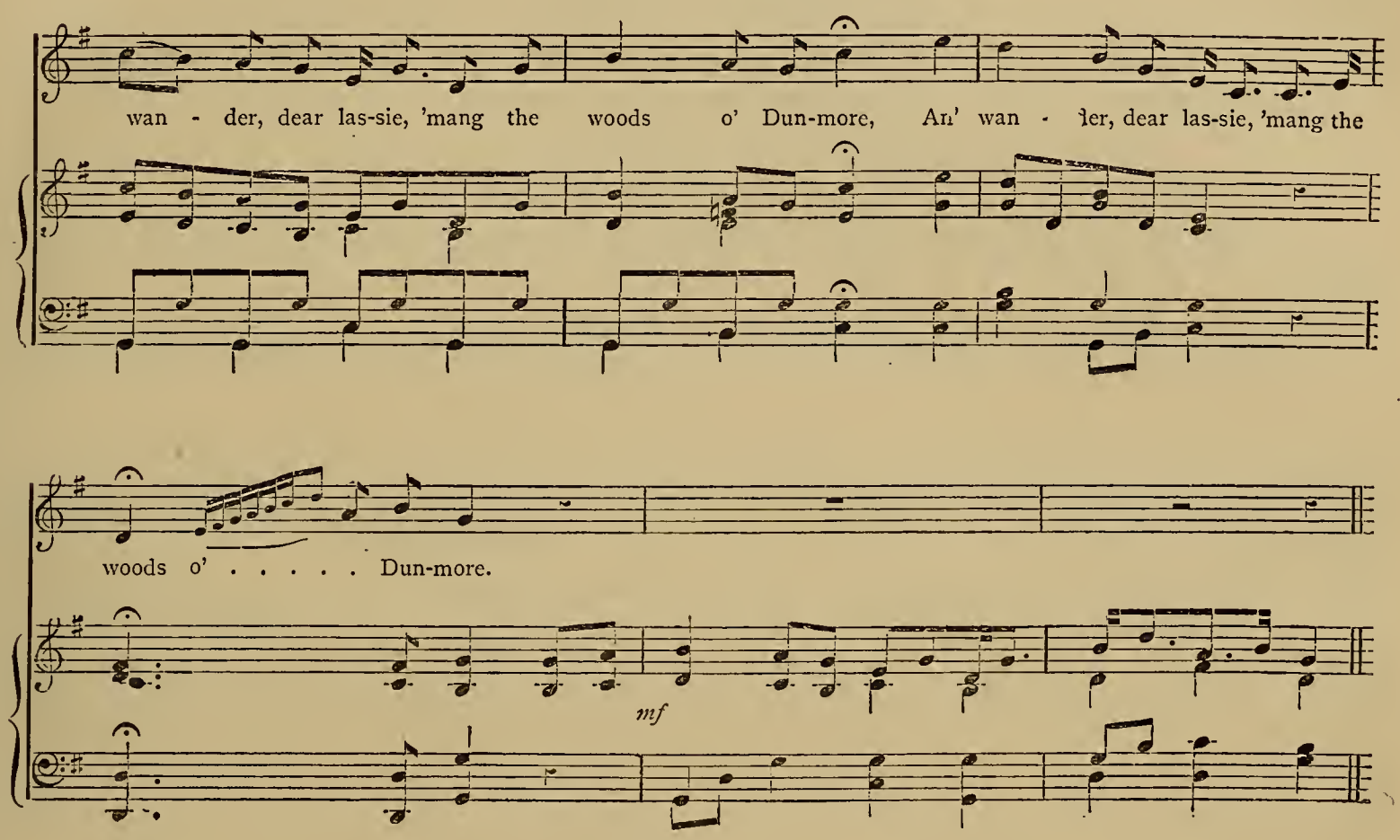
charm - ing and fair, This fond heart is thine, las-sie dear; Nae
charm - ing and fair, En - chant - ing thy smile, las-sie dear; I'll

warld's gear hae I, nae ox - en nor kye, I've nae-thing, dear las - sie, save a
toil aye for thee, for ae blink o' thine e'e Is plea-sure mair sweet than

pure heart to gie.
sil - ler to me.

Yet din-na say me na, but come, come a - wa', An'

mf



III.

O come to my arms, lassie, charming and fair,
Awa' wild alarms, lassie dear;
This fond heart and thine like ivy shall twine,
I'll loe thee, dear lassie, till the day that I dee.
O dinna say me na, &c.

LOCHNAGARR.

Words by LORD BYRON. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Animato.

mf *f*

1. A - way, ye gay land - scapes, ye gar - dens of ro - ses. In you let the min - ions of
2. Ah there my young foot - steps in in - fan - cy wan - der'd, My cap was the bon - net, my

p

lux - u - ry rove, Re - store me the rocks where the snow - flake re - po - ses, If
cloak was the plaid; On chief - tains de - part - ed my me - mo - ry pon - der'd, As

still they are sa - cred to free - dom and love. Yet, Cal - e - do - nia,
dai - ly I stray'd thro' the pine - cov - er'd glade. I sought not my home till the

mf

dear are thy moun - tains, Round their white sum - mits tho' e - le - ments war, Tho'
day's dy - ing glo - ry Gave place to the rays of the bright po-lar star, For

Lentando.

ca - ta - racts foam 'stead of smooth flow - ing foun-tains, I sigh for the val - ley of
fan - cy was cheer'd by tra - di - - tion - al sto - ry, Dis - clos'd by the na-tives of

p *f*

dark Loch - na - garr.
dark Loch - na - garr.

mf *f*

III.

Shades of the dead, have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland vale.
Round Lochnagarr, while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car;
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers;
They dwell 'mid the tempests of dark Lochnagarr.

IV.

Years have rolled on, Lochnagarr, since I left you,
Years must elapse ere I see you again;
Though nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
Yet still thou art dearer than Albion's plain.
England, thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has roved on the mountains afar;
Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic,
The steep frowning glories of dark Lochnagarr.

ORAN AN AOIG, OR THE SONG OF DEATH.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Lento.

p

1. Fare - well thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, Now gay with the broad set - ting
2. Thou strik'st the dull pea - sant, he sinks in the dark, Nor saves e'en the wreck of a

p

sun, . . . Fare - well loves and friend-ships, ye dear ten - der ties! Our
name; . . Thou strik'st the young he - ro, a glo - ri - ous mark! He

race . . of ex - is - tence is run. . . Thou grim king of ter - rors, thou
falls . . in the blaze of his fame. . . In the field of proud ho - nour, our

mf

life's gloom - y foe, Go fright - en the cow - ard and slave! . . Go
swords in our hands, Our king and our coun - try to save; . . While

teach them to trem - ble, fell ty - rant, but know No ter - rors hast thou for the
vic - to - try shines on life's last eb - bing sands, Oh, who would not die with the

brave! .
brave! .

mf

SCOTLAND YET.*

Words by HENRY S. RIDDELL.

Music by PETER M'LEOD.
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

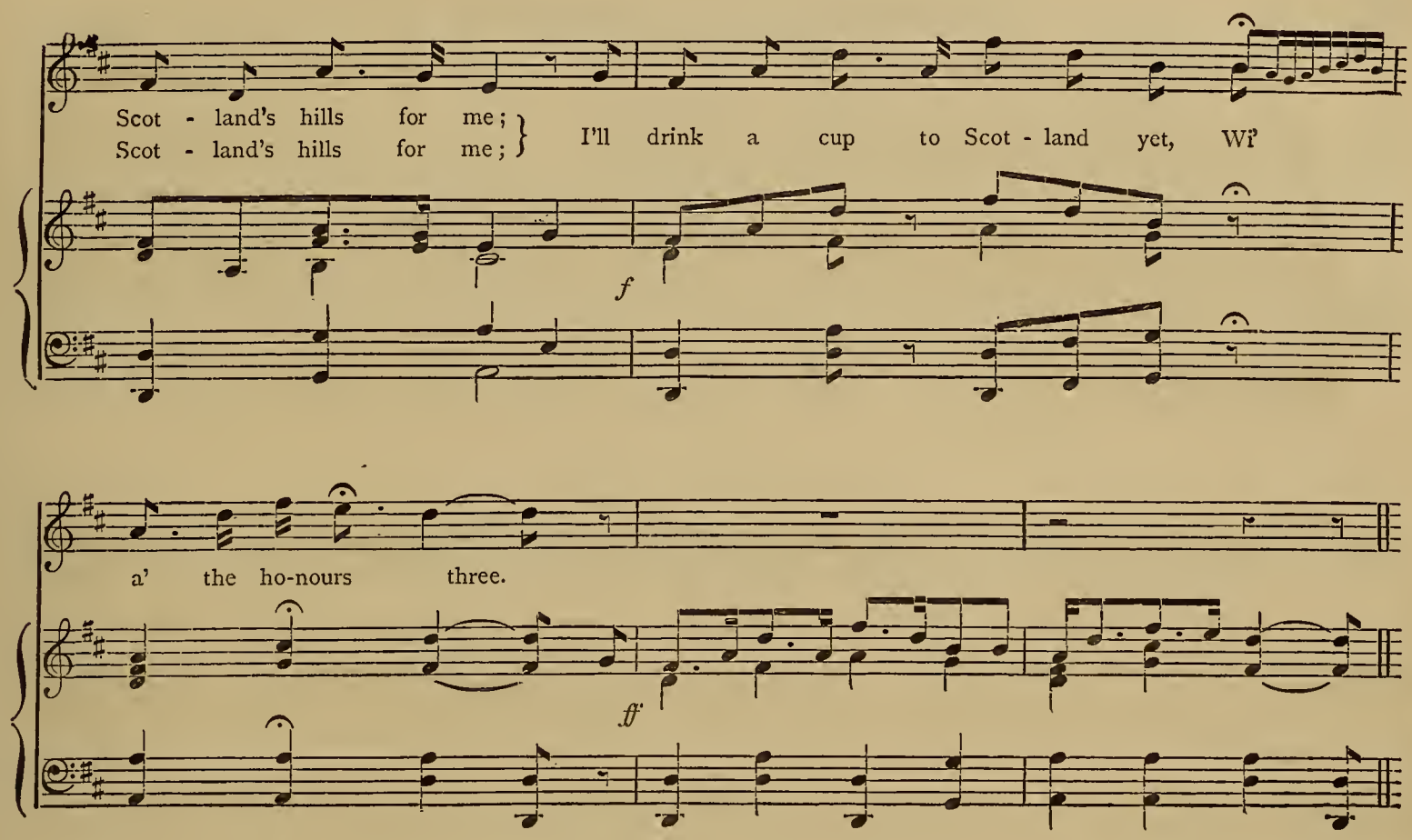
Animato.

f *mf*

1. Gae bring my gude auld harp ance mair, Gae bring it free and fast; For I maun sing a - ni - ther sang, Ere a' my glee be past. And trow ye as I sing, my lads, The bur - den o't shall be: Auld Scot - land's howes, and Scot - land's knowes, And

2. The heath waves wild up - on her hills, And foam - ing frae the fells Her foun - tains sing o' free - dom still, As they dance down the dells. And weel I loe the land, my lads, That's gir - ded by the sea: Then Scot - land's dales, and Scot - land's vales, And

* Inserted by the kind permission of the Proprietors of the Copyright, CRAMER & Co., London.



III.

The thistle wags upon the fields,
  Where Wallace bore his blade,
That gave her foemen's dearest bluid
  To dye her auld grey plaid.
And looking to the lift, my lads,
  He sang this doughty glee :
Auld Scotland's right, and Scotland's might,
  And Scotlands's hills for me ;
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
  Wi' a' the honours three.

THE BRAES O' BALQUHIDDER.

Words by ROBERT TANNAHILL. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

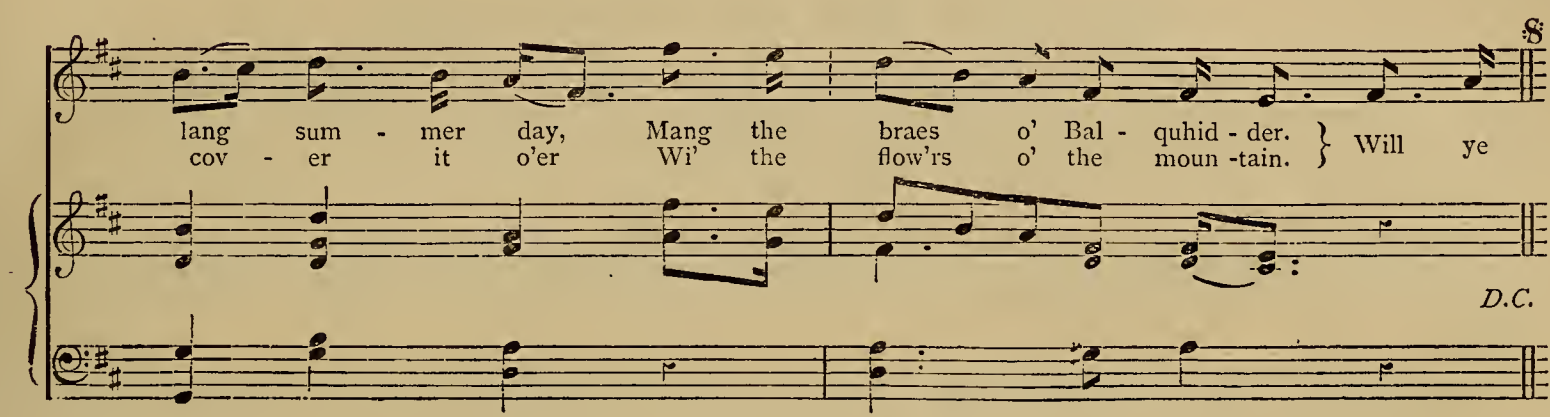
PIANO-FORTE.

Animato. *mf* *rit.*

Will ye go, las - sie, go to the braes o' Balquhidder? Where the blae - ber - ries grow, Mang the bon - nie bloom-ing hea-ther.

a tempo. *f* *rit.*

1. Where the deer and the rae, Light - ly bound - ing to - ge - ther, Sport the
2. I will twine thee a bow'r, By the clear sii - ler foun - tain, An' I'll



III.

I will range thro' the wilds,
An' the deep glens sae dreary,
An' return wi' their spoils
To the bower o' my dearie.
Will ye go, &c.

IV.

When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwellin'
An' the roar of the linn
On the night-breeze is swellin'—
Will ye go, &c.

V.

Sae merrily we'll sing,
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear sheeling ring
Wi' the light liltin' chorus.
Will ye go, &c.

VI.

Now the summer is in prime,
Wi' the flow'rs richly bloomin',
An' the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfumin'.
Will ye go, &c.

VII.

To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhidder.
Will ye go, &c.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

Words by Bobert Burns. Arranged by T. S. Gleadhill.

Voice.

Piano. Forte.

Moderato.

p *mf* *p*

Las - sie wi' the lint - white locks,

Bon - nie las - sie, art - less las - sie, Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks? Wilt thou be my dea - rie O?

1. Now na - ture cleads the flow - 'ry lea, And
2. And when the wel - come sum - mer show'r Has

mf

a' is young and sweet like thee; O wilt thou share its joys wi' me, And say thou'lt be my dea - rie, O?
cheer'd the droop-ing lit - tle flow'r, We'll to the breath-ing wood-bine bow'r At sul - try noon, my dea - rie, O.

III.

When Cynthia lights wi' silver ray
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi', &c.

IV.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi', &c.

MY WIFE HAS TAEN THE GEE.

Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

mf *ritard.* *p a tempo.*

1. A friend o' mine cam' here yes-treen, And
2. We sat sae late and drank sae stout, The

he wad hae me doun To drink a pot of ale wi' him, In the neist bor-ough toun.
truth I'll tell to you, That lang or e-ver mid-night cam', We baith were roar-in' fou.

But oh! a-lake! it was the waur, And sair the waur for me! For lang or e'er that I cam' hame, My
My wife sits by the fire-side, And the tear blinds aye her e'e; The ne'er a bed will she gae to, But

wife had taen the gee.
sit and tak' the gee.

mf *ritard.*

III.

In the mornin' soon, when I came doun,
The ne'er a word she spak';
But mony a sad and sour look,
And aye her head she'd shak'.
'My dear,' quo' I, 'what aileth thee,
To look sae sour at me?
I'll never do the like again
If ye'll ne'er tak' the gee.'

IV.

When that she heard she ran, she flang
Her arms about my neck,
And twenty kisses in a crack,
And poor wee thing she grat.
'If ye'll ne'er do the like again,
But stay at hame wi' me,
I'll lay my life I'se be the wife
That's never tak' the gee.'

PIBROCH O' DONUIL DHU.

Words by Sir WALTER SCOTT. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Animato.

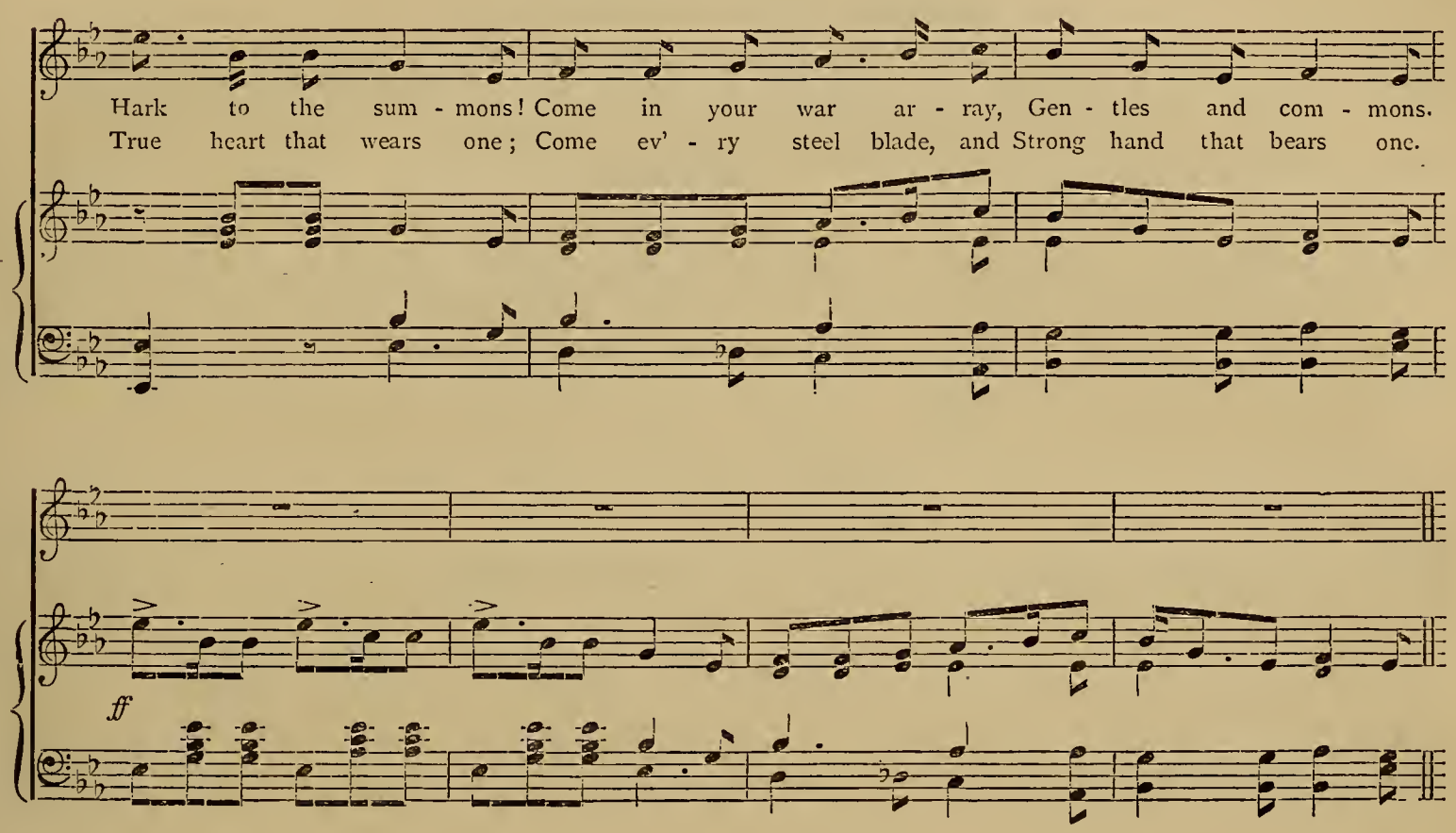
f

1. Pi - broch of Do - nuil Dhu, Pi - broch of Do - nuil, Wake thy wild voice a - new,
2. Come from deep glen, and from Moun - tain so rock - y, The war - pipe and pen - non Are

mf

Sum - mon Clan Con - nuil. Come a - way, come a - way, Hark to the sum - mons!
at In - ver - loch - y. Come ev' - ry hill plaid, and True heart that wears one;

Come in your war ar - ray, Gen - tles and com - mons. Come a - way, Come a - way,
Come e - vry steel blade, and Strong hand that bears one! Come ev' - ry hill plaid, and



III.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar.
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.
Leave the deer, &c.

IV.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded.
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster;
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master.
Faster come, &c.

V.

Fast they come, fast they come,
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set;
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!
Cast your plaids, &c.

BONNIE AULD SCOTLAND.

Words by G. Bennett, Esq.

Music by Charles Blamphin.
Arranged by T. S. Gleadhill.

Voice.

Piano-Forte.

Moderato.

p

1. How
2. How

dear are the mem'-ries of bon-nie auld Scotland! So treasur'd in song and so famous in sto - ry; There
grand are the mountains of bon-nie auld Scotland, Her torrents wild wa - ters, sun jew-el'd and glooming; How

lives not a name but would add to the fame Of old Rome in the days of its greatness and glo - ry.
ro - sy the breath of each moorland and heath, How love - ly her lakes aud her val - leys now blooming.

Of her warriors' bold deeds the wide world reads, Both kings and queens great applaud them; Her
No fo - reign strand, nor clas - sic land, Earth's fair - est scenes to - ge-ther, Can

min - strel be-times the whole heart enshrines, In raptures of love e'en a - dore them.
win . . . our praise like yon - der braes, And fra - grant hills of pur-ple hea-ther.

Bon-nie auld Scot-land bon-nie auld Scot-land, The land of my birth, dear bon-nie auld Scot-land.

mf

III.

'Tis because thou'rt the land of our birth, bonnie Scotland,
Our love is the love that no changes can sever;
Thy breath is our health, and thy treasures our wealth,
And thy brave hearts our kindred for aye and for ever.
Then up we'll stand for Fatherland
And England's might and beauty;
For home and Queen, till foremost seen
True patriots strong of love and duty.
Bonnie auld Scotland, &c.

MY HIGHLAND COT

Words by CHARLES BLAMPHIN.

Music by CHARLES BLAMPHIN.
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

mf

Slower.

1. The bon-nie, bon-nie blue bells I dear-ly love to see, In all their beau-ty sweet, when the
2. My hum-ble Highland cot is a pic-ture fair to view, With clear and winding lake whose dear

p Staccato.

sun sets o'er the lea; My High-land home they grace, where no sor-row e-ver dwells, For
charms seem e'er a-new; Oh Scot-land braw, my lov'd home, my country and my pride, Thy

there my on-ly love blooms a-like the bon-nie bells. The deer I chase at morn, when the
hea-ther bloom I love to see at qui-et e-ven-tide. When Mag-gie's by my side all is

mist is on the brae, With faithful hound beside me, the track be where it may. Oh the bonnie, bonnie blue bells I
grandeur tho' 'tis poor, No life to me so sweet with my weans beside the door. Oh a-mong the bonnie blue bells we

dear - ly love to see, In all their beau - ty sweet, when the sun sets o'er the lea; My
dear - ly love to see, In all their beau - ty sweet, when the sun sets o'er the lea; Our

Highland home they grace, where no sor - row e-ver dwells, For there my on - ly love blooms a -
Highland home they grace, where no sor - row e-ver dwells, For there our on - ly love blooms a -

- like the bon-nie bells.
- like the bon-nie bells.
} The bon-nie, bon-nie, bon-nie, bon-nie, bright, and bon-nie bells.

Allegretto.

f

THE PRIDE OF INVERARY.

Words by CHARLES BLAMPHIN.

Music by CHARLES BLAMPHIN.
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE

Moderato.

mf

1. In an old thatch'd cottage at the bottom of a hill, Near the glens of sweet In-ver-a-ry, Dwells a
2. When I met my las-sie it was in the month of June, Near a well by the clear run-ning wa-ter, Her

p

mai-den as pure as the stream's rippling rill, And called by the sweet name of Ma-ry.
love-beam-ing eye by the beams of the moon Told my heart she was earth's fairest daugh-ter.

I've wan-der'd the world a-mid weal and in woe, With heart sad and light as a
I plight-ed my love with my heart to be true, Though scarce-ly could speak fear 'twould

fea - ther, But of all sweet crea - tures there is none that I know, Like the
grieve her, But she gave con - sent and hop - ing ne - ver to rue, And I'd

lass of the bloom - ing young hea-ther.
die 'fore I e'er would de - ceive her.
My sweet High-land Ma - ry, my

lov'd Highland Ma - ry, Gem and the pride of all sweet In - ver - a - ry.

mf

WEE WILLIE WINKIE.

Words by W. Miller.

Music by Charles Blamphin.
Arranged by T. S. Gleadhill.

Voice.

Piano-Forte.

Allegretto.

f

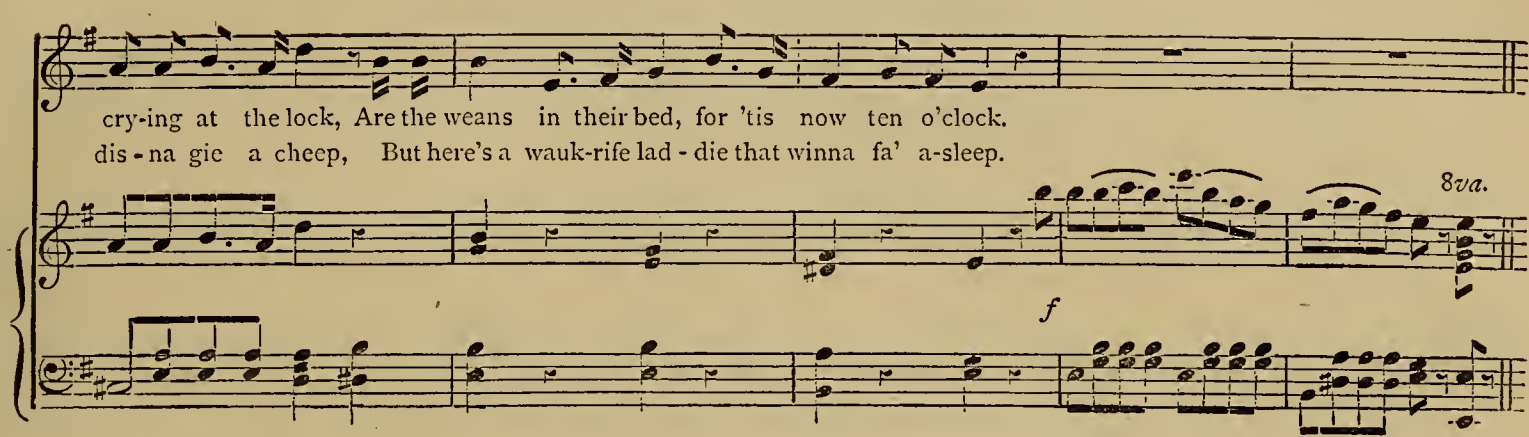
8*va.*

1. Wee Wil - lie Win - kie rins thro' the town, Up stairs and down stairs
2. Hey Wil - lie Win - kie are ye com - in' ben? The cat's sing - in' grey thrums

p

in his night - gown; Tirl - in' at the win - dow cry - in' at the lock, Are the
to the sleepin' hen; The dog's spel-der'd on the floor, and dis - na gie a cheep, But

weans in their bed, for 'tis now ten o - clock? Tir - lin' at the window
here's a wauk-rife lad - die that winna fa' a - sleep, The dog's spel - der'd on the floor, and



III.

Onything but sleep, you rogue, glow'rin' like the moon,
Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon;
Rumblin', tumblin' round about, crawin' like a cock,
Skirlin' like I kenna what, wauknin' sleepin' folk.

IV.

Hey Willie Winkie! the wean's in a creel,
Wamblin' aff a body's knee like a very eel;
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, rav'lin' a' her thrums·
Hey Willie Winkie! see, there he comes.

V.

Wearied is the mither that has a stoorie wean,
A wee stumpy stousy that canna rin his lane;
That has a battle aye wi' sleep before he'll close an e'e,
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gi'es strength anew to me.

THE AULD TOWN O' STIRLING.

Words by D. C.

Music by JOHN FINLAY.
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andantino.

p *mf* *f*

1. Fair to the sun lies the 'auld town o' Stir - ling;' Gent - ly the Forth winds its
2. As saft as the dew fa' on calm sim - mer's morn, As gen - tle as ze - phyrs at

p

tor - tu - ous way; The auld Scot - tish hills lie proud - ly un - fur - ling Their
eve - ning tide play, As sweet as the frag-rance of bloom - ing haw - thorn Is my

heath cov - er'd slopes to the sun's ling - 'ring ray. Its whin - ny knowes e- cho the
heart's dear - est treasure, the light o' my day. My days pass aye cheerie be -

lin - net's sweet sang, Its proud cas -tle turrets time's rav - a - ges mock; But
- neath her sweet smiles, And time but more firm-ly our hearts in - ter - lock; Dull

sweet - er to me is the saft thrill - ing pang Frae my fair Is - a - bel - la, the
care dis - ap-pears 'mid the sweet art - less wiles O' my ain Is - a - bel - la, the

pride o' the rock.
pride o' the rock.

mf *cres.* *f*

SWEET HEATHER BELL.

Music by J. H. Devon.
Arranged by T. S. Gleadhill.

Words by J. H. Devon.

Moderato.

Piano-Forte.

mf *f*

1. The emblems of na-tions are sung of with rap-tures, And man-y are flow-ers which in beau-ty ex - cel, But I'll
2. When the sun frae the east sheds his rays on this blossom, Its fragrance perfumes a' the moorland and dell, But a

p

sing of a wild flow'r that decks our rough mountains, And blooms round the cot where my Flo-ra doth dwell.
glance frae my Flo - ra is life's dear-est treasure, And moves my fond heart with love's glowing spell.

Sweet hea- ther bell, where fai -ries do dwell,

mf *f* *p*

In leg- ends of dar - ing what deeds there be - fel; The sweet hea - ther bell

f

is sae like her sel' My ain native blossom, my sweet heather bell.

p CHORUS. cres. f p

TREBLE. Sweet heather bell where fai-ries do dwell, In legends of dar-ing what deeds there be-fell, The

ALTO.

TENOR. Sweet heather bell where fai-ries do dwell, In legends of dar-ing what deeds there be-fell, The

BASS.

PIANO-FORTE.

sweet hea-ther bell is sae like her sel', My ain na-tive blos-som, my sweet heather bell.

sweet hea-ther bell is sae like her sel', My ain na-tive blos-som, my sweet heather bell.

3. The chieftain, arrayed in the garb of the mountain,
His bold, graceful bearing his nation will tell;
And the land of his grandsires, the birthplace of heroes,
Gave life to my Flora, the sweet heather bell.
Sweet heather bell, &c.

4. Sing on ye sweet birds of the lake and the mountain,
And bloom ye fair flowers of the woodland and dell;
Aboon a' your charms is my heart's moving fountain,
My ain dearest Flora, the sweet heather bell.
Sweet heather bell, &c.

AULD ROBIN THE LAIRD.

Words by ALEXANDER MACLAGAN.

Music by ANDREW THOMSON.
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

mf

1. Auld Rob - in our laird thocht o' chang - in' his life, But he did - na weel ken whaur to
2. 'Noo Tib - by,' quo' he, 'there's a queer ru-mour rins Thro' the haill coun - try side that there's

p.

wale a guid wife, A plump quean had he wha had serv'd him for years, 'Ho
nae - bo - dy spins, Bakes, wash - es, or brews wi' sic ta - lents as you, An'

Tib - by,' said the laird, lo! Tib - by ap - pears. 'Sit down,' said the laird, 'ye are
what a' - bo - dy says, ye ken maun be true. Sae ye ought to be grate - fu' for

want- ed a wee,' 'Very weel sir,' quo' Tib-by, 'sae let it be,' 'Sit down' said the laird, 'ye are
their cour - te - sie,' 'Very weel sir,' quo' Tib-by, 'sae let it be,' 'Sae ye ought to be grate - fu' for

wan - ted a wee,' 'Very weel sir,' quo' Tib-by, 'sae let it be.'
their cour-te - sie,' 'Very weel sir,' quo' Tib-by, 'sae let it be.'

mf

III.

'Noo it seemeth but just an' richt proper to me
That ye milk your ain cow 'neath your ain fig tree;
That a servant sae thrifty a guid wife will mak',
It's as clear as daylicht, sae a man ye maun tak',
Wha will haud ye as dear as the licht o' his e'e.'
'Very weel, sir,' quo' Tibby, 'sae let it be.'

IV.

'The pearl may be pure, Tib, though rough be the shell,
Sae I'm determined to wed ye mysel',
An' a' that a lovin' an' leal heart can grant
O' this warld's wealth, lass, troth ye shall nae want;
Sae a kiss to the bargain ye maun gie to me.'
'Very weel, sir,' quo' Tibby, 'sae let it be.'

V.

The weddin' day cam' wi' bridecake and bans,
Fand Tib i' the kitchen 'mang tubs, pats, and pans.
'Bless me,' quo' the laird, 'what on earth hauds you here?
Our frien's are a' met in their braw bridal gear;
Ye maun busk in your best, lass, and that speedily.'
'Very weel, sir,' quo' Tibby, 'sae let it be.'

VI.

When the blessin' was said an' the feastin' was done,
Tib crap to her bed i' the garret aboon,
When she heard the laird's fit an' his tap at her door,
She wondered—he ne'er took sic freedoms before;
'Come Tibby, my lass, ye maun listen to me.'
'Very weel, sir,' quo' Tibby, 'sae let it be.'

VII.

'Noo Tibby, ye ken we were wedded this nicht,
An' that ye should be here haith I think is no richt;
It canna be richt, for when women an' men
Are wedded, they ought to be bedded, ye ken;
Sae come doon the stair, Tib, an' e'en sleep wi' me.'
'Very weel, sir,' quo' Tibby, 'sae let it be.'

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

Words by Robert Burns. Arranged by T. S. Gleadhill.

Voice.

Piano-Forte.

Moderato.

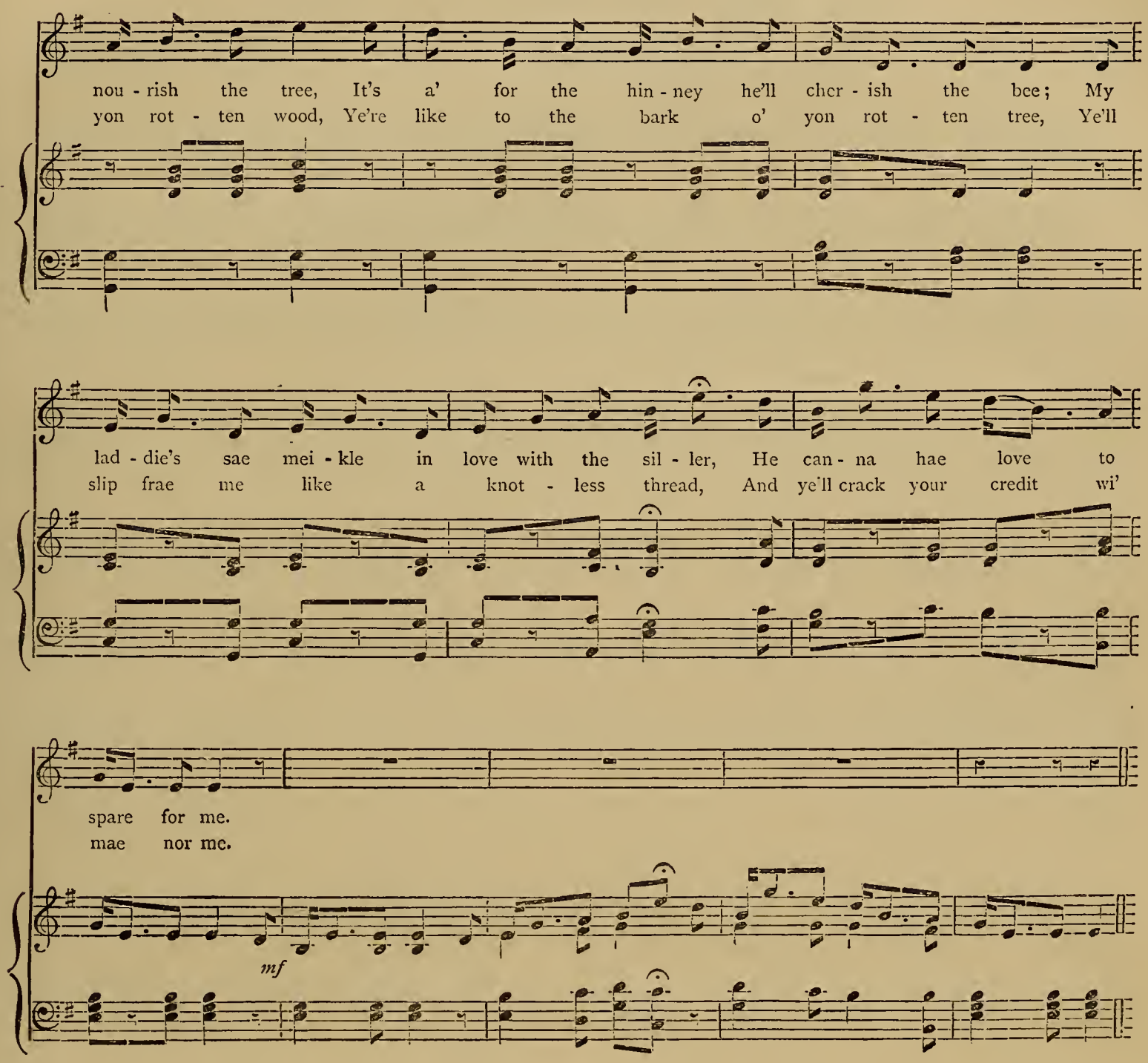
p

1. O mei - kle thinks my love o' my beau - ty, And meik - le thinks my love
2. Your prof - fer o' love's an arle pen - ny, My toch - er's the bar - gain

p

o' my kin; But lit - tle thinks my love I ken braw - lie, My
he wad buy; But, an' ye be craf - ty, I am cun - nin', Sae

to - cher's the jew - el has charms for him. It's a' for the ap - ple he'll
ye wi' a - ni - ther your fortune maun try. Ye're like to the tim - mer o'


nou - rish the tree, It's a' for the hin - ney he'll cher - ish the bee; My
yon rot - ten wood, Ye're like to the bark o' yon rot - ten tree, Ye'll
lad - die's sae mei - kle in love with the sil - ler, He can - na hae love to
slip frae me like a knot - less thread, And ye'll crack your credit wi'
spare for me.
mae nor me.
mf

ROW WEEL, MY BOATIE, ROW WEEL.

DUET.

Words by WALTER WEIR.

Music by R. A. SMITH.
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

Andante.

PIANO. FORTE.

p

1st. VOICE.

Row weel, my boa-tie, row weel, Row weel, my mer-ry men a'; For there's

2nd. VOICE.

Row weel, my boa-tie, row weel, Row weel, my mer-ry men a'; For there's

dule and there's wae in Glen-fio-rich's bow'rs, And there's grief in my fa-ther's ha'.

dule and there's wae in Glen-fio-rich's bow'rs, And there's grief in my fa-ther's ha'.

Quicker.

And the skiff it danc'd light on the mer-ry wee waves, And it flew o'er the wa-ters sae blue; . . . . . And the

And the skiff it danc'd light on the mer-ry wee waves, And it flew o'er the wa-ters sae blue; . . . . . And the

slower.

wind it blew light, and the moon it shone bright, But the boa - tie ne'er reach'd Al - lan - dhu.

wind it blew light, and the moon it shone bright, But the boa - tie ne'er reach'd Al - lan - dhu.

ritard.

Andante.

Och - on for fair El - len, och - on, Och - on for the pride of Strath - coe; In the

Och - on for fair El - len och - on, Och - on for the pride of Strath - coe; In the

Andante.

deep, deep sea, in the saut, saut bree, Lord Re - och, thy El - len lies low.

deep, deep sea, in the saut, saut bree, Lord Re-och, thy El - len lies low.

mf

O YE NEEDNA BE COURTIN' AT ME, AULD MAN.

Words by PETER STILL.

Music by JAMES RENNIE.
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

p

ritard.

Archly.

1. O ye need - na be cour - tin' at me, auld man, Ye need - na be cour - tin' at
2. Gang hame to your gowd and your gear, auld man, Gang hame to your gowd and your

p

me, ... Ye're three - score and three, and ye're blind o' an e'e, Sae ye
gear, ... There's a lad - die, I ken, has a heart like my ain, And to

need - na be cour - tin' at me, auld man, Ye need - na be cour - tin' at me. . . . .
me he shall e - ver be dear, auld man, And to me he shall e - ver be dear. . . . .

Gruffly.

Hae pa-tience and hear me a wee, sweet lass, Hae pa-tience and hear me a wee; I hae
I'll busk ye as braw as a queen, sweet lass, I'll busk ye as braw as a queen; I hae

goup - ins o' gowd, and an awm - ry weel stow'd, And a heart that loes nane but thee, sweet lass, And a
gui - neas to spare, and, hark ye, what's mair, I'm only twa score and fif - teen, sweet lass, I'm

heart that loes nane but thee. . . .
only twa score and fif - teen. . . .

mf *ritard.*

III.

O stan' aff na' and fash me nae mair, auld man,
Stand aff na' and fash me nae mair;
There's a something in love that your gowd canna move,
I'll be Johnnie's although I gang bare, auld man.
I'll be Johnnie's although I gang bare.

O! HUSH THEE, MY BABY.

Words by Sir WALTER SCOTT. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andantino.

mf

1. O! hush thee, my ba - by! thy sire was a knight, Thy mo - ther a la - dy so
2. O! fear not the bu - gle, tho' loud - ly it blows; It calls but the war-ders that

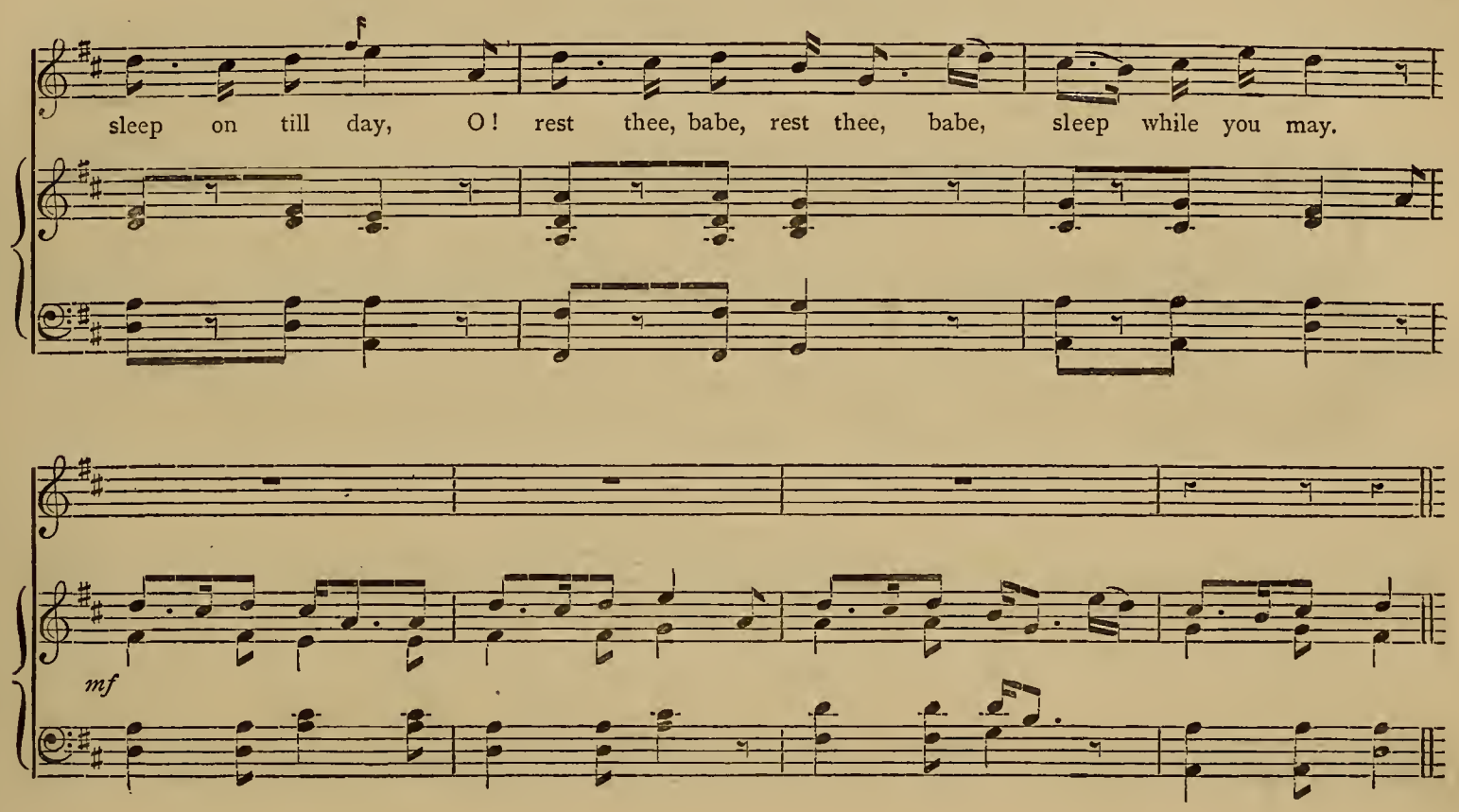
p

love - ly and bright. The woods and the glens from these tow'rs which we see, They
guard thy re - pose. Their bows would be ben - ded, their blades would be red, Ere the

all are be - long - ing, dear ba - by, to thee.
step of the foe draws near to thy bed.

O! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe,

ad lib. *a tempo.*



III.

O! rest thee, my darling, the time soon will come
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then rest thee, my darling, oh! sleep while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, as light comes with day.
O! rest thee babe, rest thee, &c.

O WHA'S AT THE WINDOW, WHA, WHA?

Words by ALEX. CARLYLE.

Music by R. A. SMITH.
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

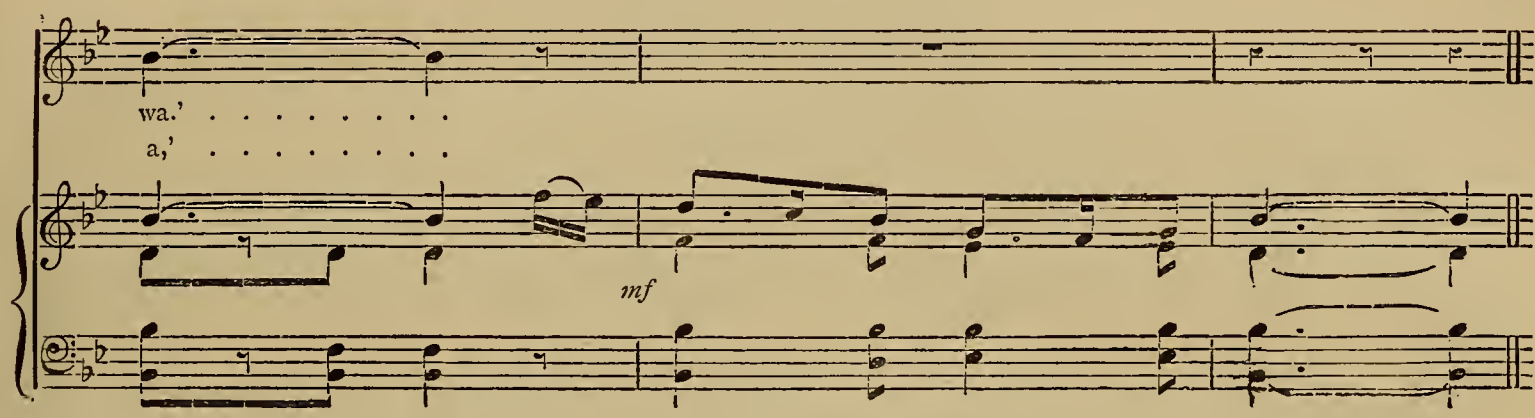
mf

1. O wha's at the win - dow wha, wha? O wha's at the win - dow
2. He has pligh - ted his troth an' a,' an' a', Leal love to gie an'

p

wha, wha? Wha but blythe Ja - mie Glen, He's come sax miles and ten, To
a,' an' a', And sae has she done By a' that's a - boon, For he

tak' bon - nie Jean - nie a - wa,' a - wa' To tak' bon - nie Jean - nie a -
loes her, she loes him 'boon a,' 'boon a,' He loes her, she loes him boon



3.

Bridal maidens are braw, braw,
Bridal maidens are braw, braw,
But the bride's modest e'e
An' warm cheek are to me
'Boon pearlins and brooches an' a', an' a'
'Boon pearlins and brooches an' a'.

4.

There's mirth on the green in the ha', the ha',
There's mirth on the green in the ha', the ha',
There's laughing, there's quaffing,
There's jesting, there's daffing,
And the bride's father's blythest of a', of a',
And the bride's father's blythest of a'.

5.

It's no that she's Jamie's ava, ava,
Its no that she's Jamie's ava, ava,
That my heart is sae eerie
When a' the lave's cheerie,
But it's just that she'll aye be awa', awa',
But it's just that she'll aye be awa'.

KATE DA'RYMPLE.

Words by WILLIAM WATT. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

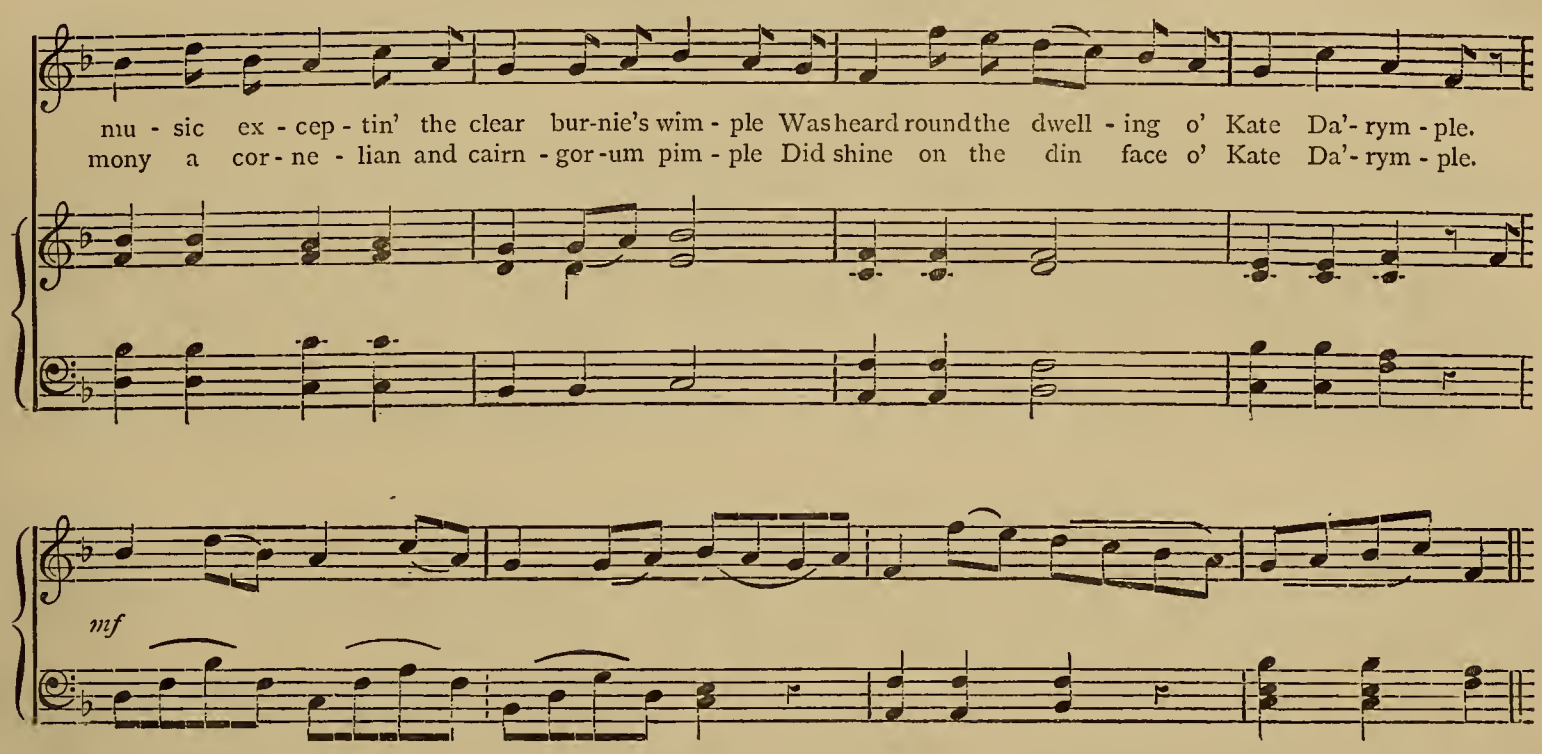
mf

1. In a wee cot house far a - cross the muir, Where peaseweeps, plo - vers, and whaups cry drea - ry, There
2. Her face had a smack o' the gruesome and grim, That did frae the fash o' a' wooers de - fend her; Her

p

liv'd an auld maid for mo - ny lang years, Wham ne'er a woo - er did e'er ca' dea - rie.
lang Roman nose nearly met wi' her chin, And brang folks in mind o' the auld witch o' En - dor.

A lane - ly lass was Kate Da' - rym - ple, A thrif - ty quean was Kate Da' - rym - ple; Nae
A wiggle in her walk had Kate Da' - rym - ple, A snivel in her talk had Kate Da' - rym - ple; And



III.

She span tarry woo' the hale winter thro',
For Kate ne'er was lazy but eident and thrifty;
She wrought mang the peats, coil'd the hay, shore the corn,
And supported hersel' by her ain hard shift aye.
But ne'er a lover cam' to Kate Da'rymple
For beauty and tocher wanted Kate Da'rymple,
Unheeded was the quean by baith gentle and simple.
A blank in existence seem'd Kate Da'rymple.

IV.

But mony are the ups and downs in life,
When the dice-box of fate's jumbled tapsalteerie;
Sae Kate fell heiress to a rich frien's estate,
An' nae langer for lovers had she cause to weary.
The Squire cam' a wooin' soon o' Kate Da'rymple,
The Priest, scrapin', bowin', fan' out Kate Da'rymple,
An' on ilka wooer's face was seen love's smilin' dimple,
Sae now she's nae langer Kate—but Miss Dalrymple.

V.

Her auld cutty-stool that she used at her wheel
Is flung by for the saft gilded sofa sae gaudy;
An' now she's arranged in her silks and brocade,
An' can brank now for ruffs and muffs wi' ony lady.
But still an unco fash to Kate Da'rymple
Was dress and party clash aye to Kate Da'rymple,
She thought a half marrow bred in line mair simple
Wad be a far fitter match for Kate Da'rymple.

VI

She oftentimes thought when she dwelt by hersel',
She could wed Willie Speedyspool, the sarkin weaver;
An' now unto Will she the secret did tell,
Wha for love or for int'rest did kindly receive her.
He flang by his heddles soon for Kate Da'rymple,
He brunt a' his treadles down for Kate Da'rymple,
Tho' his right e'e doth skellie, and his left leg doth limp ill,
He's won the heart and got the hand o' Kate Da'rymple.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

Words by WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

Music by MARQUIS CHISHOLM.
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Trumpet call.

f *ff*

With spirit.

1. To Ban - nock-burn's fam'd bat - tle field Stern Scot - land went for - ward in might, With
2. How stern yet how tran - quil the sight, The in - fan - try si - lent - ly stood, But

f

sword, the war - spear, and shield, To fight for her free - dom and right; The
ere they were shad - ed by night, The co- lumns were de - lug'd in blood; Re-

this - tle on banks of the Forth . . . Wav'd si - lent de - fi - ance and scorn; The
- joi - cings a-rose on the air, ... For Bru - ce's great stan-dard had been E -

p *f*

e - ner - gies all of the North . . Were arous'd on that ter - ri - ble morn! The
-rec - ted vic - to - rious - ly there, ... Un - fur - ling its folds o'er the scene. The

ff *mf*

clear dawn of June the wide car - ses revealed, How great was the throng, how stal-wart and strong, How
migh - ty in- va - ders were struck with dismay, Midst shout - ings and scorn on that bright summer morn, Midst

ff

great was the throng, how stal - wart and strong Were the thousands who march'd on the glo - ri -ous field.
shout - ings and scorn, all tat - ter'd and torn, Their plu - mage and splen - dour of bat - tle ar-ray.

ritard.

Trumpet call.

f *ff*

3. How dreadful the shock of the mass,
Whilst cavalry charg'd on the squares!
How delug'd that fatal morass
As they fell in the pits and the snares!
Great praise noble army to thee
That crush'd by that river's fair banks
For Scotland, the land of the free,
The strength of the enemy's ranks:
The bright sky of June was smiling above,
How great was the truce, and how noble the Bruce,
How great was the truce, and how kingly the Bruce,
When they triumph'd for country, for freedom and love.

BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

Words by Sir WALTER SCOTT. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

f

March, march, Et - trick and Tev - iot - dale, Why, my lads, din - na ye march

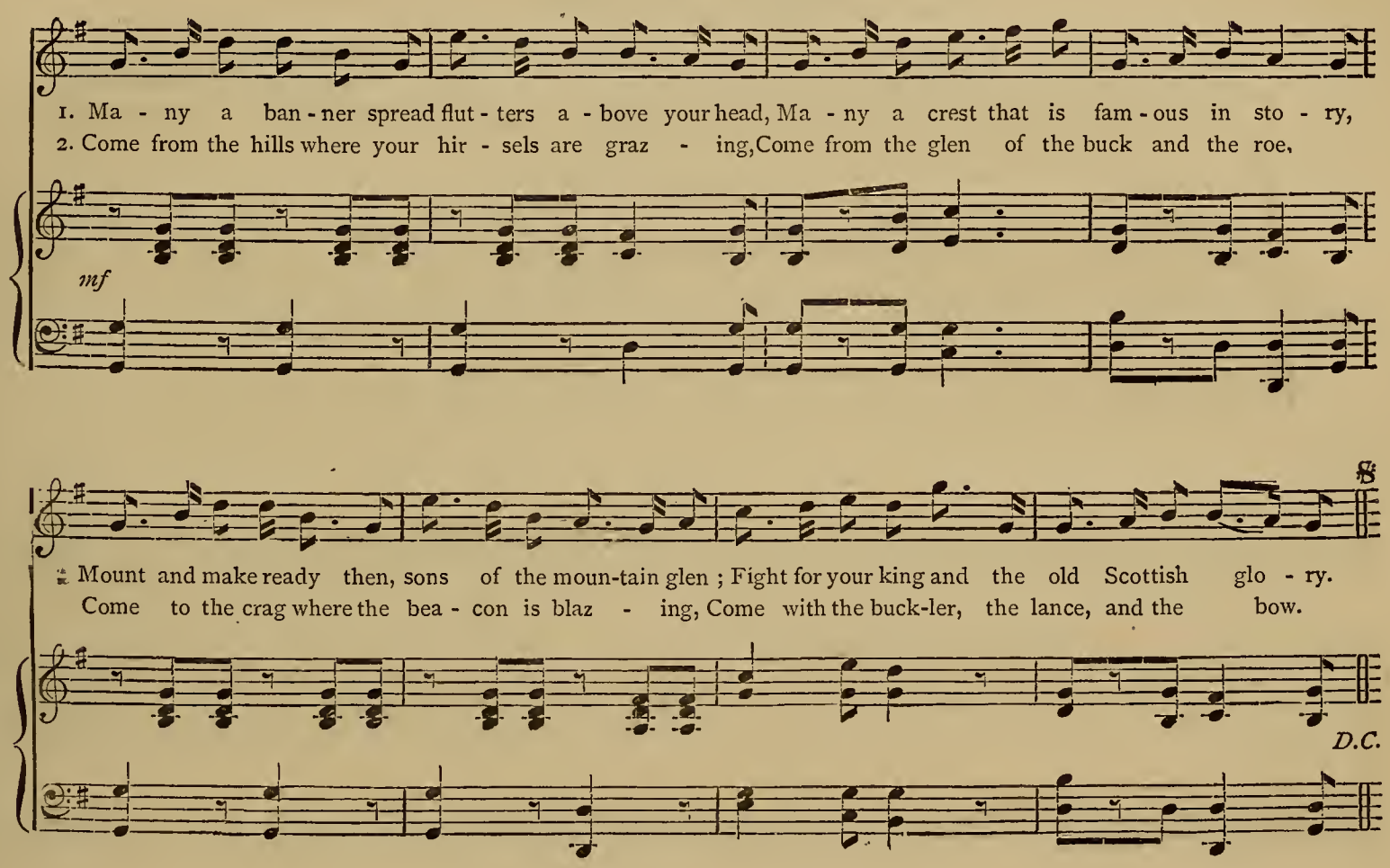
mf

for - ward in or - der? March, march, Esk - dale and Lid - des - dale,

A' the blue bon-nets are o - ver the bor - der.

f

Fine.



III.

Trumpets are sounding, war-steeds are bounding,
Stand to your arms and march in good order,
England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray,
When the blue bonnets came over the border.
March, march, &c.

LUCY'S FLITTIN'.

Words by WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

Music by R. A. SMITH.
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andante.

p

1. 'Twas
2. She

when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fa-in', And Mar-tin-mas dow-e had wound up the year, That
gaed by the sta-ble where Jam-ie was stanin', Right sair was his kind heart the flit-tin' to see;

p

Lu-cy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in't, And left her auld mas-ter and neigh-bours sae dear.
'Fare ye weel Lu-cy', quo' Ja-mie, and ran in, The gath-rin' tears trick-led . . . fast frae his e'e.

For Lu-cy had serv'd in the glen a' the sim-mer; She cam' there be-fore the flow'r
As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' her flit-tin' . . . . 'Fare ye weel Lu-cy' was

bloom'd on the pea; An or - phan was she, and they had been guid till her, Sure
il - ka bird's sang, She heard the craw say - in't, high on the tree sit - tin', And

that was the thing brought the tears to her e'e.
Rob - in' was chirp - in't the brown leaves a-mang.

mf

III.

O wha is't that pits my puir heart in a flutter?
And what gars the tears come sae fast to my e'e?
If I was nae ettled to be ony better,
Then what gars me wish ony better to be?
I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither;
Nae mither nor friend the puir lammie can see
I fear I hae tint my bit heart a'thegither;
Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my e'e.

IV.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae row'd up the ribbon,
The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie gae me;
Yestreen when he gae me't, and saw I was sabbin',
I'll never forget the wae blink o' his e'e.
Though now he said naething but 'Fare ye weel, Lucy,'
It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see
He could na say mair, but just "Fare ye weel, Lucy,"
Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

V

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when it's drookit,
The hare likes the brake and the braird on the lea;
But Luey likes Jamie—she turn'd and she lookit,
She thought the dear place she wad never mair see.
Ah! weel may young Jamie gang dowie and eheerless;
Ah! weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn;
His bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return.

DUNCAN GRAY.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto con spirito.

mf *rit.* *f a tempo.*

1. Dun - can Gray cam here to woo, Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't, On
2. Dun - can fleech'd, and Dun - can pray'd, Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't;

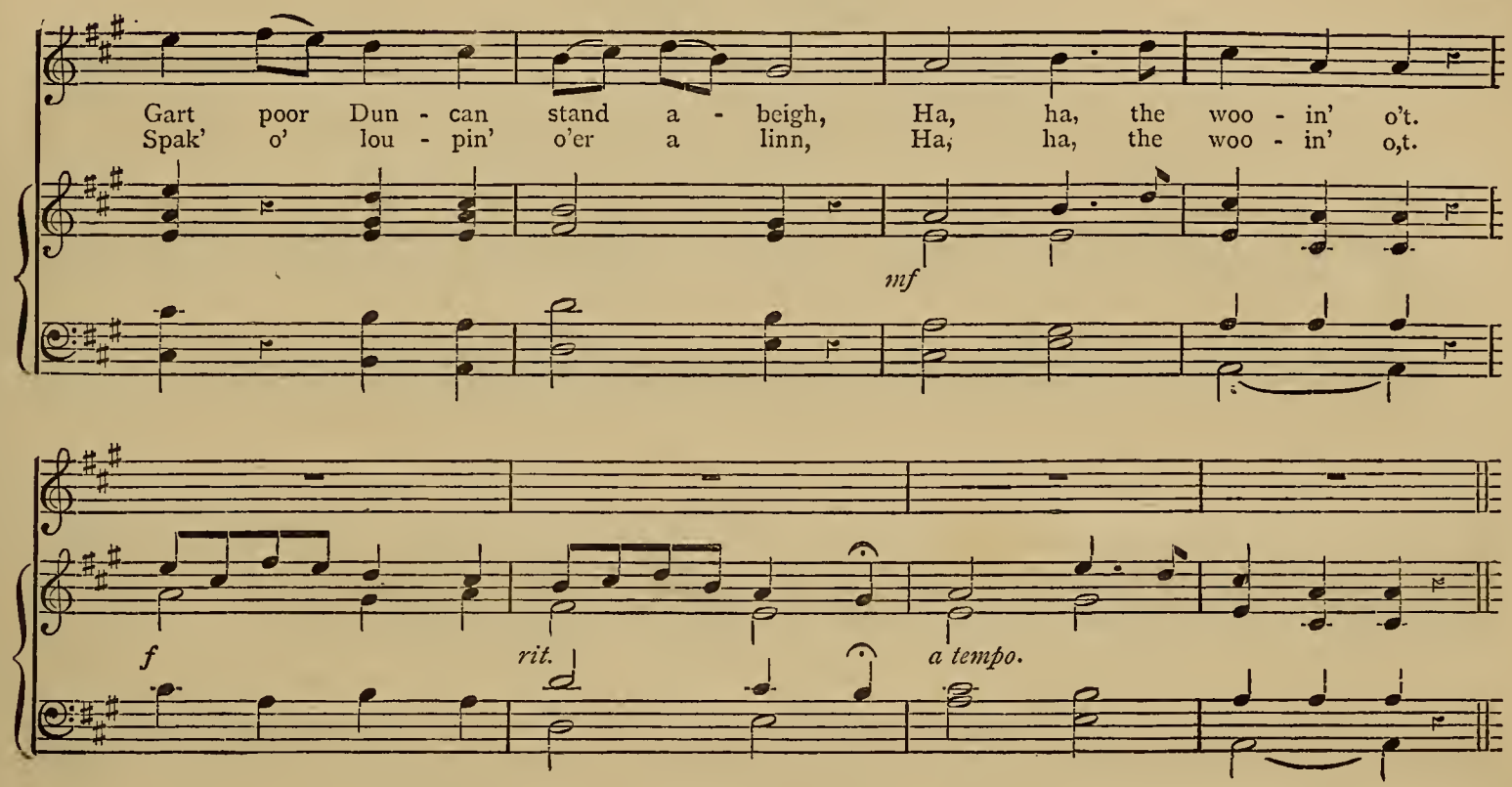
p *mf*

blythe yule night when we were fu', Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't.
Meg was deaf as Ail - sa Craig, Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't.

p *mf*

Mag - gie coost her head fu' heigh, Look'd as - klent and un - co skeigh,
Dun - can sigh'd baith out and in, Grat his e'en baith bleer'd and blin',

p



III.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't,
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.
Shall I like a fool, quo' he,
For a haughty hizzie dee?
She mae gae to—France for me,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

IV.

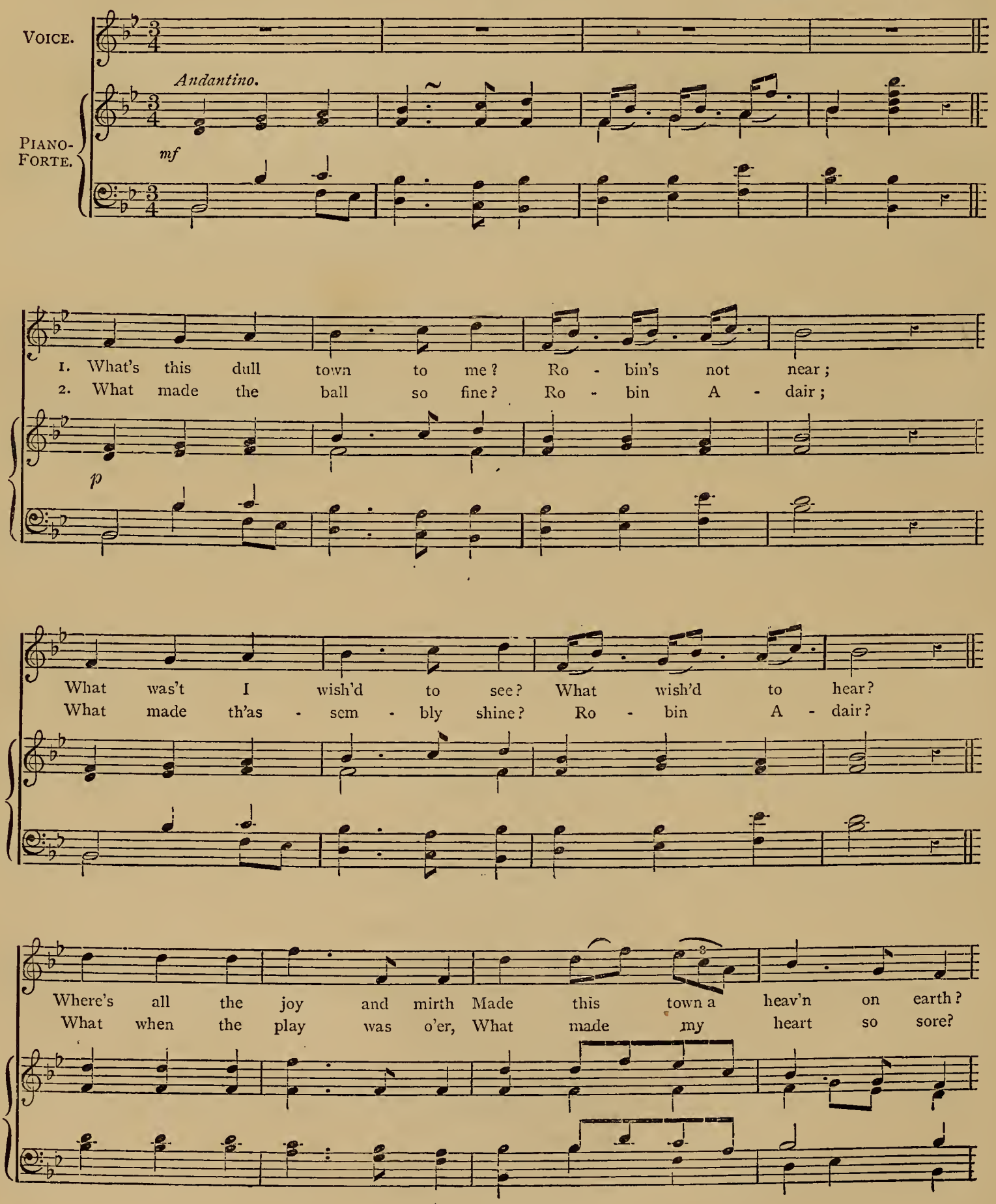
How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't,
Meg grew sick as he grew well,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings,
And oh her een they spak sic' things.
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

V.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't,
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath,
Now they're crouse and cantie baith,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

ROBIN ADAIR.

Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.



Oh! they've all fled with thee, Ro - bin A - dair.
Oh! it was part - ing with Ro - bin A - dair.

mf

I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

mf

1. I gaed a wae - fu' gate yes - treen, A gate, I fear, I'll dear - ly rue; I gat my death frae twa sweet e'en, Twa love - ly e'en o' bon - nie blue. 'Twas not her gold - en

2. She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wil'd, She charm'd my soul, I wist - na how; And aye the stound, the dead - ly wound, Cam' frae her e'en sae bon - nie blue. But spare to speak, and

p

ring - - - lets bright, Her lips like ro - ses wet wi' dew, Her
spare to speed, She'll aib - - lins lis - ten to my vow; Should

heav - ing bo - - - som li - - ly white; It was her e'en sae
she re - fuse, I'll lay me dead To her twa e'en sae

bon - nie blue.
bon - nie blue.

mf

WOO'D AND MARRIED AN' A'

Words by JOANNA BAILLIE.

Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

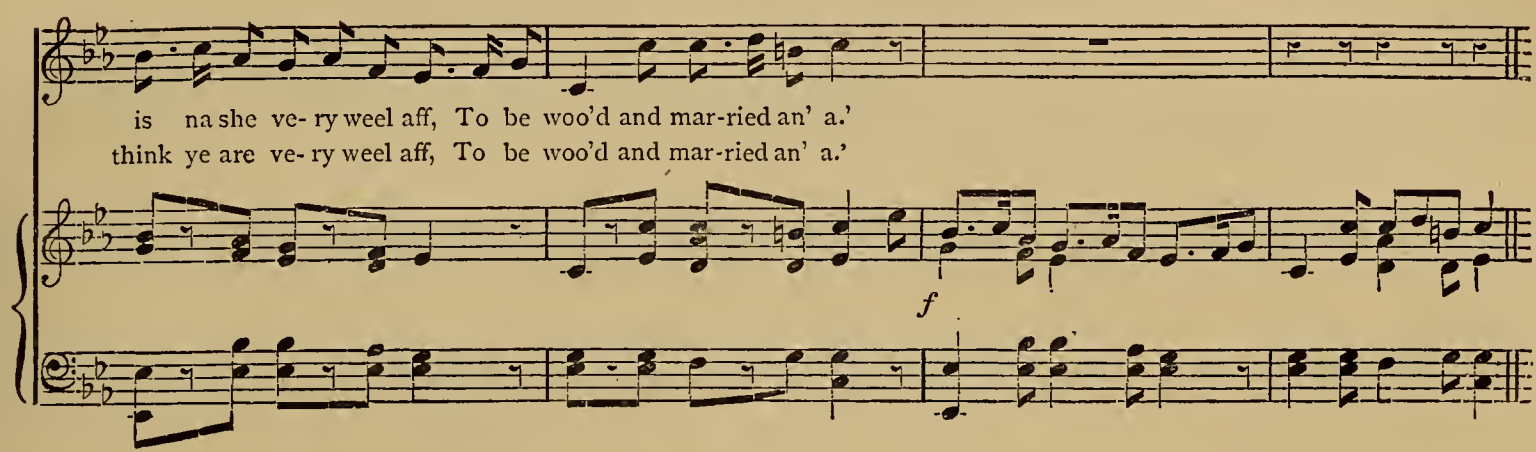
Allegretto.

f *p*

1. The bride she is win-some and bon-nie, Her hair it is snoo-ded sae sleek; And faith-fu' and kind is her John-nie, Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek.
2. Her mi-ther then has-ti-ly spak', The las-sie is glai-ket wi' pride; In my pouches I had na a plack The day that I was a bride.

New pearlings the cause o' her sor-row, New pearlings and plenishing too; The bride that has a' to bor-row Has e'en right muck-le a-do, Woo'd and mar-ried an' a,' Woo'd and mar-ried an' a'; And

E'en tak to your wheel and be cle-ver, And draw out your thread in the sun; The gear that is gifted it ne-ver Will last like the gear that is won. Woo'd and mar-ried an' a,' Tocher and sav-in's sae sma'; I



III.

'Toot, toot,' quo' the gray-headed faither,
'She's less o' a bride than a bairn;
She's ta'en like a cowt frae the heather,
Wi' sense and discretion to learn.
Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,
As humour inconstantly leans,
A chiel maun be constant and steady
That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.'
'Kerchief to cover sae neat
Locks the wind used to blaw;
I'm baith like to laugh and to greet
When I think o' her married at a'.

IV

Then out spak' the wily bridegroom,
Weel waled were his wordies I wean,
'I'm rich, though my coffer be toom,
Wi' the blinks o' your bonnie blue e'en
I'm prouder o' thee by my side,
Though thy ruffles or ribbons be few,
Than if Kate o' the Croft were my bride,
Wi' purples and pearlings anew.'
Dear and dearest o' ony,
Ye're woo'd and bookit an' a',
And do you think scorn o' your Johnnie,
And grieve to be married at a'?

V.

She twin'd and she blush'd and she smil'd,
And she lookit sae bashfully down;
The pride o' her heart was beguil'd,
And she play'd wi' the sleeve o' her gown;
She twirl'd the tag o' her lace,
And she nippit her boddice sae blue;
Syne blinkit sae sweet in his face,
And aff like a maukin she flew!
Woo'd and married an' a',
Married and carried awa',
She thinks hersel' very weel aff,
To be woo'd and married an' a'.

THE BROOM O' THE COWDENKNOWES.

Author of Words unknown. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

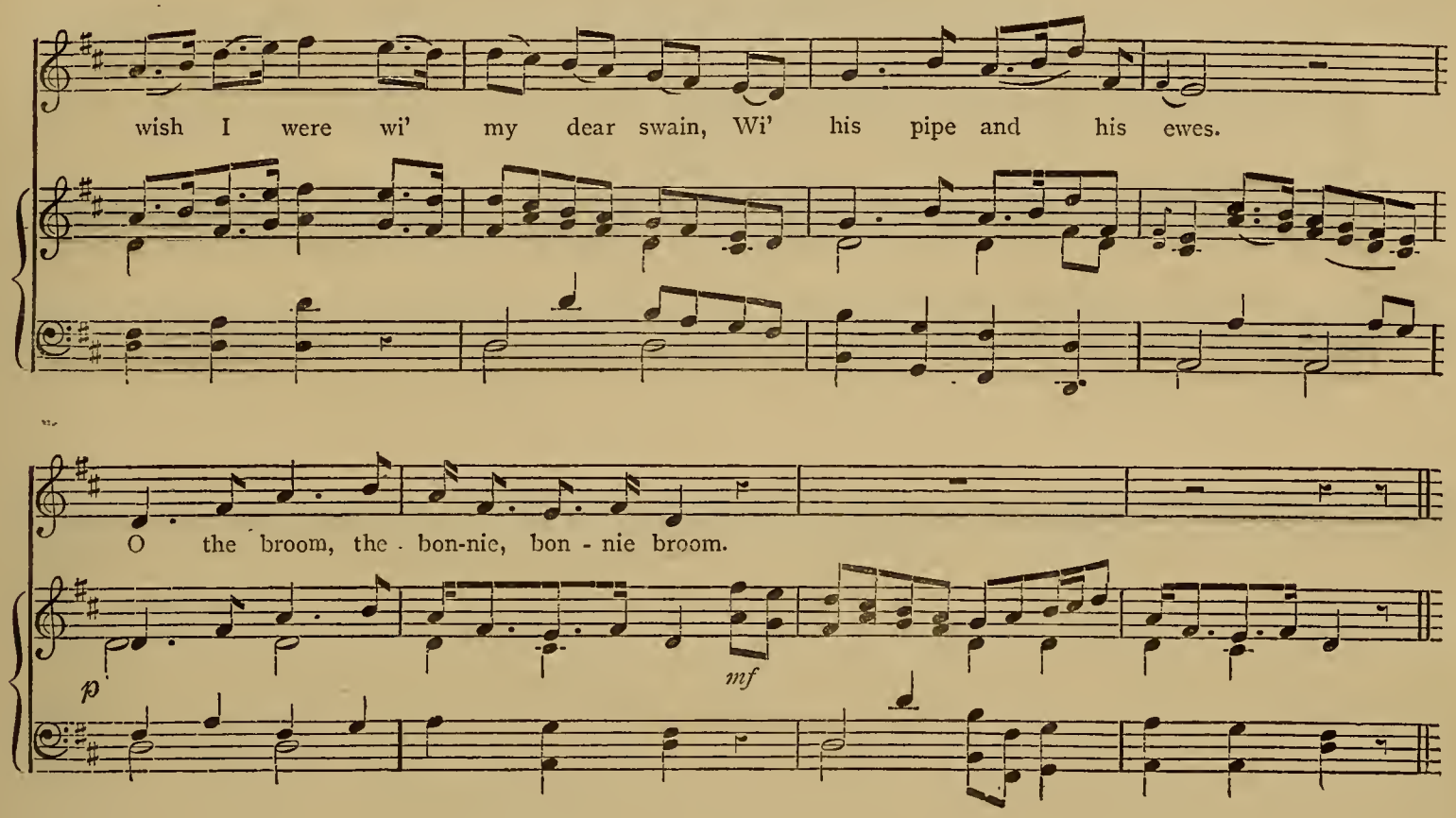
p

1. How blythe was I ilk morn to see My swain cam' o'er the hill, He leap'd the burn and flew to me, I met him wi' good will.

2. I nei - ther wan - ted ewe nor lamb, While his flocks near me lay; He ga - ther'd in my sheep at night, And cheer'd me a' the day.

O the broom, the bon-nie, bon - nie broom, The broom o' the Cow - den - knowes; I

mf



III.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by;
Even the dull cattle stood and gazed,
Charm'd wi' his melody.
O the broom, &c.

IV.

While thus we spent our time by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envied not the fairest dame,
Though e'er so rich and gay.
O the broom, &c.

V.

Hard fate that I should banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest swain
That ever yet was born.
O the broom, &c.

VI.

My doggie and my little kit
That held my wee sup whey,
My plaidie, brooch, and crooked stick,
Maun now lie useless by.
O the broom, &c.

VII.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknowes, adieu!
Fareweel a' pleasures there,
Ye gods restore me to my swain,
It's a' I crave or care.
O the broom, &c.

DAINTY DAVIE.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

mf

1. Now ro - - sy May comes in wi' flow'rs To deck her gay green spread - ing bowr's; And
2. When pur - - ple morn- ing starts the hare To steal up - on her ear - ly fare, Then

p

now come in my hap - py hours, To wan - der wi' my Da - - vie.
through the dews I will re - pair To meet my faith - fu' Da - - vie.

The crys - tal wa - ters round us fa', The mer - ry birds are lov - ers a', The
When day ex - pi - ring in the west The cur - tain draws o' na - ture's rest, I'll

scent - ed breez - es round us blaw, A - wan - drin' wi' my Da - - vie.
flee to his arms I loe best, And that's my dain - ty Da - - vie.

Meet me on the war - lock knowe, Dain - ty Da - vie, dain - ty Da - vie,

mf

There I'll spend the day wi' you, My ain dear dain - ty Da - - vie.

f

I'LL HAE MY COAT.

Words by Sir ALEXANDER BOSWELL. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL

VOICE.

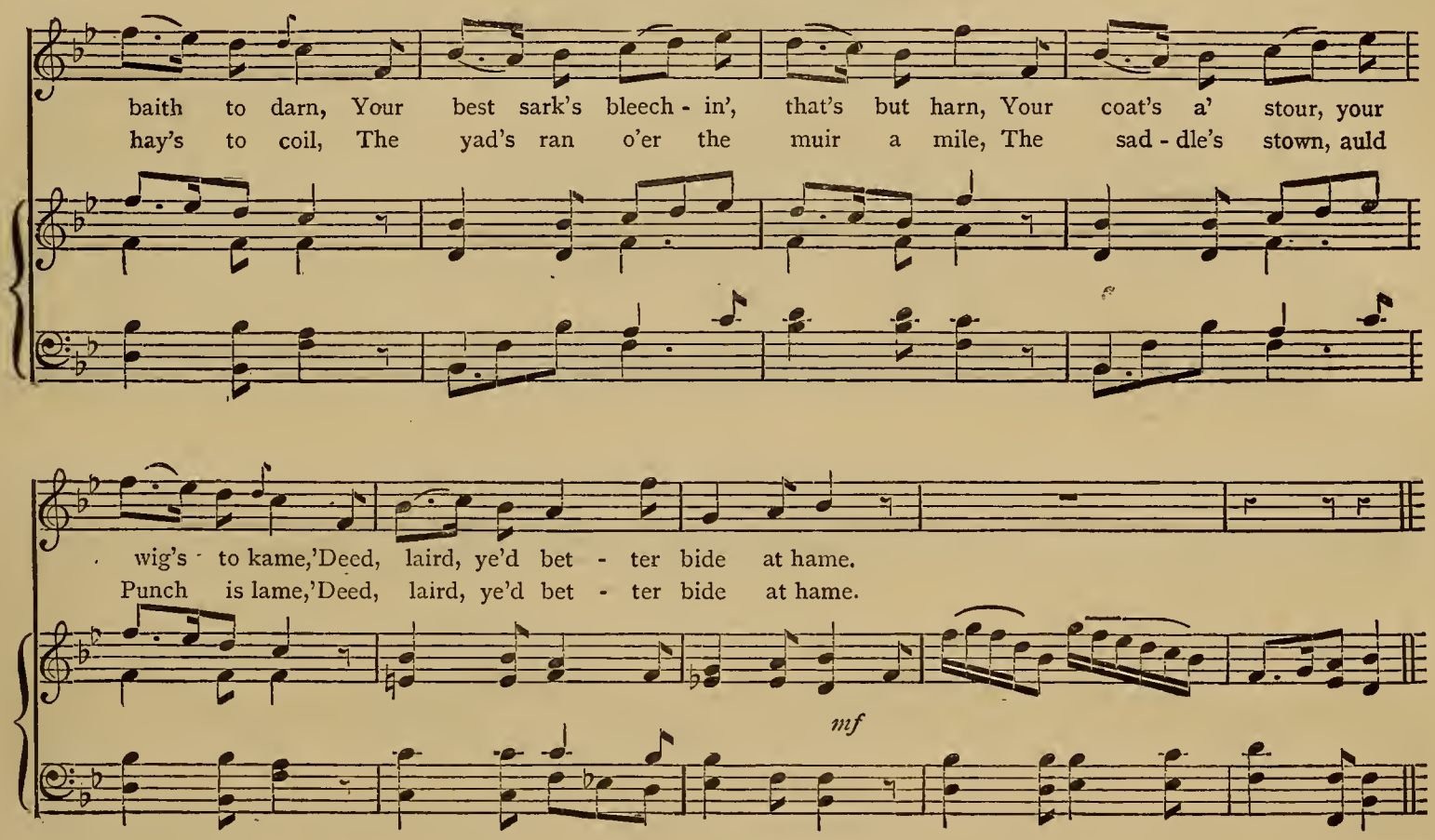
PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

mf

1. I'll hae my coat o' gude snuff brown, My pou - ther'd wig to co'er my crown, I'll deck me, Meg, and busk me fine, I'm gaun to court a toch - er'd quean. Your ho - sen, laird, are
2. Auld Punch will car - ry Jock the lad, I'll ride my - sel' the lang - tail'd yad, Wi' pis - tols at my sad - dle tree, Weel mount - ed as a laird should be. There's peats to cast, the

p



III.

MEG. Think laird a wee, and look about,
Your gear's a' thrivin' in and out,
I'm wae to see you courtin' dule,
Wha kens but this same quean's a fool.

LAIRD. Aye! aye! your drift's no ill to tell,
Ye fain wad hae me, Meg, yoursel',
But sure as Blutterbog's my name,
I'll court the lass and bring her hame.

HOOLY AND FAIRLY.

Words by JOANNA BAILLIE. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

mf *rit.*

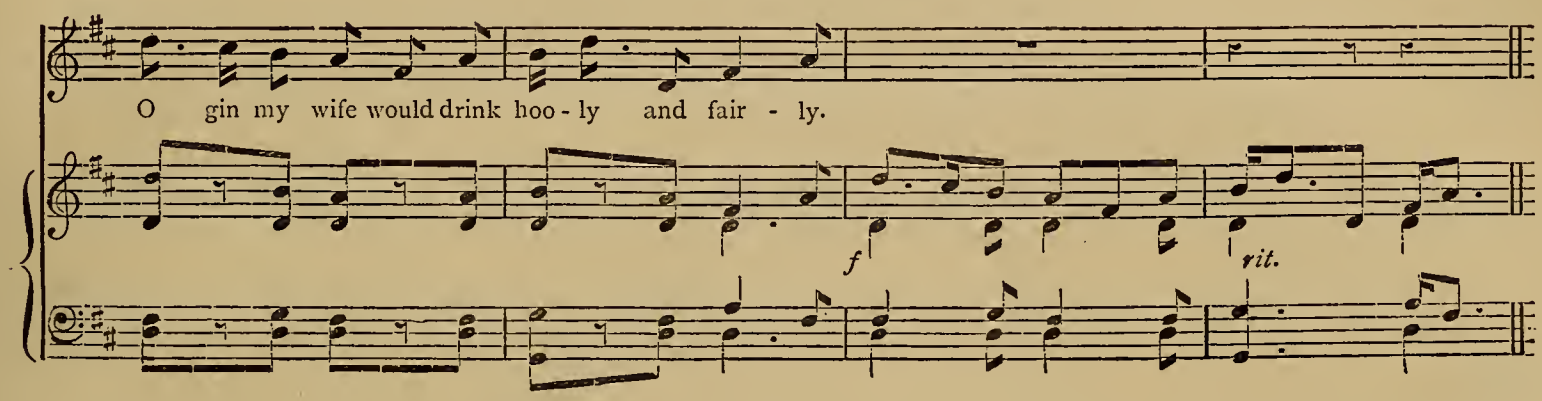
1. Oh neighbours, what had I a - do for to mar - ry? My wife she drinks pos - sets and wine o' Ca - na - ry, And ca's me a nig - gard - ly thrawn-gab-bit car - lie; O gin my wife would drink hoo - ly and fair - ly.

2. She feasts wi' her kim - mers on dain - ties e - now, Aye bow - in' and smir - kin' and dight - in' her mou; While I sit a - side and am hel - pit but spare - ly; O gin my wife would feast hoo - ly and fair - ly.

p

Hoo - ly and fair - ly, hoo - ly and fair - ly,

mf



III.

To fairs and to bridals and preachings and a'
She gangs sae light-headed and buskit sae braw;
It's ribbons and mantuas that gar me gae barely;
O gin my wife would spend hooly and fairly
Hooly and fairly, &c.

IV.

I' the kirk sic commotion last Sabbath she made,
Wi' babs o' red roses and breast knots o'erlaid;
The dominie stickit the psalm very nearly;
O gin my wife could dress hooly and fairly.
Hooly and fairly, &c.

V.

She's warring and flyting frae morning till e'en,
And if I gainsay her her e'e glowr's sae keen;
Then tongue, neive, and cudgel she'll lay on me sairly;
O gin my wife wad strike hooly and fairly.
Hooly and fairly, &c.

VI.

When tired o' her cantrips she lies in her bed,
The wark a' negleckit, the house ill up-red,
While a' our gude neighbours are stirring right early
O gin my wife wad wark timely and fairly.
Timely and fairly, &c.

VII.

A word o' guid counsel or grace she'll hear none,
She beardies the elders, and mocks at Mess John,
And back in his teeth his ain text she flings sairly;
O gin my wife wad speak hooly and fairly.
Hooly and fairly, &c.

VIII.

I wish I were single, I wish I were freed,
I wish I were doited, I wish I were dead;
Or she in the mools to dement me nae mairly,
What dost avail to cry 'Hooly and fairly,
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
Wasting my breath to cry 'Hooly and fairly.

CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andantino.

p

Ca' the ewes to the knowes, Ca' them where the hea - ther grows, Ca them where the bur - nie rows,

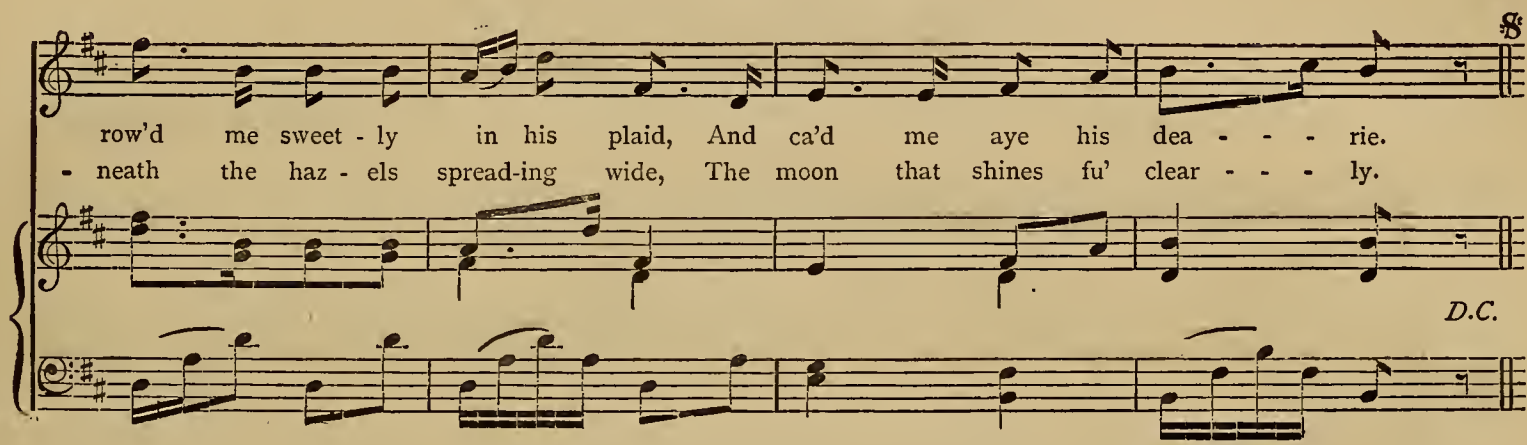
mf

My bon - nie dear - ie.

mf

Fine.

1. As I gaed down the wa - ter side, There I met my shep - herd lad, He
2. Will ye gang down the wa - ter side, And see the waves sae sweet - ly glide Be -



III.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad;
And ye may row me in your plaid,
And I shall be your dearie.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

IV.

While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;
Till clay cauld death shall blin' my e'e,
Ye aye shall be my dearie.
Ca' the ewes, &c

THE LAWLAND LADS.

Words by ALLAN RAMS

Music by Dr. ARNE.
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

mf

1. The Law-land lads think they are fine, But O they're vain and id-ly gau-dy; How
2. If I were free at will to choose, To be the weal-thiest Law-land la-dy; I'd

p

much un-like the grace-fu' mien, And man-ly looks of my High-land lad-die.
tak' young Don-ald wi' the trews, Wi' bon-net blue and bel-ted plai-die.

O my bon-nie High-land lad-die, My hand-some, charm-ing High-land laddie! May

mf

heav'n still guard and love re - ward Our Law - land lass and her

High - land lad - die.

f

III.

The brawest beau in burrows town,
In a' his airs wi' art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown,
He's finer far in's tartan plaidie.
O my bonnie, &c.

IV.

O'er benty hill wi him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland kin and daddy;
Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
He'll screen me wi' his Highland plaidie,
O my bonnie, &c.

V.

A painted room, a silken bed,
May please a Lawland laird and leddy,
But I can kiss and be as glad,
Behind a bush in's Highland plaidie.
O my bonnie, &c.

VI.

Few compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
And he ca's me hisLawland lass,
Syne rows me in aneath his plaidie.
O my bonnie, &c.

VII.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend
Than that his love prove true and steady,
Like mine to him which ne'er shall end
While Heaven preserves my Highland laddie.
O my bonnie, &c.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

Words by JOHN TAIT. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

mf

1. 'Twas sum - mer and saft - ly the bree - zes were blow - ing, And sweet - ly the night - in - gale
2. But now he's gone from me and left me thus mourn - ing, To quell the proud re - bels for

p

sang frae the tree, At the foot of a rock where the ri - ver was flow - ing, I
va - liant is he; And ah! there's no hope of his speed - y re - turn - ing, To

sat my - sel' down on the banks of the Dee. Flow on, love - ly Dee, flow
wan - der a - gain on the banks of the Dee. He's gone, hap - less youth, o'er the

on thou sweet ri - ver, Thy bank's pur - est stream shall be dear to me e - ver; For
loud roar - ing bil - lows, The kind - est, the sweet - est, of all the gay fel - lows, And

there I first gain'd the af - fec - tion and fa - vour Of Ja - mie, the glo - ry and
left me to stray, 'mongst the once lov - ed wil - lows, The lone - li - est maid on the

pride of the Dee.
banks of the Dee.

mf

III.

But time and my pray'rs may perhaps yet restore him,
Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me;
And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er him,
He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying,
The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing;
While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

mf

1. O how can my poor heart be glad, When par - ted from my sail - or lad, Or
2. At the star - less mid - night hour, When win - ter rules with bound - less pow'r,

p

how can I the thought fore - go, He's on the seas to meet the foe.
As the storms the for - est tear, And thun - ders rend the how - ling air.

Wher - e'er he wan - der, stray, or rove, Still, still my heart is with my love, My
List - 'ning to the doub - ling roar Sur - ging on the rock - y shore, . . .

night - ly dreams and thoughts by day Are wi' him that's far a - way.
All I can, I weep and pray For his weal that's far a - way.

On the seas and far a - way, On storm - y seas and far a - way, My

mf

night - ly dreams and thoughts by day Are aye wi' him that's far a - way.

f

III.

Peace thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild war his ravage end ;
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet :
Then may Heav'n with prosp'rous gales
Fill my sailor's welcome sails ;
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.
On the seas, &c

WELCOME ROYAL CHARLIE.

Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

f

1. When
2. A -

France had her as - sis - tance lent, A Roy - al Prince to Scot - land sent; To -
- rouse, ilk val - iant kil - ted clan, Let High - land hearts lead on the van, And

mf

- wards the north his course he bent His name was Roy - al Char - lie.
charge the foes, clay - more in hand, For sake o' Roy - al Char - lie.

Our gal - lant Scot - tish Prince was clad Wi' bon - net blue and tar - tain plaid, An'
O wel - come Char - lie o'er the main, Our High - land hills are a' your ain, Thrice

O he was a hand - some lad, Few could com - pare wi' Char - lie.
wel - come to our isle a - gain, Our gal - lant Roy - al Char - lie.

An' O but ye've been lang o' com - in,' Lang, lang, lang o' com - in,'

mf

O but ye've been lang o' com - in,' Wel - come Roy - al Char - lie.

f

III.

From a' the wilds o' Caledon
We'll gather every hardy son,
Till thousands to his standard run
And rally round Prince Charlie.
Come let the flowing quech go round,
And boldly bid the pibroch sound,
Till every glen and rock resound
The name o' Royal Charlie.
An' O but ye've been lang, &c.

THE DEIL'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

f *rit.*

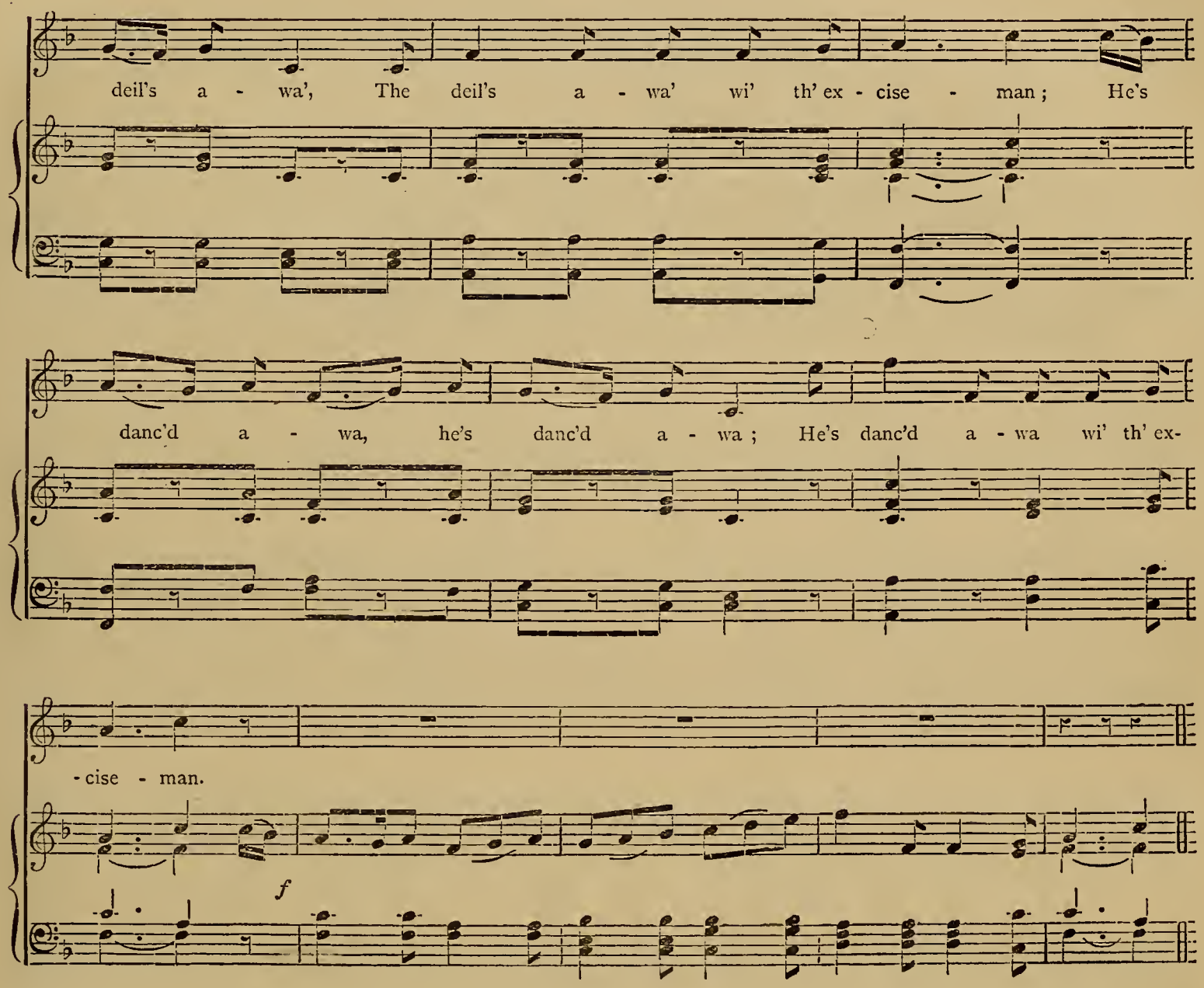
1. The deil cam' fid - dlin' thro' the town, And danc'd a - wa wi' th' ex-
2. We'll mak' our maut, we'll brew our drink, We'll laugh, sing, and re-

p

-cise - man; And il - ka auld wife cried 'Auld Ma - houn,' I
-joice, man; And mon - y braw thanks to the muckle black deil, That

wish you luck o' your prize, man.
danc'd a - wa wi' th' ex - cise - man.
} The deil's a - wa, the

mf



III.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man,
But the ae best dance e'er cam' to the land
Was 'the deil's awa wi' th' exciseman.'
The deil's awa, &c.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andante.

p

1. The Ca - - trine woods were yel - - low seen, The flow'rs de - cay'd on
2. Low in your win - - try beds, ye flow'rs, A - gain ye'll flou - rish

p

Ca - trine lea; Nae lav - - rock sang on hil - - lock green, But
fresh and fair; Ye bir - - dies dumb in with' - - ring bow'rs A

na - - ture sick - en'd on the e'e. Through fa - - ded groves Ma -
- gain ye'll charm the vo - cal air; But here a - - las! for

-ri - a sang, Her - sel' in beau - ty's bloom the while, An'
me nae mair Shall bir - die charm or flow' - ret smile; Fare-

aye the wild wood's e - choes rang, Fare - weel, fare - weel, sweet
-weel th bon - nie banks of Ayr, Fare - weel, fare - weel, sweet

Bal - loch - myle.
Bal - loch - myle.

mf

HAUD AWA', BIDE AWA'.

Words by ROBERT ALLAN. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

mf

S

Haud a - wa,' bide a - wa', Haud a - wa' frae me, . . . Don - ald,

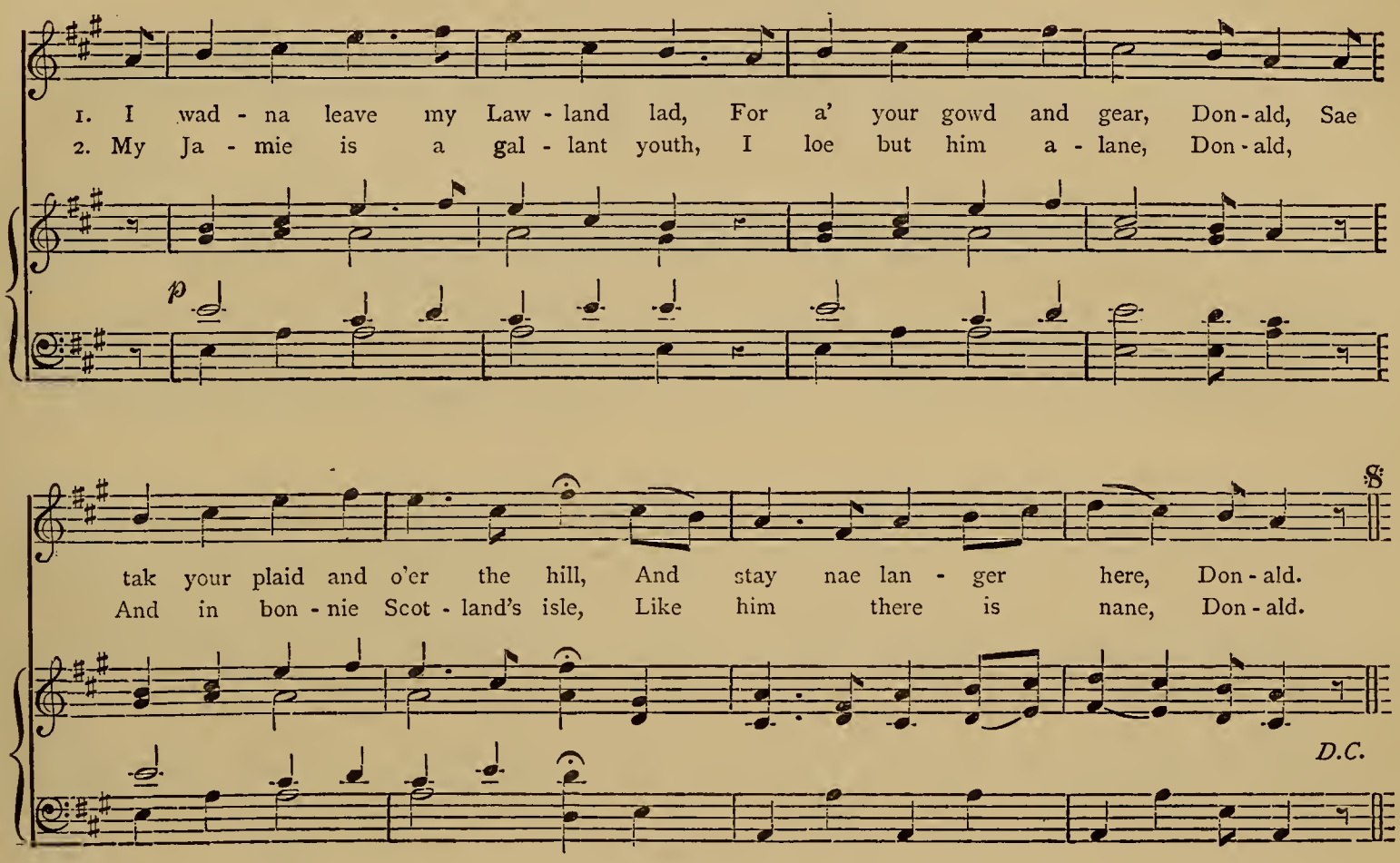
p

What care I for a' your wealth, Or a' that ye can

gie, Don-ald.

mf

Fine.



III.

He wears nae plaid nor tartan hose,
  Nor garters at his knee, Donald ;
But O he wears a faithfu' heart,
  And love blinks in his e'e, Donald.
Sae haud awa', bide awa',
  Come nae mair at e'en, Donald ;
I wadna brak my Jamie's heart,
  To be a Highland queen, Donald.

HIELAND LADDIE.

Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

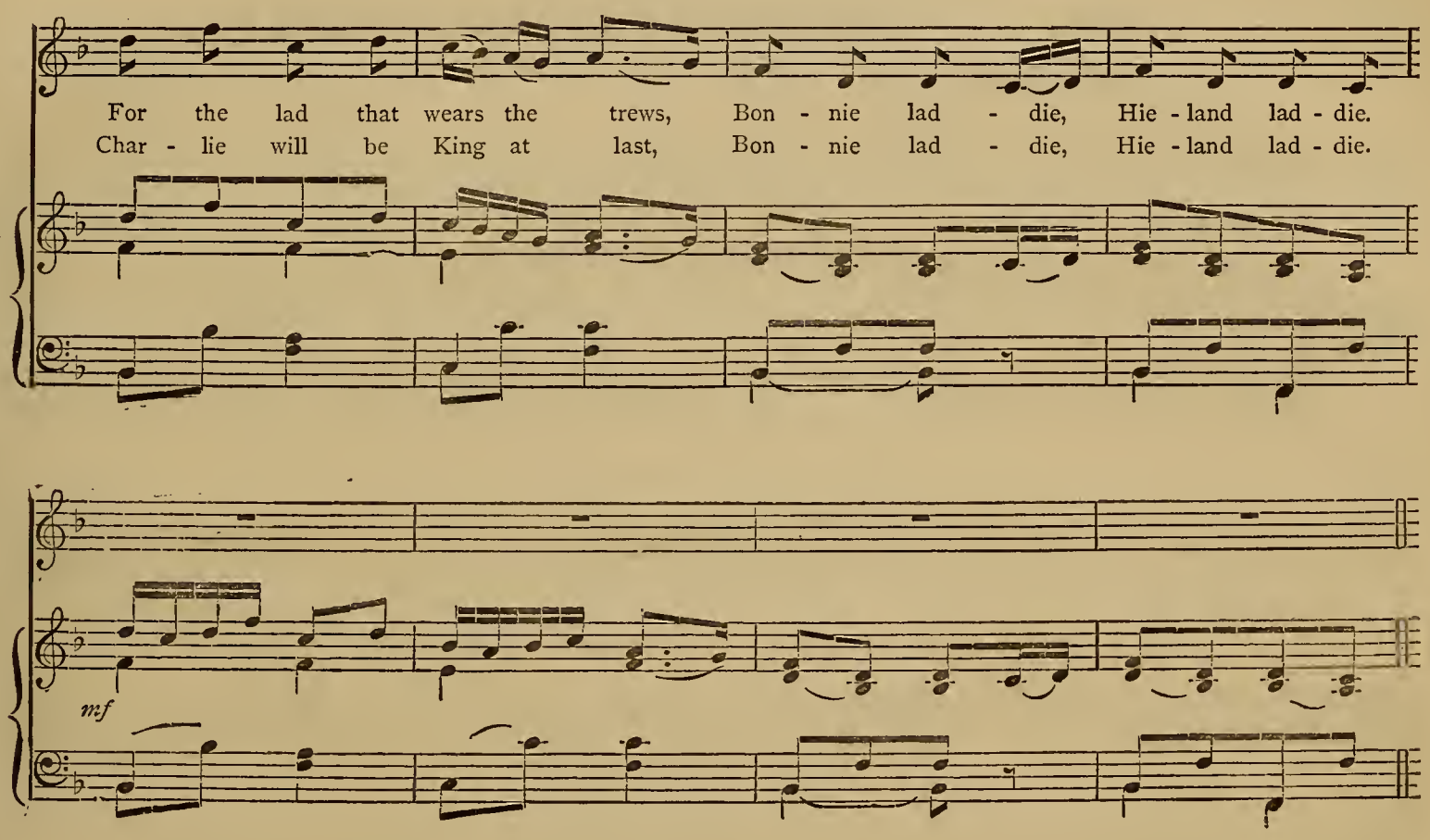
mf

rit.

1. Will ye go to In - ver - ness, Bon - nie lad - die, Hie - land lad - die?
2. Geor - die sits in Char - lie's chair, Bon - nie lad - die, Hie - land lad - die, Had

There you'll see the Hie - land dress, Bon - nie lad - die, Hie - land lad - die.
I my will he'd no sit there, Bon - nie lad - die, Hie - land lad - die.

Phil - a - beg and bon - net blue, Bon - nie lad - die, Hie - land lad - die,
Ne'er re - flect on sor - rows past, Bon - nie lad - die, Hie - land lad - die;



III.

Time and tide come round to a',
  Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie;
And upstart pride will get a fa',
  Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie;
Keep up your heart, for Charlie fight,
  Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie;
Come what may, ye've done what's right,
  Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie.

WILL YE GO TO THE EWE BUGHTS, MARION?

Author unknown.
With additions by ALLAN RAMSAY.

Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

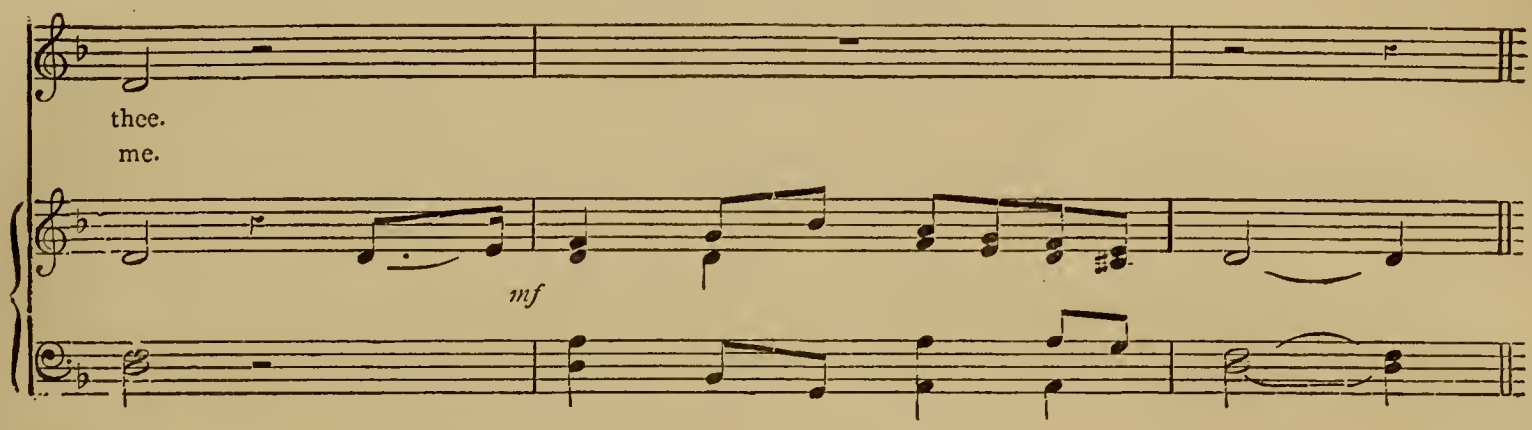
Lento.

mf

1. Will ye go to the ewe bughts, Ma - rion, And wear in the sheep wi' me? The sun shines sweet, my Ma - rion, But nae half sae sweet as thee; The sun shines sweet, my Ma - rion, But nae half sae sweet as

2. O Ma - rion's a bon - nie lass, An' the blythe blink's in her e'e, And fain would I mar - ry Ma - rion, Gin Ma - rion wad mar - ry me; And fain would I mar - ry Ma - rion, Gin Ma - rion wad mar - ry

p



III.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
And silk in your white hause-bane ;
Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,
At e'en, when I come hame.

IV.

There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
Wha gape and glow'r wi' their e'e,
At kirk when they see my Marion ;
But nane o' them loes like me.

V.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion,
A cow and a brawny quey ;
I'll gie them all to my Marion,
Just on her bridal day.

VI.

And ye'se get a green sey apron,
And waistcoat o' the London brown ;
And vow, but ye will be vap'rin
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

VII.

I'm young and stout, my Marion,
Nane dances like me on the green
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean.

VIII.

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kyrtle o' the cramasie ;
And soon as the sun's down, my Marion,
I shall come west and see ye.

WEEL MAY THE KEEL ROW.

Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

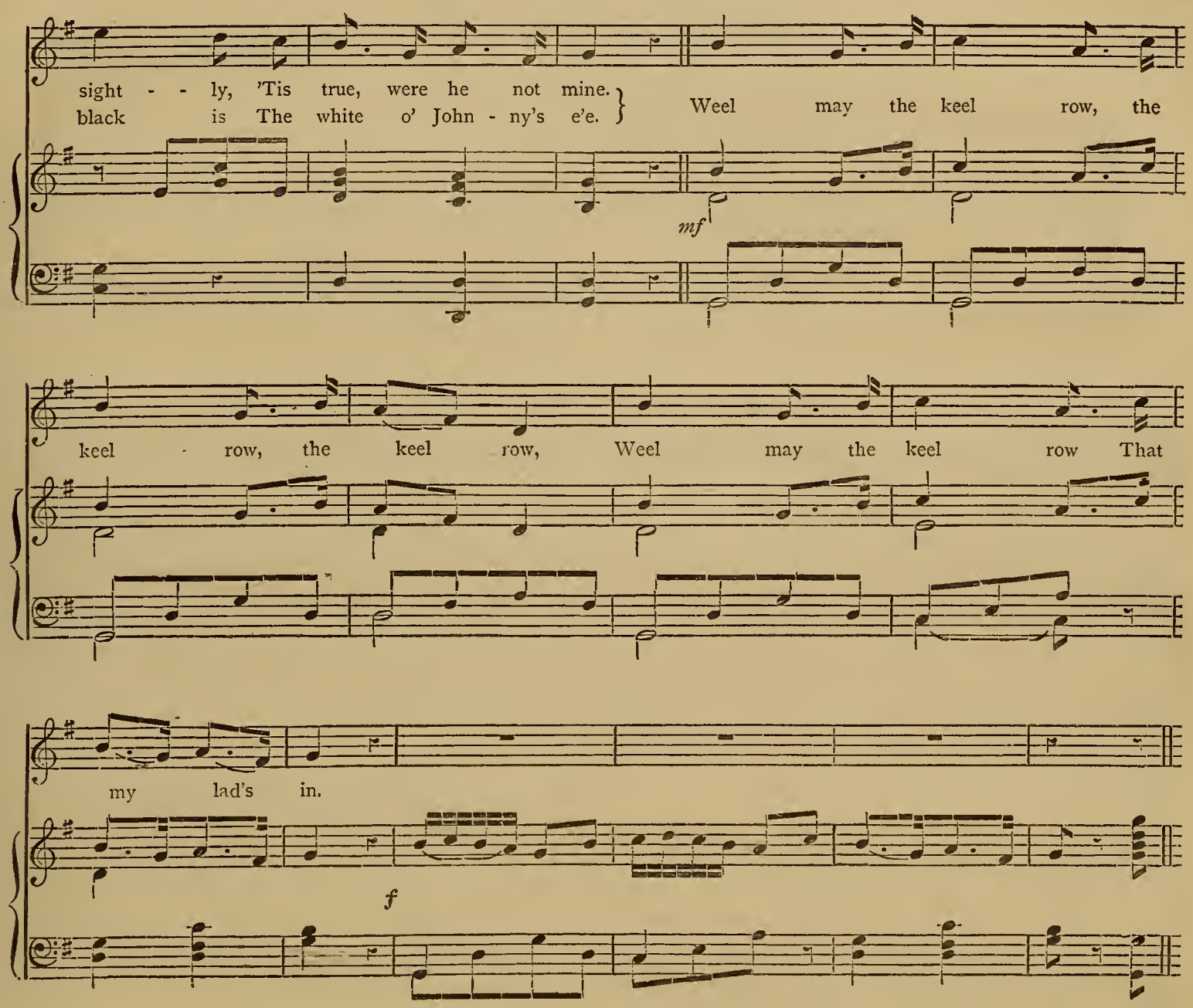
PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

mf *p*

1. O who is like my John - nie, So leish, so blythe, so bon - - nie, He's fore - most 'mang the mo - ny Keel lads o' coal - y Tyne. He'll set or row so tight - - - ly, Or in the dance so spright - ly, He'll cut and shuf - fle

2. He has nae mair o' learn - ning Than tells his week - ly ear - - ning, Yet right frae wrang dis - - cer - ning, Tho' brave, nae bruis - er he; Tho' he no worth a plack is, His ain coat on his back is, And nane can say that

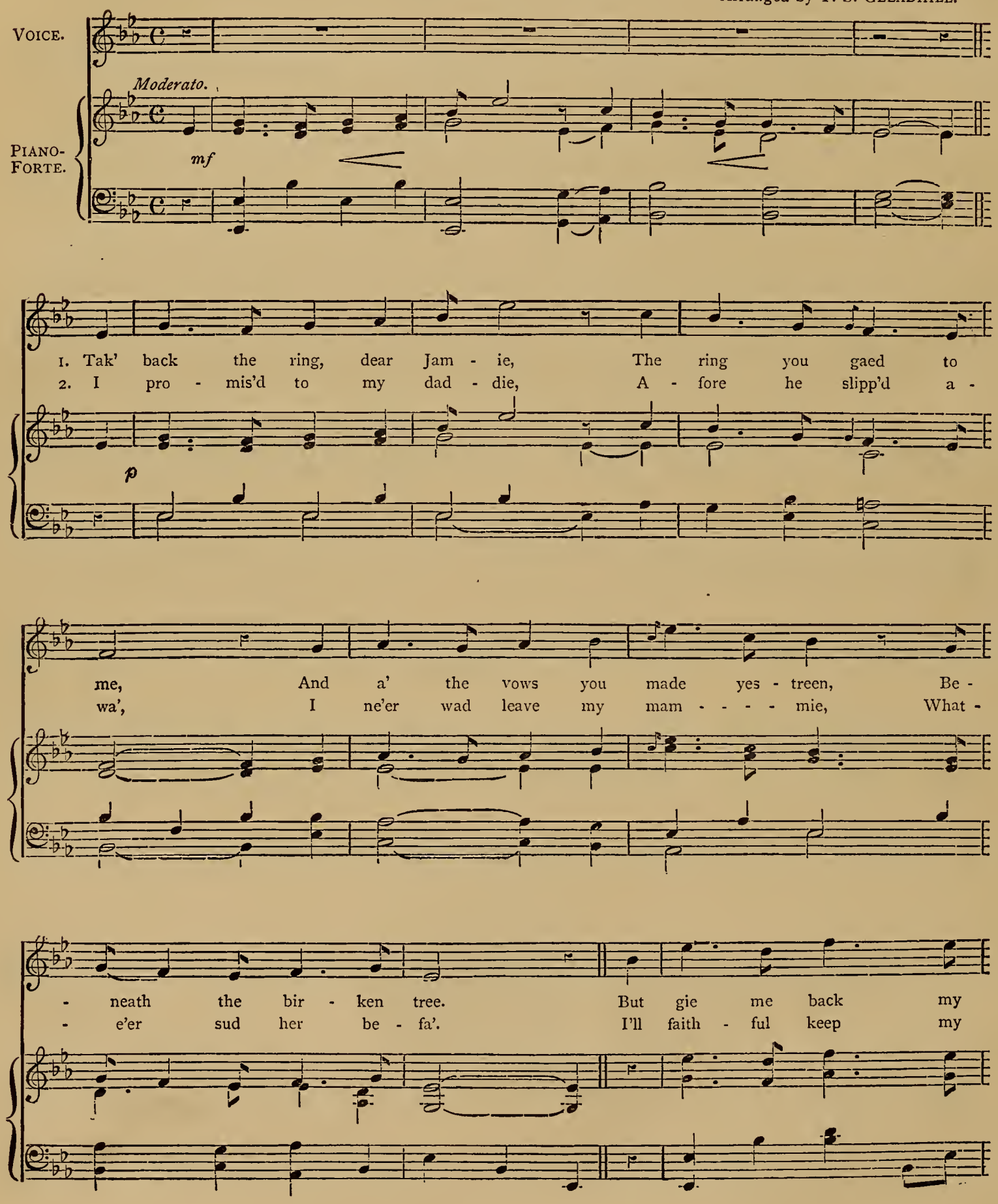


III.

He wears a blue bonnet,
Blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet,
A dimple in his chin.
As I cam' thro' Sandgate,
Thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate,
As I cam' thro' Sandgate,
I heard a lassie sing.
Weel may the keel row, &c.

YE CANNA MARRY ME.

Air by JAMES WATSON, Esq.
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.



heart a - gain, It's a' I hae to gie; . . . Gin
pro - - - mise, For a' that ye can gie; . . . So

ye'll no wait a fit - ting time, Ye can - na mar - ry
Ja - mie if ye win - na wait, Ye can - na mar - ry

me . . . .
me . . .

mf

III.

I canna leave my mammie,
She's been sae kind to me,
Sin e'er I was a bairnie,
A wee thing on her knee;
Nae mair she'll kaim my gowden hair,
Nor busk me snood and braw;
She's auld and frail, her e'en are dim,
An' sune will close on a'.

IV.

I maunna leave my mammie,
Her journey is nae lang,
Her heid is bending to the mools,
Where it mun shortly gang;
Were I an heiress o' a crown,
I'd a' its honours tine,
To watch her steps in helpless age,
As she in youth watch'd mine.

DONALD.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andante.

p

1. When first . . . you court - ed me, I own I fond - ly favour - ed you; Ap-
2. O then . . . for - e - ver haste a - way, A - way from love and me; Go

p

-pa - - rent worth and high re - nown Made me be - lieve you true, ... Donald.
seek . . . a heart that's like your own, And come no more to me, ... Donald.

Each vir - tue then seem'd to a - dorn The man es - teem'd by
For I'll re - serve my - self a - lone For one that's more like

me, . . . But now . . . . . the mask's thrown off I scorn To
me, . . . If such . . . . . a one I can - not find, I'll

waste one thought on thee, ... Donald.
fly from love and thee, ... Donald.

mf

LOCK THE DOOR, LARISTON.

Words by JAMES HOGG. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andantino. Marcato.

f

1. Lock the door, La - ris - ton, li - on of Lid - des - dale, Lock the door, La - ris - ton,
2. Bew - cas - tle bran - dish - es high his broad scim - i - tar, Rid - ley is ri - ding his

mf

Lou - ther comes on; The Arm - strongs are fly - ing, the wi - dows are cry - ing, The
fleet - foot - ed grey; Hed - ley and How - ard there, Man - dell and Win - der - mere;

Cas - tle-town's bur - ning, And O - li - ver's gone. Lock the door, La - ris - ton,
Lock the door, La - ris - ton, hold them at bay. Why dost thou smile, no - ble

high on the wea - ther gleam, See how the Sax - on plumes bob on the sky;
El - liott of La - ris - ton, Why does the joy - can - dle gleam in thine eye? Thou

Yoe - man and car - bin-eer, Bill - man and hal - ber-dier, Fierce is the fo - ray, and far is the cry.
bold bor - der ran - ger, be - ware of thy dan - ger, Thy foes are re - lent-less, de - ter-min'd and nigh.

f

III.

Jock Elliott raised up his steel bonnet and lookit,
His hand grasped the sword with a nervous embrace,
Oh welcome brave foeman, on earth there are no men
More gallant to meet in the foray or chase;
Little know you of the hearts I have hidden here,
Little know you of the moss-trooper's might;
Inihope and Sorbie, true Sundhope and Millburn too,
Gentle in manners but lions in fight.

IV.

I have Mangerton, Ogilvie, Raeburn, and Netherbie,
Old Sim of Whittram, and all his array;
Come all Northumberland, Teesdale, and Cumberland,
Here at the Breaken tow'r end the affray.'
Scowled the broad sun o'er the links o' green Liddesdale,
Red as the beacon light tipt he the wold,
Many a bold martial eye, mirror'd that morning sky,
Never more oped on his orbit of gold.

V.

Shrill was the bugle's note, dreadful the warrior's shout,
Lances and halberts in splinters were borne;
Helmet and hauberk then braved the claymore in vain,
Buckler and armlet in shivers were shorn.
See how they wane, the proud file of the Windermere,
Howard ah! woe to thy hopes of the day,
Hear the rude welkin rend, while the Scots' shouts ascend,
'Elliott of Lariston, Elliott for aye.'

AFTON WATER.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Composed and Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-ORTE.

Andante.

p

rit.

1. Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes, Flow gent - ly, I'll sing thee a
2. How lof - ty, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh-bour - ing hills, Far mark'd with the cour - ses of

song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow
clear winding rills, There dai - ly I wan - der as noon ri - ses high, My

gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove, whose e - cho re -
flocks and my Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye. How plea - sant thy banks and green

mf

- sounds thro' the glen, Ye wild whist - ling blackbirds in yon thorn - y den, Thou
val - ley be - low, Where wild in the woodland the prim - ro - ses blow, There

rit.

green - crested lap - wing, thy scream - ing for - bear, I charge you dis-turb not my
oft, as mild ev' - ning sweeps o - ver the lea, The sweet - scented birk shades my

a tempo.

slumber - ing fair.
Mary and me.

rit. *mf* *a tempo* *rit.*

III.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides,
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gath'ring sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays ;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

THE ROWAN TREE.*

Words by BARONESS NAIRNE. Arranged by T S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andante.

mf

1. O row - an tree, O row - an tree, thoul't aye be dear to me! En -
2. How fair wert thou in simmer time wi' a' thy clus - ters white; How

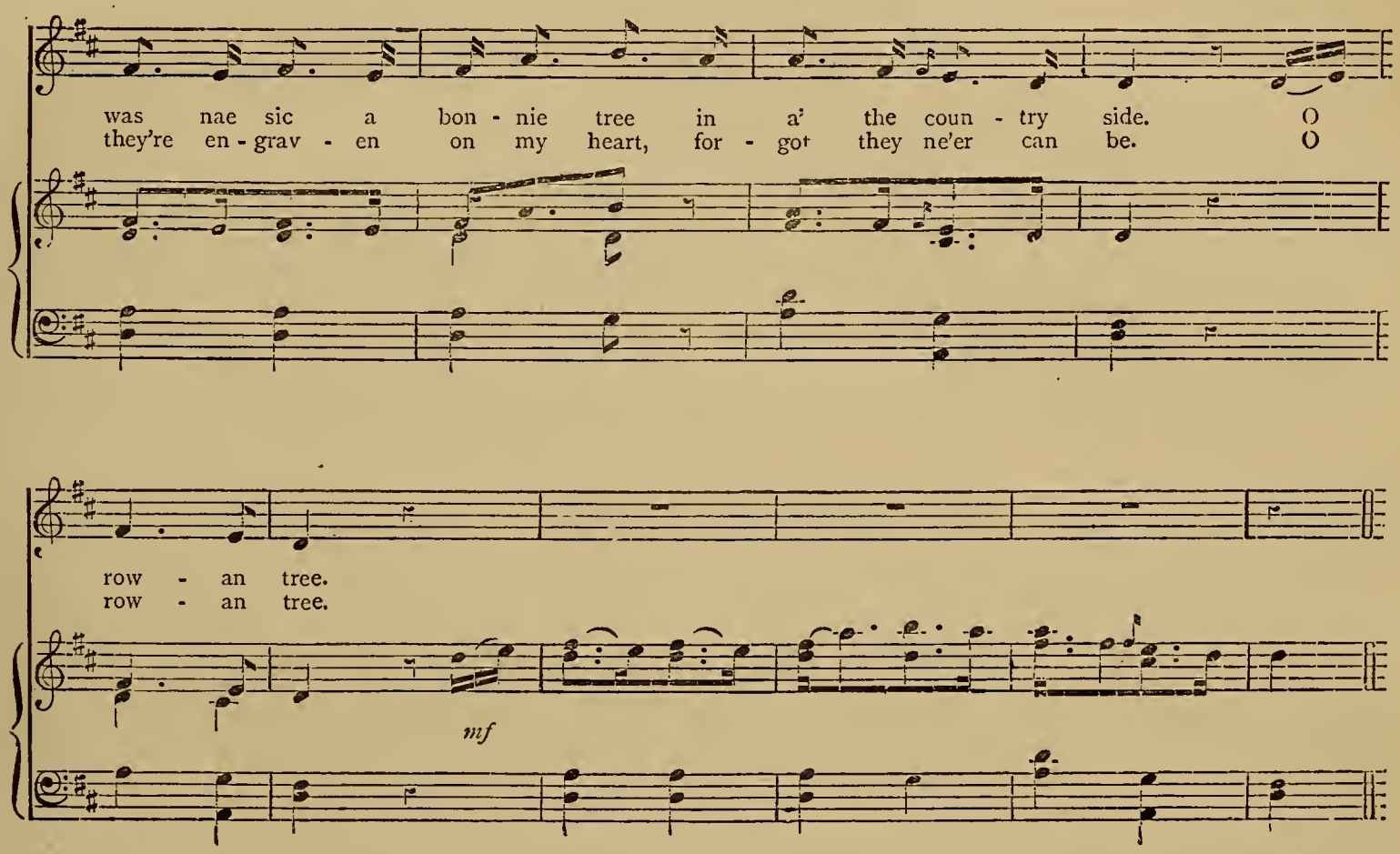
p

- twin'd thou art wi' mo - ny ties o' hame and in - fan - cy.
rich and gay thy Au - tumn dress, wi' ber - ries red and bright;

Thy leaves were aye the first o' Spring, thy flow'rs the Sim - mer's pride; There
On thy fair stem were mo - ny names, which now nae mair I see, But

p

* Inserted by the kind permission of the Proprietors of the Copyright, Messrs. Paterson and Sons, Edinburgh.



III.

We sat aneath thy spreading shade, the bairnies round thee ran,
They pu'd thy bonnie berries red, and necklaces they strang;
My mither, oh! I see her still, she smiled our sports to see,
Wi' little Jeanie on her lap, and Jamie at her knee.
O rowan tree!

IV.

Oh! there arose my father's prayer, in holy evening's calm,
How sweet was then my mither's voice in the martyr's psalm!
Now a' are gane! we meet nae mair aneath the rowan tree,
But hallowed thoughts around thee turn o' hame and infancy.
O rowan tree!

MEET ME ON THE GOWAN LEA.

Words by W. Cameron.

Music by Mathew Wilson.
Arranged by T. S. Gleadhill.

Voice.

Pianoforte.

Andantino.

mf

rit.

Meet me on the gow-an lea, Bon - nie Ma - ry, sweet - est Ma - ry,

p

ad lib.

Meet me on the gow - an lea, My ain, my art - less Ma - - ry.

colla voce.

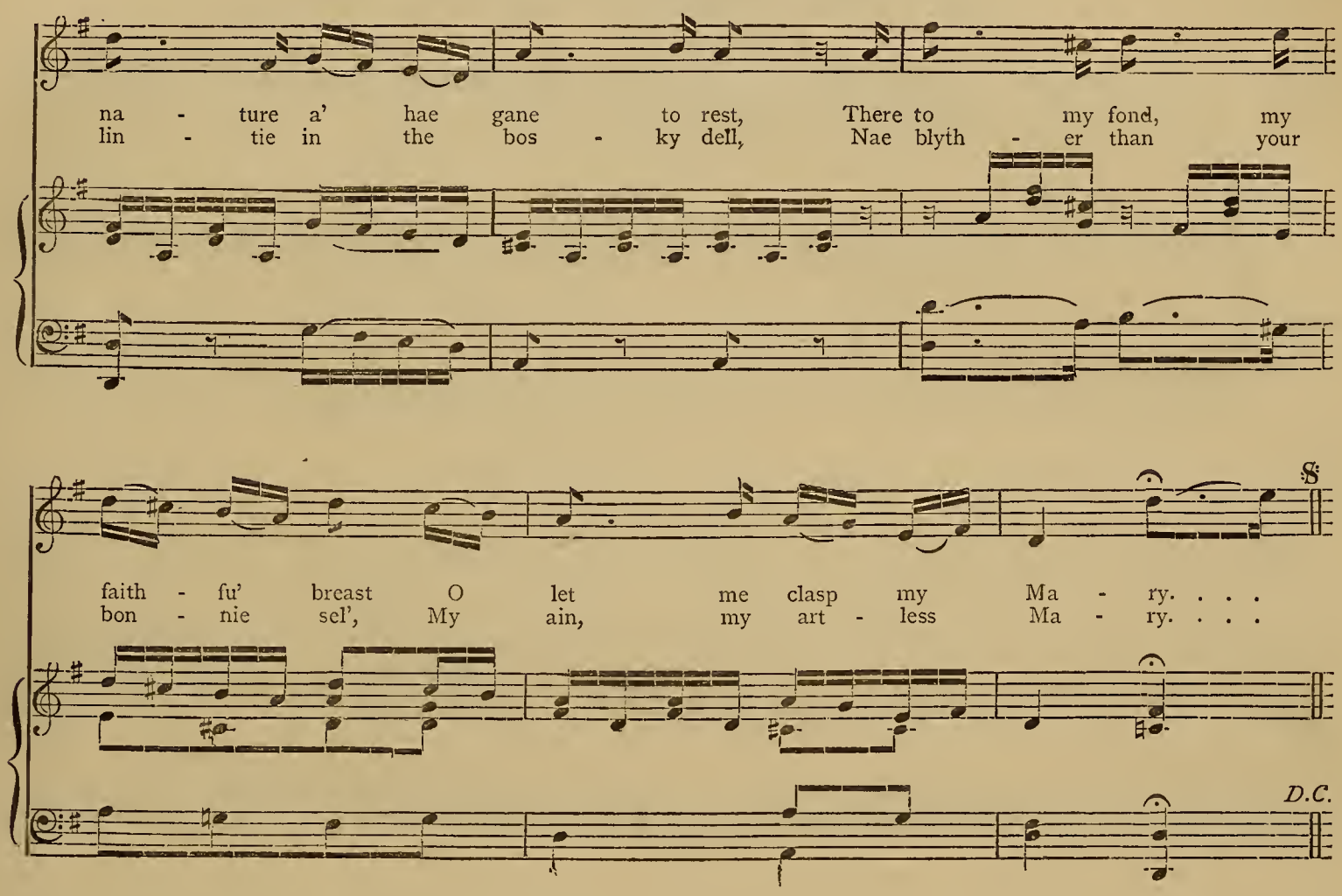
mf

1. Be - fore the sun sink in the west, And
2. The glad - some lark o'er moor and fell, The

rit.

Fine.

p



III.

We'll join our love-notes to the breeze,
That sighs in whispers through the trees,
And a' that twa fond hearts can please
Will be our sang, dear Mary.
Meet me, &c.

IV.

There shall ye sing the sun to rest,
While to my faithful bosom prest,
Then wha sae happy, wha sae blest,
As me and my dear Mary.
Meet me, &c.

WHERE THE HIGHLAND TARTANS WAVE.

Words by JOHN PETTIGREW. Music composed and arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

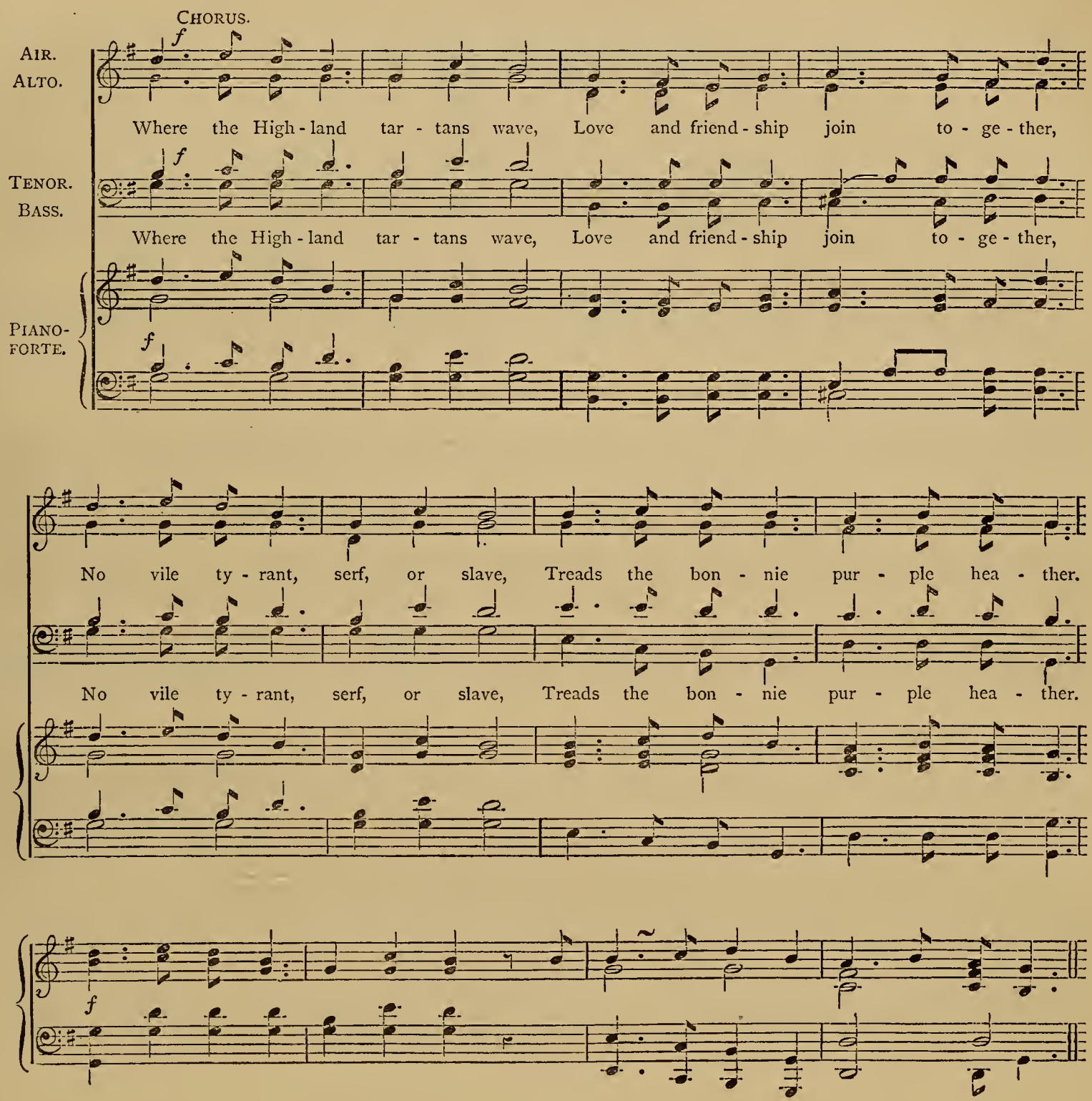
Moderato.

f *mf*

1. Where the Highland tar - tans wave Men are found en - dow'd with feeling, Love and friendship e - ver crave A home in ev' - ry lone - ly shieling. 'Mongst the rugged mountains wild Sadden'd hearts may fond - ly wan - der, There the gi - ant cliffs are piled, Tow'r - ing high in rock - y grandeur.

2. Venge - ful war may sound his blast, Haughty kings and ar - mies crushing, Firm and faith - ful to the last, High - land swains are fore - most rush - ing. Heed - less of the sword or spear, 'Midst the dy - ing, dead and go - ry, Stal - wart men, un - known to fear, For - ward rush to death or glo - ry.

p *mf*



III.

'Mongst the bonnie fern-clad braes
  Peerless maidens, fair and youthful,
Free and guileless, spend their days,
  Artless, winning, kind, and truthful.
Some, for sake of wealth and fame,
  O'er the ocean gang a roamin';
'Mongst the heath I'll find a hame,
  There I'll live until life's gloamin'.
    Where the Highland tartans, &c.

OUR AIN AULD HAME.

Words by J. McDougald. Music composed and arranged by T. S. Gleadhill.

Voice.

Pianoforte.

Allegretto.

mf

1. Ance mair hae we met, then happy let us be; Yes, let us spend this ae night in mirth and jollity; A-
2. In summer when the gow-ans had clad il-ka brae, When free frae the schule we hae join'd in the play, Or

p

-wa' wi' the care of the world and its fame, While we sing with merry hearts of our ain auld hame.
sought out the nest o' the black-bird and wren, O hap-py were the days at our ain auld hame.

Here a-round me I see mony faces I ken, That aft hae climb'd her bonnie braes, and hope to do the same, And I
We hae play'd at the shin-ty and play'd at the ba'; We hae wrest-led and run, yes, and jump-ed an'a'; While the

ken they'll no dispute it, tho' this for her I claim : The fair - est neuk in a' the land, our ain auld hame.
auld folks would laugh as they prais'd ilka ane, And hop'd they might be spar'd to our ain auld hame.

espress.

CHORUS.

Our ain auld hame, Our ain auld hame, There's no a neuk in a' the land Like our

mf

ain auld hame.

rit.

a tempo.

III.

In the lang winter nights, when the frosts and the snaw
Close around the fireside compelled us to draw ;
Wi' mony a sang and joke o' the days that were gane,
We spent the happy nights round our ain hearthstane.
But now thae days are gane, and we'll never see them mair,
While frae the bairn we're grown up, the lot o' man to share ;
But wherever we wander we'll aye be the same,
And keep a warm heart to our ain auld hame.
Our ain auld hame, &c.

I WINNA GANG BACK TO MY MAMMY AGAIN.

Words by RICHARD GALL. Music composed and arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

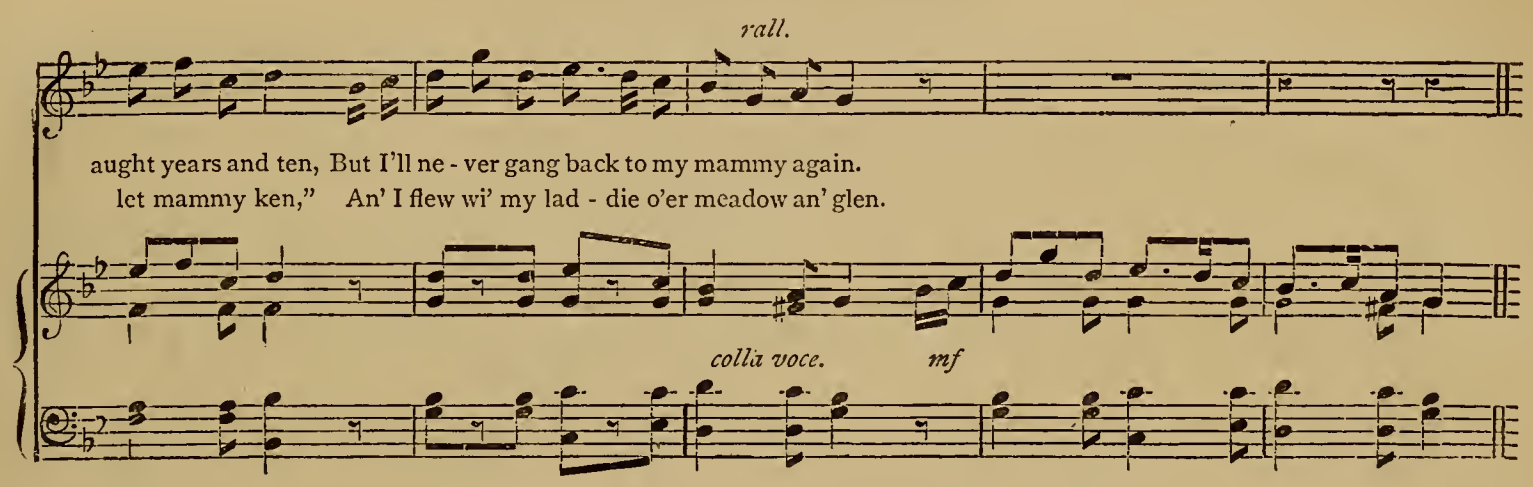
mf

1. I win - na gang back to my mam - my a - gain, I'll ne - ver gang back to my
2. Young John - nie cam' down i' the gloam - in' to woo, Wi' plai - die sae bon - nie and

p

mam - my a - gain, I've held by her ap - ron these aught years and ten, But I'll
ban - net sae blue: "O come a - wa', las - sie, ne'er let mam - my ken;" An' I

ne - ver gang back to my mam - my a - gain, I've held by her ap - ron these
flew wi' my lad - die o'er mea - dow an' glen, "O come a - wa', las - sie, ne'er



III.

He ca'd me his dawtie, his dearie, his doo,
An' pressed hame his words wi' a smack o' my mou';
While I fell on his bosom, heart flichtered an' fain',
An' sighed out "O Johnnie, I'll aye be your ain."
While I fell on his bosom, &c.

IV.

Some lasses will talk to the lads wi' their e'e,
Yet hanker to tell what their hearts really dree;
Wi' Johnnie I stood upon nae steppin'-stane,
Sae I'll never gang back to my mammy again.
Wi' Johnnie I stood, &c.

V.

For many lang years sin' I played on the lea,
My mammy was kind as a mither could be;
I've held by her apron these aught years an' ten,
But I'll never gang back to my mammy again.
I've held by her apron, &c.

THE BOWLING BRAES.

Words by ANDREW PARK.

Music by J FULCHER,
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

mf *sf* *p stac.*

1. The Bowling braes, the
2. The Bowling braes, the

Bowling braes, That rise in beauty o'er the Clyde, Where oft in youth I've gath - er'd slaes, With
Bowling braes, In - spire me with re - viv - ing joy, And when I tread your sha - dy ways, I

eye of joy and heart of pride; Still dear to me in ri - per years, Your ver - nal steeps en- tic- ing
feel as cheerful as a boy. From dark Dumbuck to Fris - ky Hall, From sweet Dunglass to Bowling

f

spread, And ah! how short the time appears Of youth and love so strangely fled. . . .
bay, I love your pathways one and all, A - mong your fair-y haunts to stray. . . .

rall.

The Bowling braes, the Bowling braes, That rise in beauty o'er the Clyde, Where oft in youth I've

a tempo. *stac.*

gath - er'd slaes, With eye of joy and heart of pride. . The Bowling braes, The Bowling braes, The

bon - nie, bon - nie Bowling braes. . .

mf *sf*

III.

The Bowling braes, the Bowling braes,
Stern Winter scarce has power to harm,
But decked in Summer's sunny blaze,
Oh! then they have a double charm.
Their woody sides 'mid zephyrs swing,
Each hill its sylvan love displays;
And there the sweetest minstrels sing,
Among the bonnie Bowling braes.
The Bowling braes, &c

FAREWELL TO THE LAND.

Author of words unknown. Music composed and arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Andante.

p *mf*

1. Fare - well to the land of the rock and the wild - wood, The hill and the
2. Where - e - ver I wan - der, sweet isle of the o - cean, My thoughts still shall

p

for - est, and proud swell - ing wave; To the land where bliss smil'd on the
turn to thy wild rock - y shore; Ah! still shall my heart beat with

days of my child - hood, Fare - well to thee, Sco - tia, thou land of the brave.
fond - est e - mo - tion, While musing on scenes I may vis - it no more.

Far dear - er to me are thy heath - cov-er'd mountains, Than
A - dieu, then, dear land of ro - mance and wild sto - ry, Thy

Gal - lia's rich valleys, and gay fer - tile plains; And dear - er by
wel - fare and honour for e - ver shall be The pray'r of an

far than the mur - mur - ing foun - tains, The roar of the torrent where
ex - ile, whose boast and whose glo - ry Is the tie that still binds him, lov'd

lib - er - ty reigns.
coun - try, to thee.

mf

THE SLOGAN OF FREEDOM.

Words by JAMES REID,

Music by J. FULCHER.
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

mf

1. When I left our auld glen the young gow - ans were spring - ing, The
2. I was wil - fu' and wild, and licht - heart - ed and free, Nae

p

lav'rocks and lin - ties their first love - lilts singing, An' the wee mer - ry rob - in, be -
fro - lic or re - vel was held with - out me, Life was bricht as the lift on a

- side our door - stane, Sang a chant o' de - light that the win - ter was gane.
clear sum - mer day, Nae tears or de - jec - tion to dar - ken its ray.

There was gladness and glee a - mong bird, beast, and men, When the slo - gan of free - dom rang
And the love o' my Peg - gy had just blest me, when The proud slo - gan of free - dom rang

mf

rall.

through our auld glen; There was glad - ness and glee a - mong bird, beast, and men, When the
through our auld glen; An' the love o' my Peg - gy had just blest me, when The proud

colla voce. *p a tempo.*

slo - gan of free - dom rang through our auld glen.
slo - gan of free - dom rang through our auld glen.

f

III.

Clear and loud pealed the sound o'er heath, valley, and wold,
An' our border lads raise like their grandsires of old,
When ilka peel turrit its beacon light bore,
They changed their herds' crook for the spear or claymore;
Naught dismayed them, or stayed them, or daunted them, when
The proud slogan o' freedom rang through our auld glen.

IV.

Though my father looked stern, I kent weel he was sad,
An' my mither grat sair for her ne'er-do-weel lad;
An' thro' the dim tears of my Peggy's blue e'en
The light o' her heart-love could hardly be seen:
I fand nae misgiein', nae heart sinkin', when
The proud slogan o' freedom rang through our auld glen

V.

Nor yet will I yield, tho' the path to renown,
An' the wreath of distinction, an' victory's crown
Has been bloody and lang, and may bloodier be
Ere another day's dawn on the hill-taps we see:
I will fight for my country as cheerfu' as when
The proud slogan o' freedom rang through our auld glen.

THE COURTIN' TIME.

Words by ROBERT NICOLL.

Music by J. P. CLARK.
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

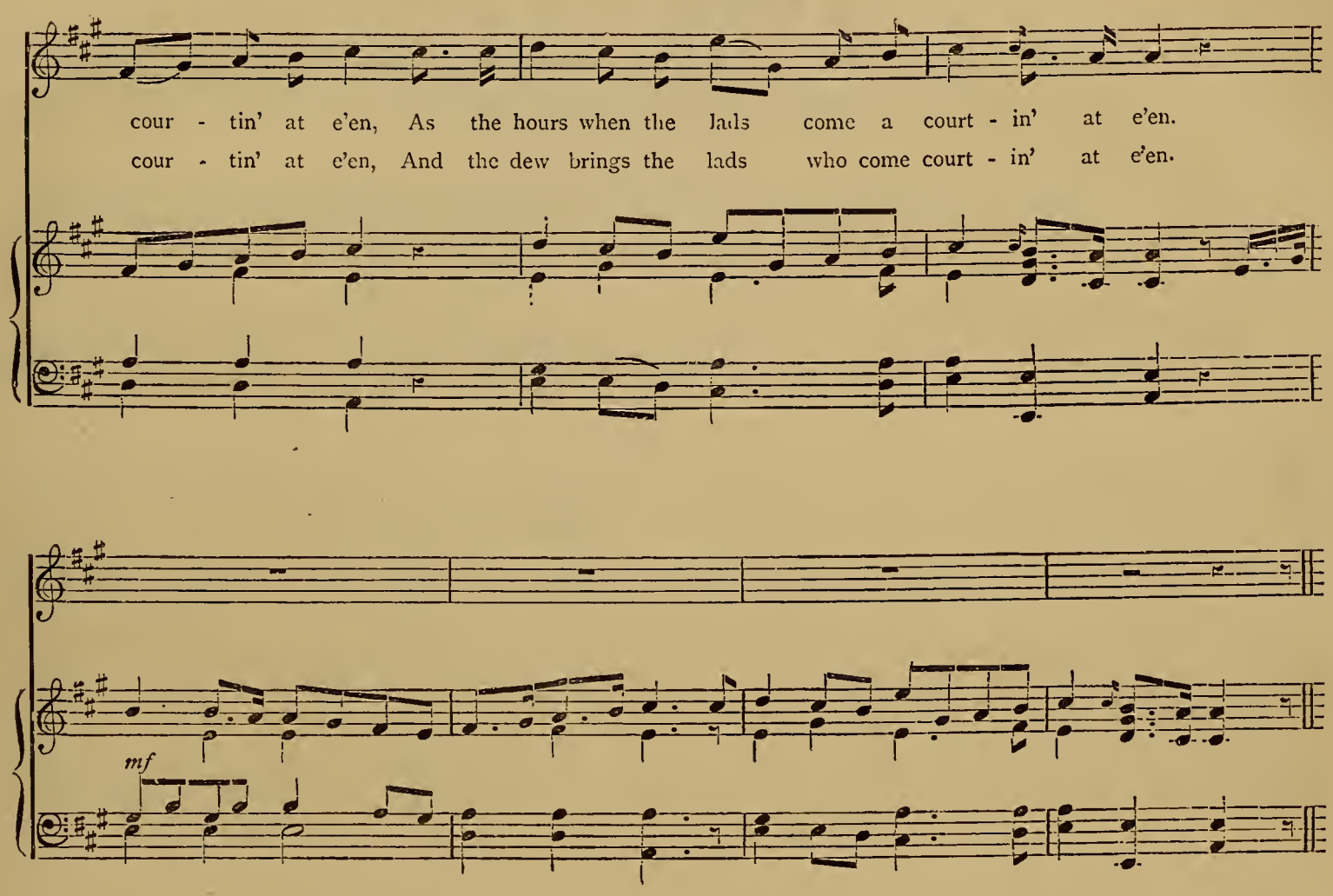
mf

1. Our Jean likes the morn - ing when milk - in' the kye, And May thinks the noon - tide gang
2. The sun quiet - ly slips o'er the tap o' the hill, An' the plov - er its gloamin' - sang

p

mer-ri - ly by, But none of them a' are sae soft and se - rene As the
whistles fu' shrill; Syne dim - ness comes glid - in' where day - light has been, And the

hours when the lads come a court - in' at e'en, A court - in' at e'en, come a
dew brings the lads who come court - in' at e'en, A court - in' at e'en, come a



III.

When men-folk are crackin' o' ousen and lands,
And the kimmers at spinnin' are tryin' their hands,
I see at the window the face o' a frien',
An' I ken that my joe's come a courtin' at e'en,
A courtin' at e'en, come a courtin' at e'en,
An' I ken that my joe's come a courtin' at e'en.

OUR BONNIE SCOTS LADS.

Words by ROBERT TANNAHILL. Music composed and arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

f

rit.

1. Our bon - nie Scots lads, in their green tar - tan plaids, Their blue belt - ed bon - nets and
2. My heart sunk wi' wae on the wear - i - fu' day, When torn from my bo - som they

p

feath - ers sae braw, Rank'd up on the green, were fair to be seen, But my
march'd him a - wa'; He bade me fare - weel, he cried, "O be leal!" And his

bon - nie young lad - die was fair - est of a'. His cheeks were as red as the
red cheeks were wet wi' the tears that did fa'. Ah! Har - ry, my love, tho' thou

sweet hea - ther bell, Or the red west - ern cloud look - ing down on the snaw, His
ne'er should'st re - turn, Till life's lat - est hour I thy ab - sence will mourn ; And

lang yel - low hair o'er his braid shoul - ders fell, And the e'en o' the lass - es were
mem - 'ry shall fade like a leaf on the tree, Ere my heart spare ae thought on a -

fix'd on him a'.
- nith - er like thee.

f.

rit.

MY BONNIE DARK-EYED DEARIE.

Words by JOHN PETTIGREW. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

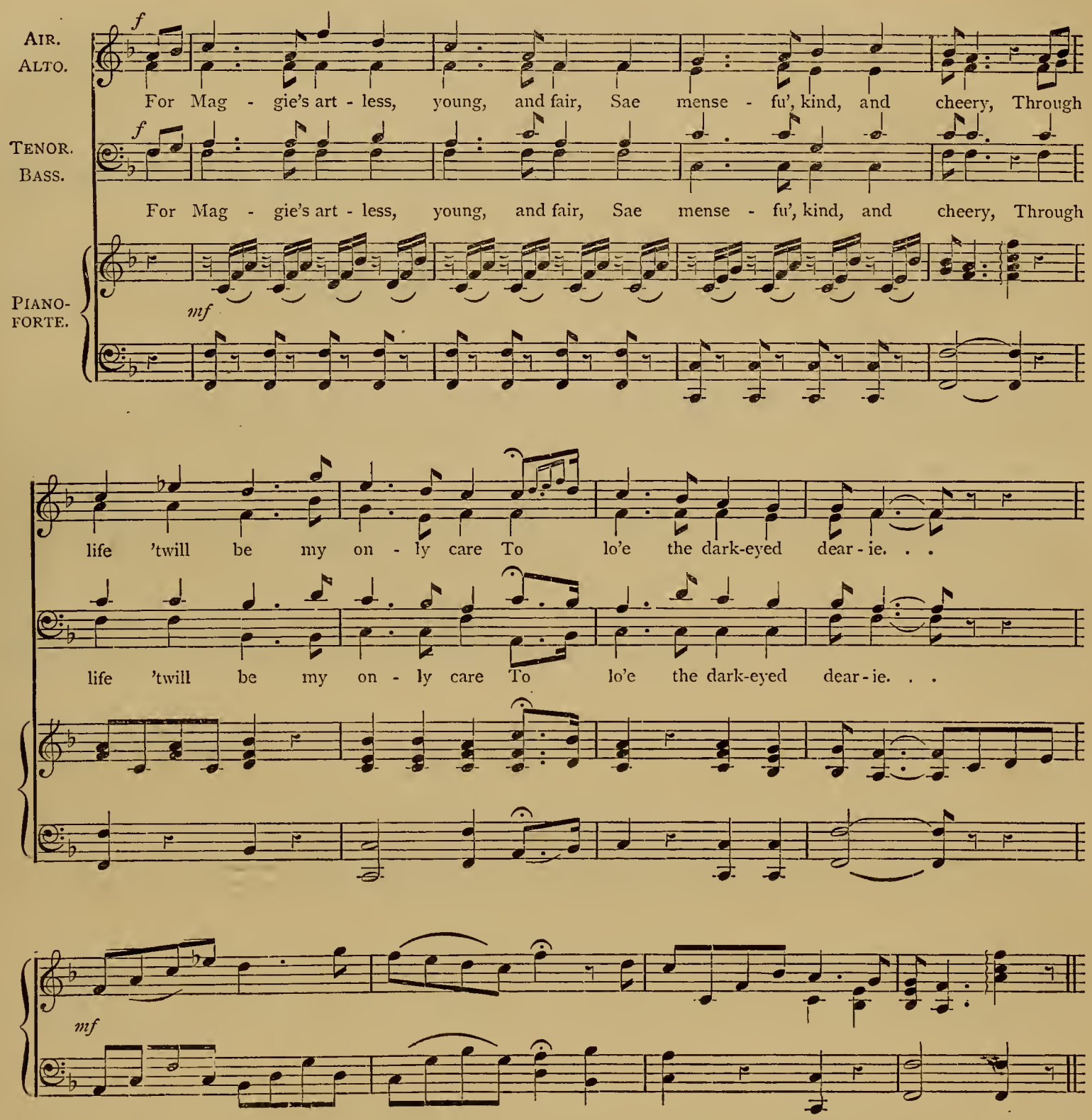
mf *p*

1. The sun has set, and
2. Young Mag - gie's scarcely

gloamin' grey Hangs o'er the earth sae dreary, The pait - ricks cry while on my way To
seven - teen, Her smile like sim - mer weather; Wi' ra - ven hair and laughin' e'en, And

meet my dark - eyed dearie. The an - gry wind a - mang the trees Keeps sooch - in' sad an'
cheeks like bloom - in' heather. At kirk or mar - ket there are nane Whose smiles are half sae

eerie; But what care I though cauld's the breeze, When gaun to see my dearie.
cheery; And mony a chiel has sought in vain To woo the dark-eyed dearie.



III.

Young Maggie wears nae pridefu' air,
  Nor heart that's fause and hollow ;
Her modest ways and virtues rare,
  A' ither maids might follow.
Wi' such a jewel for a wife,
  Nae man could ever weary ;
She'll cheer me through the vale of life,
  My bonnie dark-eyed dearie.
    For Maggie's artless, &c.

THE STANDARD ON THE BRAES O' MAR.

Words by A. Laing. Arranged from old air, by T. S. Glealhill.

Voice.

Pianoforte.

Moderato.

f

1. The Stan - dard on the braes o' Mar Is up and stream - ing rare - ly; The
2. Wha wad - na join our no - ble chief The Drummond and Glen - ga - ry; Mac -

mf

gath'r - ing pipes on Loch - na - garr Are sound - ing long and clear - ly.
- gre - gor, Mur - ray, Rol - lo, Keith, Pan - mure, and gal - lant Har - ry.

The High - land men frae hill and glen, In mar - tial hue wi'
Mac - don - ald's men, Clan - ald's men, Mac - ken - zie's men, Mac -

THE STANDARD ON THE BRAES O' MAR.

bon-nets blue, Wi' belt - ed plaids and bur - nish'd blades, Are com - in' late and
- gil-vray's men, Strath - al - lan's men, the low - land men Of Cal - lan - der and

ear - ly.
Air - ly.

f

III.

Fy, Donald, up, and let's awa',
  We canna langer parley;
When Jamie's back is at the wa',
  The lad we lo'e sae dearly.
We'll go, we'll go, and meet the foe,
  And fling the plaid, and swing the blade;
And forward dash, and hack, and smash,
  And flev the German carlie.

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

mf

1. 'Twas ev'n — the dew - y fields were green, On ev' - ry blade the pearls hang; The
2. With care - less step I on - ward stray'd, My heart re - joiced in nature's joy, When

p

ze - phyr wan - ton'd round the bean, And bore its fra - grant sweets a - lang;
mus - ing in a love - ly glade, A maid - en fair I chanc'd to spy;

In ev' - ry glen the ma - vis sang, All na - ture lis - ten'd
Her look was like the morn - ing's eye, Her air like na - ture's

seem'd the while, Ex - cept where green - wood e - choes rang A - mang the braes o'
ver - nal smile, Per - fec - tion whis - per'd pass - ing by: Behold the lass o'

Bal - loch - myle.
Bal - loch - myle.

mf

III.

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in Autumn mild,
When roving thro' the garden gay,
Or wand'ring in a lonely wild;
But woman, Nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile;
Ev'n there her other works are foiled
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

IV.

O, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' sheltered in the lowest shed
That ever rose in Scotland's plain!
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

V.

Then pride might climb the slippery steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine;
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil,
And every day have joys divine
With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

RAB RORYSON'S BONNET.

Words by ROBERT TANNAHILL. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto.

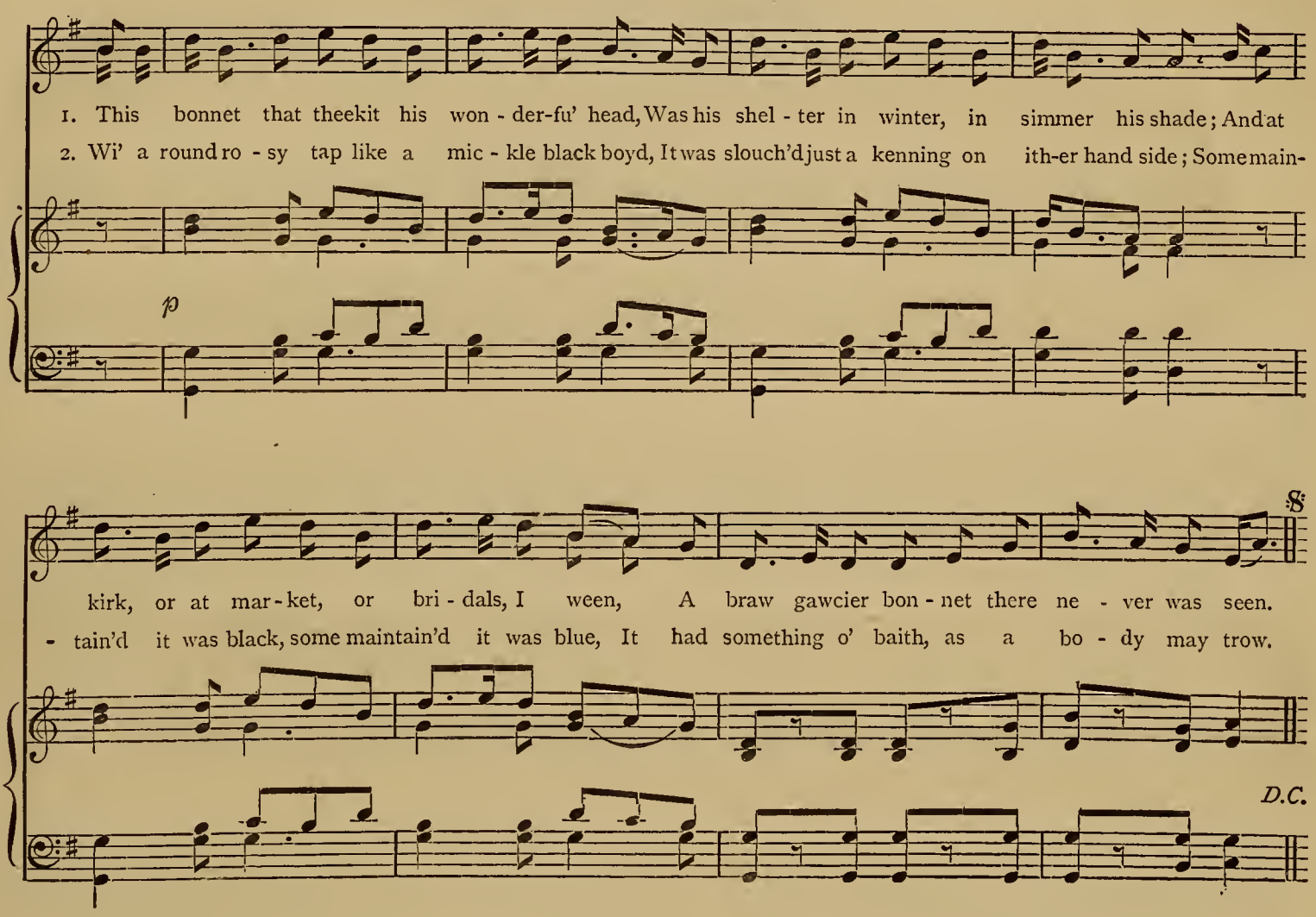
f

Ye'll a' hae heard tell o' Rab Ro - ryson's bonnet, Ye'll a' hae heard tell o' Rab Ro - ry - son's bonnet, 'Twas

mf

no for it - sel', 'twas the head that was in it, Gar'd a' bodies talk o' Rab Ro - ryson's bonnet.

FINE.



III.

But, in sooth, I assure you, for aught that I saw,
Still his bonnet had naething uncommon ava';
Though the whole parish talked o' Rab Roryson's bonnet,
'Twas a' for the marvellous head that was in it.
Ye'll a' hae heard tell, &c.

IV.

That head, let it rest, it is now in the mools,
Though in life a' the warld beside it were fools;
Yet o' what kind o' wisdom his head was possessed,
Nane e'er kenn'd but himsel', sae there's nane that will miss't.
Ye'll a' hae heard tell, &c.

V.

But there's some still in life wha eternally blame,
Wha on *buts* and on *ifs* rear their fabric o' fame;
To all such I inscribe this most beautiful sonnet,
To crown them the heirs o' Rab Roryson's bonnet.
Ye'll a' hae heard tell, &c.

NAEBODY KENS YE.

Words by ROBERT L. MALONE.

Music by SAMUEL BARR.
Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

mf

1. Are ye do - in' ought weel, Are ye thriv - in', my man? Be thank - fu' to fortune for a' that she sends ye; Ye'll hae
2. The cro - ny wha stuck like a burr to your side, An' vow'd wi' his heart's dearest bluid to befriend ye; A

p

plen - ty o' friends aye to of - fer their han', When ye need-na their coun - te - nance, a' - bo - dy kens ye.
five guinea note, man, will part ye as wide As if o - ceans and de - serts were ly - in' between ye.

A' - bo-dy kens ye, a' - bo-dy kens ye, When ye need-na their coun-te-nance, a' - bo-dy kens ye.
Nae - bo-dy kens ye, nae - bo-dy kens ye, As if o - ceans and de - serts were ly - in' be - tween ye.

mf

But wait ye a wee, till the tide taks a turn, An' a - wa' wi' the ebb drift the fa-vours she lends ye, Cauld friendship will then leave ye lane - ly to mourn, When ye need a' their friendship, then nae - bo-dy kens ye. Nae - bo-dy kens ye, nae - bo-dy kens ye, When ye need a' their friendship, then nae - bo - dy kens ye.

It's the sil - ler that does't, man, the sil - ler, the siller, It's the sil - ler that breaks ye, an' mak's ye, an' men's ye; When your pockets are troom, an' nae wab i' the loom, Then tak ye my word for't, there's nae - bo-dy kens ye. Nae - bo-dy kens ye, nae - bo-dy kens ye, Then tak' ye my word for't, there's nae - bo - dy kens ye.

3. But think nae I mean that a' mankind are sae,
It's the butterfly friends that misfortune should fear aye,
There are friends worth the name, Guid send they were mae,
Wha, the caulder the blast, aye the closer draw near ye.
They bodies ken ye, &c.

The friends wha can tell us our fauts to our face,
But aye frae our faes in our absence defen' us;
Leeze me on sic hearts! o' life's pack he's the ace
Wha scorns to disown us when naebody kens us.
They bodies ken ye, &c.

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

Words by ALEX. RODGER. Arranged by T. S. GLEADHILL.

VOICE.

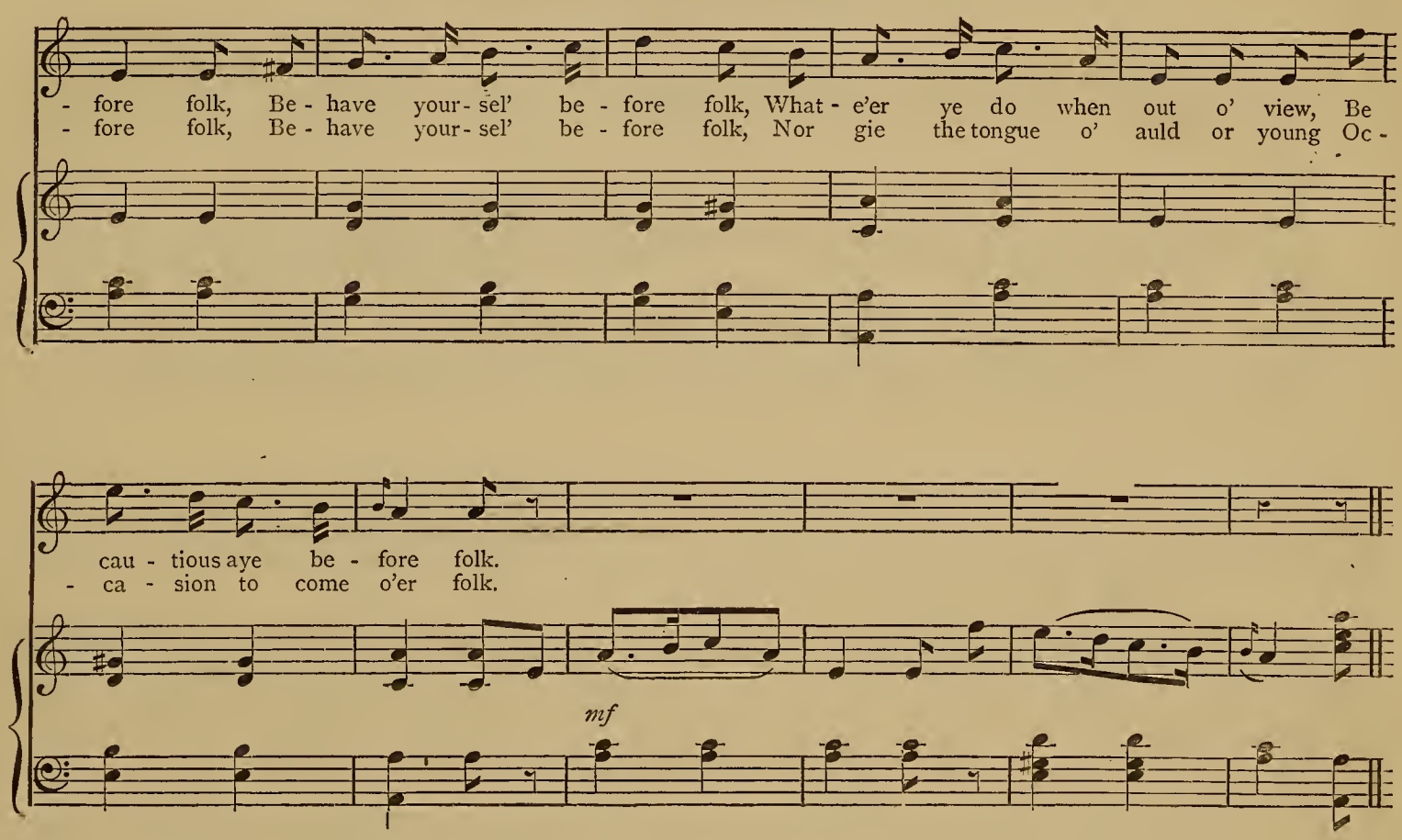
PIANO-FORTE.

Allegretto. *mf* *p*

Be - have your-sel' be - fore folk, Be - have your-sel' be - fore folk; An' din - na be sae rude to me, As kiss me sae be - fore folk.

1. It wad - na gie me mic - kle pain, Gin we were seen and heard by nane, To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane, But, guid sake, no be - fore folk. Be - have your- sel' be -

2. Con - sid - er, lad, how they will crack, An' what a great af - fair they'll mak, O' nae - thing but a sim - ple smack, That's gi'en or ta'en be - fore folk. Be - have your- sel' be -



III.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss,
That I sae plainly tell ye this ;
But losh, I take it sair amiss
To be sae teased before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
When we're our lane ye may tak ane,
But feint a ane before folk.

IV.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
As ony modest lass should be ;
But yet it doesna do to see
Sic freedom used before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
I'll ne'er submit again to it,
Sae mind ye that—before folk.

V.

Ye tell me that my face is fair ;
It may be sae—I dinna care ;
But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
As ye hae done before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
But aye be douce before folk.

VI.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,
Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit ;
At ony rate it's hardly meet
To pree their sweets before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
Gin that's the case, there's time and place,
But surely no before folk.

VII.

But gin ye really do insist
That I should suffer to be kissed,
Gae, get a license frae the priest,
And mak me yours before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
And when we're ane, baith flesh and bane
Ye may tak ten before folk.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE.

Words by Geo. W. Johnson.

Music by J. A. Butterfield.
Arranged by T. S. Gleadhill.

Voice.

Piano-forte.

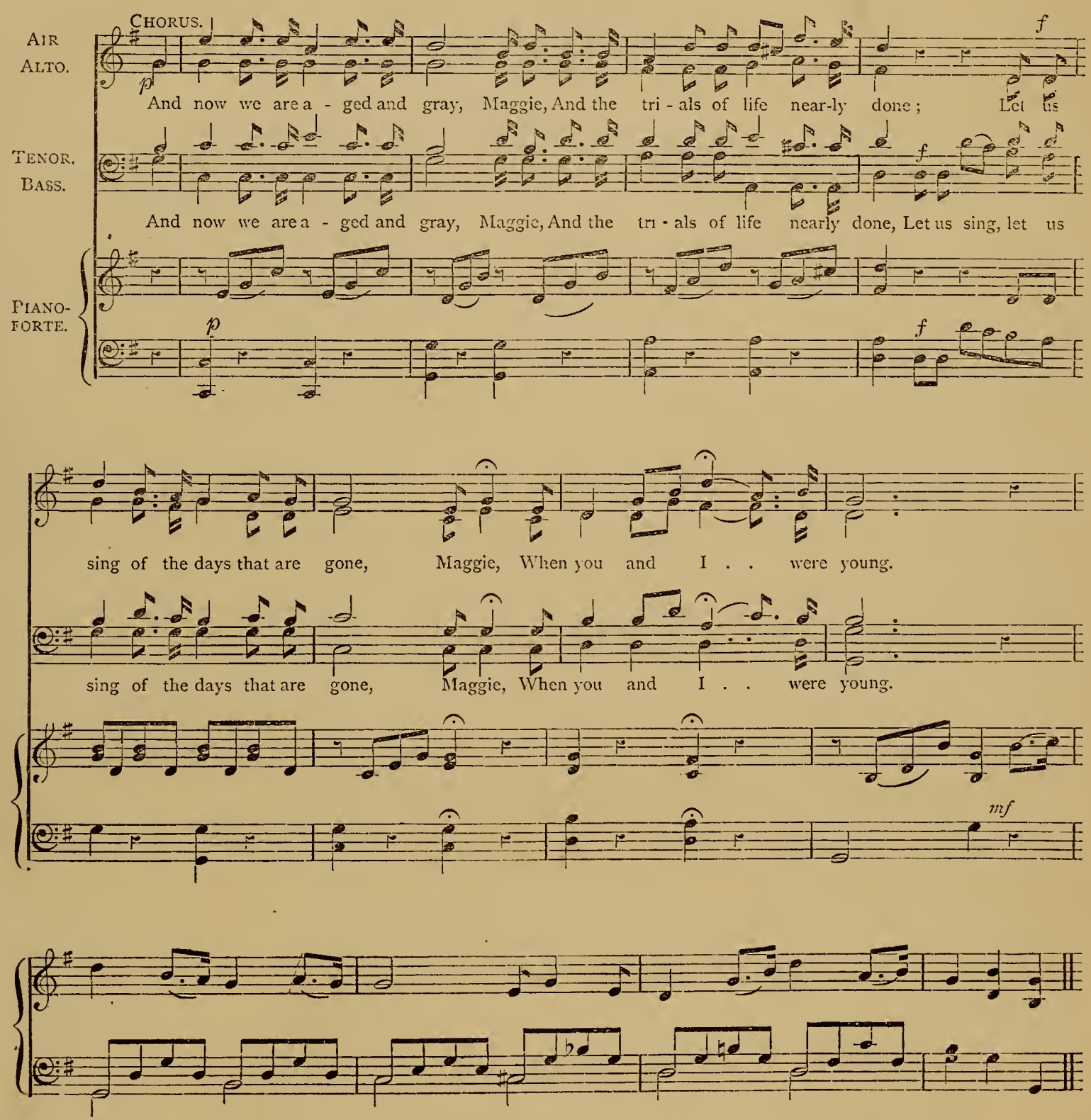
Moderato.

mf

p

1. I wander'd to-day to the hill, Maggie, To watch the scene be - low; The creek and the creak-ing old mill, Maggie, As we used to long a - go. The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie, Where first the dai - sies sprung; The creak- ing old mill is still, Mag-gie, Since you and I were young.

2. A ci - ty so si - lent and lone, Maggie, Where the young, and the gay, and the best, In pol - ish'd white mansions of stone, Maggie, Have each found a place of rest, Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie, And join in the songs that were sung; For we sang as gay as they, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.



III.

They say that I am feeble with age, Maggie,
  My steps are less sprightly than then,
My face is a well-written page, Maggie,
  But time alone was the pen.
They say we are aged and gray, Maggie,
  As sprays by the white breakers flung,
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie,
  When you and I were young.

GLOSSARY.

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo* is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthong *ae* always, and *ea* very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey* sounds like the Latin *ei*.

A.

ABEIGH, at a shy distance
Ahint, behind
Aiblins, perhaps
Airn, iron
Airt, direction
Ajee, ajar; to one side
Arlepenny, earnest money
Ase, ashes
Asklent, askance
Awmry, a small cupboard

B.

BAN, to curse mildly
Bandster, a binder of sheaves
Bang, to beat
Barley bree, ale or whiskey
Baudrons, a cat
Bauk, crossbeam
Bawbee, a halfpenny
Bawsand, having a white spot on the forehead
Ben, in
Best man, bridesman
Bicker, a wooden dish
Bide, to wait; endure
Bien, comfortable
Bigonet, a linen cap
Bike, a bee or wasp's nest
Bink, a bench; seat
Birk, birch tree
Birkie, a mettlesome fellow
Birl, to toss up
Birr, force; noise
Blaw, to blow; boast
Bletherin', talking idly
Blink, a smiling look
Bobbin', dancing
Bogie, bog
Bonnie, beautiful
Boortree, shrub elder
Brae, hillock
Brag, to boast
Brank, bright; lively
Brawlie, very well
Braw, fine; handsome
Breckans, ferns
Bree, liquor
Breeks, breeches
Brent, smooth
Brose, stirabout
Buckle to, get married
Bught, a penfold
Bughtin' time, time when the ewes are milked
Buskit, dressed
But-and-ben, kitchen and parlour

C.

CALLER, fresh
Camstairie, froward; perverse
Cannie, careful; gentle
Cantie, cheerful
Carle, an old man
Cauldrife, chilly; cold
Cheep, chirp
Chiel, fellow
Clachan, country village
Clag, to cover w th mud
Clash, idle talk
Claymore, broadsword
Cleadin', clothing
Clishmaclaver, idle talk
Clockin', hatching
Coft, bought
Cogie, small wooden dish
Coof, simpleton
Couthie, loving; affable
Cosie, comfortable
Cowte, a colt
Cower, to creep together
Crack, to converse
Cramasie, crimson
Creel, a large basket
Creepie, a low stool
Croo, hovel
Croodle, to coo as a dove
Croon, a continuous moan
Crouse, brisk; lively, courageous
Crowdie, oatmeal and cold water
Curtsie, bending of the body
Cushat, wood pigeon
Custock, cabbage stalk
Cutty, short

D.

DADDIE, father
Daffin', merriment
Daft, foolish
Dang, overcame
Darn, to mend
Daunder, to walk slowly
Dawtie, term of endearment
Deave, to deafen
Deuk-dub, a pond for ducks
Doited, stupid
Dook, to plunge
Dool, mourning
Donard, stupid
Douce, quiet; sedate
Doughty, able
Dowf, melancholy; exhausted
Dowie, dull; spiritless
Draible, to spill
Dree, to bear
Dringin', singing in a slow manner
Droukit, wet
Drouth, thirst
Drumly, muddy
Dub, a puddle
Duds, clothes
Duddie, ragged
Dunts, lumps
Dykeside, an enclosure; wall

E.

EERIE, frighted, dreading spirits
Eild, old age
Ettle, to try

F.

FAIN, glad
Fashous, troublesome
Feckless, weak
Fee, to hire
Fen', to keep off
Ferlie, wonder
Fidgin fain, very desirous
Flat, scolded
Fleg, a fright
Fleechin', fawning
Flittin', removal of furniture
Flyte, to scold
Forpit, a Scotch measure
Fou, drunk
Fraise, cajoling

G.

GABBIN', speaking pertly
Gar, to make
Gaucy, jolly
Gawky, foolish
Gear, riches; dress
Gee, sulks
Gilpic, half-grown
Gin, if
Girnin', grinning
Girr, hoop
Glaikit, foolish
Gleg, sharp; ready
Glent, gleam; flash
Glint, to peep; pass quickly
Glower, to stare
Glum, gloomy
Gowan, wild daisy
Gowd, gold
Gowk, a fool
Gowpins, large handfuls
Gravat, necktie
Gree, victory
Greet, to shed tears
Grip, to seize
Gruesome, loathsome
Gutcher, grandfather

H.

HADDEN, stocking of a farm
Haffet, the temple
Hallanshaker, term of reproach
Hansel, luck money
Hap, to cover
Happity, lame; hopping
Harn, very coarse linen
Haud, to hold
Hause-bane, throat bone
Hawket crummie, white cow
Heezin', elevating
Heddle, part of weaver's loom
Heigh, high
Heugh, a crag, or precipice
Hiltie-skiltie, in rapid succession
Hirplin', creeping
Hirsel, flock
Hizzie, a romping girl
Hool, husk, or shell

Hoddin gray, coarse woollen stuff
Hooly, slowly; take time
Howe, hollow; a plain
Howlet, an owl
Hurklin', crouching; drawing near
Husswyfskip, housekeeping

I.

ILKA, every
Ingle cheek, chimney corner

J.

JAG, to prick
Jaud, jade
Jaupit, bespattered
Jink, to turn quickly
Jo, lover
Jouk, to run in and out

K.

KAIL, broth
Kame, to comb
Kebbuck, cheese
Kecklin', cackling
Keek, to peep
Kent, knew
Kimmer, a gossip
Kirn, to churn
Kirtle, a short upper gown
Kist, chest
Knowe, a round hillock
Kurtch, a linen cap
Kye, cows

L.

LAP, did leap
Laith, loth
Lauch, laugh
Lave, the rest
Laverock, the lark
Lea rig, grassy ridge
Leal, true
Lear, learning
Lee-lang, livelong
Leeze me, expression of endearment
Leish, active; clever
Leugh, did laugh
Lilt, tune; to sing
Link, to trip along
Linn, a waterfall
Lintie, a linnet
Loanin', place of milking
Loof, palm of the hand
Loon, a fellow
Lootin', stooping
Lowe, a flame
Lowpin', leaping
Lug, the ear
Luggie, small hooped wooden dish
Lyart, silvery

M.

MAILIN, a farm
Maukin, a hare
Meddle, to make acquaintance
Merle, a blackbird
Mess John, a clergyman
Minnie, mother
Mirk, dark
Mittens, gloves
Mools, in the earth; buried
Moudiewort, a mole
Muckle, much
Mutches, head dresses for females

N.

NAIL, to seize
Nap, sleep
Neuk, corner
Neist, next
Nieve, the fist
Nippit, pinched

O

OWK'S end, end of the week
Owre, too; over
Owsen, oxen

P.

PAIDLE, to wade; splash about
Pake, beat
Pappit, dropped
Parley, speech
Parochin, parish
Parritch, oatmeal pudding
Pawkie, cunning
Peasweep, the lapwing
Philabeg, kilt
Pibroch, bagpipe war song
Pickle, a small quantity
Plack, old Scottish coin of small value
Poortith, poverty
Pouch, a pocket
Pow, the head
Prce, to kiss; to taste
Preen, to pin

Q.

QUECH, bowl; bumper
Queer, strange
Quey, a cow one or two years old

R.

RAP, to knock
Rash, a rush
Ravelin', putting out of order
Rax, to stretch; to reach
Rig, ridge
Routh, plenty
Rung, a cudgel
Runkled, wrinkled

S.

SARK, shirt
Saugh tree, willow tree
Scaithless, without damage
Scone, a kind of bread
Shanks, legs
Shauchled, misshapen
Shaw, a small wood
Sheughing, trenching
Shiel, shepherd's shed
Shouther, shoulder
Siccan, such like
Siller, money
Skeigh, proud
Skellie, squint
Skirl, to shriek
Slae, sloe
Slee, sly
Sleek, sly
Smiddy, a blacksmith's shop
Smoor, to smother
Sneck, latch of a door
Snell, bitter
Snivel, to speak through the nose
Snooded, the hair bound with a fillet
Sonsie, comely
Sough, a sigh
Souple snout, cunning; impudence
Speldered, lying at full length
Spence, inner apartment
Spier, to ask
Stack, a rick of corn
Starns, stars
Steer, uproar; to stir
Sten', to spring; leap
Stot, a young bull or ox
Stound, a numbing blow
Stoup, a jug with a handle
Stoure, dust
Stoory, sounding hollow; strong and hoarse
Stousy, a stout child
Stowed, filled
Strake, to take hold
Streek, to stretch
Stumpy, squat
Styme, a glimpse
Sumph, a fool
Swankie, a strapping fellow or girl
Swats, ale; drink
Swither, hesitate in choice
Syne, then

T.

TAG, to tie
Tak' tent, to be cautious
Tappit, crested
Tapsalteerie, topsy-turvy
Tassie, drinking cup
Teddin', spreading
Think na lang, do not weary
Thirl, to thrill
Thole, to suffer
Thowless, slack; lazy
Thraw, to twist
Thud, a heavy dull sound
Tine, to lose
Tint, lost
Tirl, to make a slight noise; to uncover
Tittie, female cousin
Tocher, marriage portion
Toddlin', tottering
Toom, empty
Touzy, shaggy; rough
Tow, flax; a rope
Treadle, part of weaver's loom
Trig, spruce
Tryst, appointment
Twine, to part

U.

UNCO, strange, very

W.

WAB, web
Wadna, would not
Wale, to choose
Walie, plump; large
Waly, exclamation of distress
Wamblin', turning upside down
Wame, the belly
Warlock, a wizard
Wat ye, do you know
Waukrife, wakeful
Waur, worse
Weal, prosperity; well
Wean, child
Wede, withered
Wee, little
Weir, to herd; keep
Weird, fate
Whaup, a curlew
Whigmigmorum, crotchets
Whiles, sometimes
Whins, furze bushes
Whud, large piece
Wiggle, to wriggle
Williewaught, a hearty draught of any drink
Wimple, to meander
Winnock, a window
Winsome, comely
Wyte, to blame

Y.

YADE, horse
Yammer, to whine
Yett, gate
Yowl, to yell
Yule night Christmas

3 9999 05677 049 6

DEC 7 19